



ИГОРЬ
БУНИЧ



МЕЧ ПРЕЗИДЕНТА



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President's Sword

To all those who died FOR NOTHING in the October days of 1993

"Lord! Is this a monster

Our army fought with the enemy,

And the leader was only a hilt

His sword, blind like us." Daniil Andreev, "Apocalypse"

...

The tank shuddered from the starting engine, spat out bluish smoke with its exhaust and menacingly moved its powerful 125-mm gun.

Great hopes were placed on tanks like this, and therefore, throughout the post-war period, that is, for half a century, they were constantly improved, absorbing, like a sponge, the best engineering solutions and high technologies from various fields of science, both fundamental and applied.

Composite armor that disperses a deadly HEAT jet, but is also impenetrable to armor-piercing projectiles. A gyroscopic turret, a laser sight, digital targeting processors, automatic target search and fixation radars, powerful boosting engines that allow speeds up to 70 km/h. These tanks with equal ease went through snow and sand, swamps and washed out mountain roads. Their combat characteristics were brought to the maximum possible in numerous field tests and tested in real combat conditions: in the fire of Afghanistan, the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Tens of thousands of these tanks, concentrated on the watershed line between West and East, along the border of the GDR and the FRG, Austria and Czechoslovakia, served as the subject of an eternal headache for NATO strategists, who understand that to stop this tank rampart if it covers Western Europe, conventional means will be impossible, which forced them to constantly refuse not to be the first to use nuclear weapons, giving additional trump cards to Soviet propaganda.

At numerous operational-command and staff games of the Soviet armed forces, various variants of dagger tank strikes on Western Europe were practiced with a quick exit to the English Channel and the coast of the Atlantic Ocean.

Modern simulators and simulators made it possible to work out tactical methods for using breakthrough tanks in any conditions, including in large cities with

multi-million population.

In a huge number of staff methods and instructions, almost everything was provided for: the optimal location of tanks to support the Reichstag building in Bonn, the National Assembly building in Paris, the European Parliament building in Brussels, and even the parliament building in London, with a special indication that the Big Ben tower can be deployed special groups armed with bazookas and grenade launchers. The computers that ensured the operation of the simulators could, in a fraction of a second, represent each of the buildings in any projection, highlight the most dangerous floors and individual windows that were to be fired from tank guns in the first place.

All these methods and instructions were waiting in the wings in the safes of the secret departments of headquarters at various levels, ready to migrate to combat units at the right time, dictated by the real situation.

But when this moment came, the necessary instructions were not available even in the General Staff. I had to improvise as I went along. There were no photographs of the building, no diagram of how to approach it through the cobweb of streets of the giant city, no computer projections, not even a simple blueprint, even though it might have been the largest parliament building in Europe, if not the world.

But even in a nightmare, no one ever imagined that the building would ever have to be stormed by troops supported by tank guns, heavy fire from armored personnel carriers and infantry fighting vehicles, drowning out the hoot of grenade launchers and the continuous roar of automatic bursts.

In the crosshairs of hundreds of sights stood the majestic white building of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, crowned with a tower with a huge bas-relief image of the coat of arms of the perished empire and a clock, the hands of which stopped at 10:30 am on October 3, 1993, when the first tank shell hit the giant building ...

And on the tanks, as in the old days, when they, having raised clouds of dust at countless tankodromes, greedily moved their huge gun barrels towards the West promising rich booty, red stars shone. Red stars with "hammers and sickles" glowed on the caps, berets and caps of officers and soldiers pouring lead bursts on the building of the Supreme Council of their own country. Clubs of thick black smoke, escaping along with flames from the shot windows, smoked, along with the entire upper part of the building, the huge hammer and sickle on the bas-relief coat of arms.

It seemed that the energy of destruction, which had been invested in the souls of people for decades, in a blind fury, like an escaped destructive element, fell upon its creators, who lost control over the monster created by their own hands. The monster, grown to destroy and devour its neighbors, but deprived of this opportunity, rushed at its owners. There are few who realized this fact clearly enough, although many understood this instinctively, trying to turn the monster and its unspent energy of destruction to the periphery of the country. And the monster, clanking with tank tracks, howling with aircraft engines, roaring with Grad launchers, choking with machine-gun and automatic bursts, spewing fire and death, swept through the outskirts of the collapsed country, wriggling, striving to get completely out of control, aiming at the heart of the former empire - Moscow.

The Soviet empire for many years of its existence, in fact, did nothing, except for the production of weapons in completely unimaginable quantities. This was dictated by the crazy ideas of its founders, and the misunderstood logic of the development of world processes, and the eternal fear of one's own people, the best way to fool them

the clang of a weapon was recognized.

It was no longer a lone "Chekhovian" gun, bound to fire in the last act only because in the first it hangs on the wall. All four walls of the Soviet "house" were hung with clusters of the most diverse weapons, they lay in piles on the floor and hung from the ceiling in garlands. According to the Stanislavsky method, it was obliged to start shooting, and the shooting began ...

Central Asia and the Caucasus blazed, guns rumbled in Moldova, tanks rattled through the streets of the Baltic capitals and, practically without stopping, broke into Moscow in August 1991, completing a whole string of their trips to the capitals: Budapest, Berlin, Prague, Kabul, Tbilisi, Baku, Vilnius, Moscow.

A deadly snake bit its own tail, horror seized the warring parties in August 1991 at the sight of the abyss that opened up before them, on the edge of which they turned out to be.

The great atomic superpower was ready not only to fall apart, which had already happened to it, but also to fall into tartar, losing the last remnants of statehood and turning into a pile of archaic ruins bristling with nuclear weapons.

Tanks and armored personnel carriers, having plowed the streets of their own capital, refrained from firing in general, and at the White House in particular, where supporters of President Yeltsin settled, ready, in their own words, to defend themselves to the last drop of blood.

From one of the tanks, Yeltsin, like Lenin from an armored car, announced the beginning of a new era in the history of the country - an era of democracy, freedom and law, based on the democratic, accepted in all the "great democracies" of the world, separation of powers into executive, legislative and judicial, on complete freedom of the press and speech, public meetings and demonstrations. And so that no one could interfere with this, it was solemnly announced the prohibition and dissolution of the CPSU, the transfer of its property to the treasury.

All this was included in the old Stalin-Brezhnev constitution and they solemnly swore to strictly observe it, forgetting only one thing.

However, perhaps they did not forget, but simply did not know for lack of experience. They didn't know that "FOR THOSE WHO LOVE DEMOCRACY, IT CREATES ONLY ONE PROBLEMS, FOR THOSE WHO HATES IT, UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES".

And so it happened.

Yeltsin, Rutskoi and Khasbulatov, embracing each other, posed in front of the TV cameras of all news agencies in the world. It looked impressive, especially against the backdrop of Gorbachev, dejectedly descending the ladder, released from Foros imprisonment. Dressed in a worn pullover, the president of the USSR was accompanied by submachine gunners, by the appearance of which it was difficult to tell: an escort or a convoy.

Every schoolchild in the vast country knew that Gorbachev had been betrayed by his closest associates.

Vice President Yanaev, who cunningly intended to become president.

Chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR Lukyanov, who cunningly intended to become General Secretary.

The chairman of the KGB, Kryuchkov, treacherously dreaming, like all his predecessors, of a personal dictatorship.

Minister of Defense - Marshal Yazov, an unknown general, whom the good-natured Gorbachev, bypassing all laws, made a marshal, which he never dreamed of. And having become a marshal, apparently, he became proud and insidiously dreamed of becoming a generalissimo.

All of them, including a dozen different small people (from the head of security to the head of the chancellery), were sent to prison and a criminal case was opened on the 64th under execution article.

That was the joy and national rejoicing.

The Russian people rejoiced for centuries when various ministers and nobles there were dragged to the chopping block or thrown into prison, or when the tsar himself, together with his entire family, was put against the wall. He rejoiced no less when members of the Central Committee and yesterday's idol marshals were shot or turned into camp dust.

The people roared joyfully at the rallies and approved in every possible way. Sometimes he even demanded that someone else be imprisoned or shot. And never, especially in the last 70 years, people in it was not denied.

The people rejoiced this time as well.

With a huge confluence of the Moscow people, Yeltsin, Rutskoi and Khasbulatov came out onto the balcony of the White House in an embrace in the form of a triune union: president, vice president and speaker.

They buried three, crushed by tanks that hectic night, and began to build a new democratic Russia, which for the first time in its thousand-year history was to turn into a state of law. What everyone solemnly swore on the Stalin-Brezhnev constitution. And to prove that they are not joking, they turned down the monument to Felix Dzerzhinsky, which stood on Lubyanka Square opposite the KGB.

The gateway to democracy was reopened after February 1917. What then poured out through this gateway onto the country was well known and still very fresh in memory.

Everyone began to wait with interest what would pour out onto the country through this gateway during its second and so noisy opening.

We didn't have to wait long. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics collapsed almost instantly and collapsed with a bang. It turned out that military-police empires can only exist under totalitarian rule.

It was a theory that almost everyone knew, but, as usual in Russia, no one took the theory seriously. To put it simply, no one in our country has ever believed in any theories. Therefore, when the collapse of the country became a fait accompli, many were taken by surprise.

Some consolation was the fact that Russia was declared a sovereign state, and various TV channels showed solitary cells of Matrosskaya Tishina, where Lukyanov, Kryuchkov, Yazov, Yanaev, Varennikov and Pavlov languished in elegant Adidas tracksuits.

This was a novelty, since the people had never been shown how, say, Bukharin, Yezhov or Beria languished in cells. Or at least Marshal Kulik.

Against this background, the shots of the indestructible triumvirate looked even more impressive: Yeltsin, Rutskoi and Khasbulatov. From Yeltsin's mighty shoulder peeped Rostropovich, for the first time in his life, in the name of saving the Motherland, replacing his cello with a Kalashnikov assault rifle. The popular face of Nikita Mikhalkov could be seen over Rutskoy's shoulder. And Khasbulatov silently sucked his pipe,

having lost a lot of strength in the struggle with Baburin for the post of chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR.

The union of the executive and representative authorities with the best representatives of the national intelligentsia, traditionally living either permanently or most of the time abroad, symbolized national unity and social harmony in the best possible way. Even Khasbulatov's pipe has not yet evoked any analogies. Both he and Rutskoi began any speech and even a short message with the following words: "Boris Nikolayevich instructed me ..." or "Today I met with Boris Nikolayevich, and he decided ..."

In such an idyll, the entire second half of 1991 flew by unnoticed.

At the very beginning of 1992, sovereign Russia, like a troika, famously turning around on the potholes of the old totalitarian path, tried to fly over to the wide, asphalt-concrete highway of the market economy. And I was immediately convinced that modern highways were not at all intended for dashing triples ...

It was January 1992...

A sheaf of fire escaped from a tank gun. The crowd gasped with a thousand voices, crowding the Free Russia Square. The thunder of the shot hit the eardrums, the glass in neighboring houses fell down. Somewhere around the fourteenth floor of the building of the All-Russian Parliament, a bizarre white flower with pointed petals grows, huge and terrible - a roar covers the square.

Puffs of black smoke pour through the empty eye sockets of the windows, some papers fly, settling on the square in a flock of bizarre birds, glass from the lower and upper floors falls like a waterfall.

Again a volley from tank guns, coinciding with the furious barking of rapid-fire cannons of armored personnel carriers ...

On ultrashort waves, everyone who had the ultrashortwave ranges of their receivers turned on could hear the hysterical cries of the former vice-president of the country, and now the parallel president, Alexander Rutskoy. Sitting under a massive desk for meetings, in almost total darkness, Rutskoi shouted into the microphone: "Help! I am begging you! Help! They kill everyone... Women and children... They shoot... I beg you, help! Pilots, raise planes! Bomb the Kremlin! There's a gang... Criminal gang! They've already killed 500 people here! I am begging you!"

Khasbulatov sat silently on the floor, leaning his back against the wall. Having smoked, he was outwardly calm. This is the will of Allah. He raised him, an exiled Chechen, to an unprecedented height in a virtually alien and hostile country. He throws him into the abyss again.

An explosion rumbled somewhere in the next room. There were screams. At first, just an indistinguishable howl, and then a cry: "Stretcher! Help the wounded! Again the roar and the sonorous shot of machine-gun fire.

IT WAS OCTOBER 1993.

Not even two full years of democratic development of sovereign Russia had passed, and tanks were already beating in the center of Moscow.

Somewhere in a dark office, from where Rutskoi hysterically called for help, among a pile of papers scattered on the table, lay an order to arrest and execute President Yeltsin, to arrest all members of his family in the best spirit of the old communist traditions.

A familiar voice sounded through the crackle of interference from the radio that was receiving: "Rutskoi, give up!"

The former vice president sobbed into the microphone: "And if I surrender, will you shoot me? A? Will you kill?"

"We'll see," said the voice. - What to do with such a fagot and a goat? You promised to shoot yourself."

"X... you! Ruskoi yelled angrily. - Do not wait, e ... your mother, so that I shoot myself. I will tell the whole truth about you all!"

Instead of an answer, a song suddenly burst from the radio: "On a rainy evening, in the evening, in the evening, when the pilots, frankly, have nothing to do ..." Tears flowed down Ruskoy's cheeks.

"Victor," he continued to shout hysterically into the microphone, "do you hear me, f ... your mother?! You will answer me for everything, creature!"

"I will," agreed the voice. - You go out, fool, to the balcony. There are 10 divisions that you are waiting for, they came to you to swear. How long will they wait? Come on, give up. We know where you are. Now from the tank we will lure you so that there will be nothing to bury. Do you understand?"

The selector on the floor suddenly came to life. The voice of Sergei Parfyonov, as always, calm, reported: "Alpha" in the building.

Ruskoi grabbed the receiver of the radiotelephone and, breathing heavily, began to dial a four-digit code. Nobody answered.

Parfenov's voice was heard again: "They have an order to shoot to kill if we resist. And then go and figure out whether we resisted or not.

Finally, the phone answered, and Ruskoi, choking in a broken voice, shouted: "Valera, is that you, f ... your mother? What, are you hiding? Help, we're dying. What?"

"Surrender, Sasha," advised the chairman of the Russian Constitutional Court, Valery Zorkin, in a soft voice. - It didn't work this time. Give up."

"How to give up," Ruskoi yelled into the phone. - Valera, I just sent with a white flag - people were slashed. Then they came up and finished off point-blank. After all, the same Yerin gave the command: do not take witnesses. They know that we have sound recordings, video recordings, starting from the second day: who gave orders, when they gave orders, where they shot, how people were killed. Don't you understand, we are living witnesses! They won't leave us alive. I beg you, call the embassies. Put a man in jail, let him call the embassies ... ".

"Sasha," Zorkin cooed softly. "Chernomyrdin and Erin guaranteed me your personal safety..."

"Chernomyrdin is lying! Erin is lying! screeched Ruskoi. - I beg you, Valera! Well, do you understand?! You are a believer, f ... your mother! You will be in sin!"

"What can I do? notes of irritation appeared in the voice of the Chairman of the Constitutional Court. Start negotiations..."

"Valera," Ruskoi shouted, breathing heavily, confused in words. - They fire cannons. From guns! If you could see now what it is..."

"Don't shoot yourself," advised the country's supreme lawyer.

"We don't shoot! Ruskoi yelled angrily. - Look at the silence.

- Here I take the receiver from my ear, listen - silence!

"And wonderful, Sasha," Zorkin replied. And they don't shoot. I see on TV. Let's start negotiations...

"There's a regrouping going on," the former vice president interrupted. The tanks are deployed in battle formation. They will shoot in volleys. I beg you, call foreign embassies, let foreign ambassadors come here."

"Well, you understand," Valera said already angrily. - That I will disgrace myself - call the embassies. I will call Chernomyrdin and Yerin again and warn them of a personal responsibility..."

"Chernomyrdin and Erin are lying," Rutskoi broke into a squeal again. You don't have to call them! You better get in touch, as I do to you, e ... your mother, he said, with foreign embassies! Plant a man, let him contact! Well, will the world community really allow witnesses to be shot?! After all, it will be necessary to figure it out later. After all, they are murderers, do you understand or not? Ruslan, tell him... Ale! Valera! Ale! Podla, hung up! Bitch! Ruslan, call you ... Well, why are you sitting like an asshole? They will kill us all now, Ruslan!"

But Khasbulatov was silent.

Perhaps right now, at the moment when it became absolutely clear that all his plans had collapsed, in the enlightenment of the narcotic peace, he suddenly, with complete acuteness, realized what had happened.

He was beaten in a thimble with the same ease with which they beat on the square near the Kursk railway station an oak provincial who first arrived in the capital, who wanted to have a little fun and lost everything in 10 minutes: cash, clothes, and even a house in the Oryol region. Even a wife and children. And all with extraordinary simplicity.

How did he, like a stupid fly, get caught in a web? It seemed that everything was weighed and thought out to the smallest detail.

Everyone is bored, illiterate and always drunk president. (Did he see the president himself drunk? It seems not. Yes, they drank together, but everything was in full openwork, as they say. But they showed a video recording, and more than one, made by Barannikov's people, and even earlier - by the Sverdlovsk KGB on the orders of Andropov. And so many testimonies and stories, from the famous article in Pravda, allegedly reprinted from the Italian "Republic", to Voshchanov's story, how Yeltsin, having flown in for a meeting with the US Secretary of State, was so drunk that he was unable to get off the plane. postponed, citing a sudden illness. "Do not believe anything that you have not seen with your own eyes," says a wise Caucasian proverb. He remembered it too late!).

The flower of the nation, gathered in and around the Supreme Council, openly calling on him, the speaker, to save the country by overthrowing the occupation government, which, having ruined the country, destroyed the economy and reduced the people to extreme poverty, now continues to pursue an anti-people domestic and foreign policy, destroying the last remnants of Russian statehood.

Khasbulatov knew well that this was not the case. He stood next to Yeltsin when the Soviet Union collapsed, robbed to the skin of the CPSU, which had been washed off the historical stage. He was among those first persons of the new Russian leadership who were horrified at the sight of the legacy that the criminal party of communists, having fled, left them, having finally managed to once again shove the country three decades ahead into the financial bondage of the West.

Being an economist by education, Khasbulatov understood better than others that the measures proposed by the Gaidar group promised, though long and painfully difficult, but a way out of that deadly impasse into which the crazy ideas of Ulyanov-Lenin and the subsequent 70 years of political and economic insanity drove the country.

It was to him, an economist, a representative of a proud, repressed people, that the President handed over the leadership of the Supreme Soviet of Russia, although many advised that the Supreme Soviet be dispersed and new elections called back then, in 1991, immediately after the failure of the communist putsch.

Without deceiving himself, he understood that Yeltsin "handed over" the Supreme Soviet to him, forcing, after the failure of the August putsch, the shrill communist quagmire of parliament, which categorically did not want the national leader Khasbulatov, to be silenced in fear, trying to drag his direct protege, a young lawyer, adventurer, to this post from Omsk, Sergei Baburin, who, among other things, has excellent recommendations from the KGB.

But victory is never complete, and here it was not at all. There was an illusion of victory that resulted in a dangerous euphoria, which in turn led to complete irresponsibility at all levels. To the very irresponsibility that in Rus' has always been called "freemen", and now has become known as democracy. For centuries in Russia, the word "freedom" served only as an antonym for "imprisonment", and the word "will", which is close in meaning, was synonymous with complete anarchy and irresponsibility.

Until now, no one really understands the meaning of the English word "liberty", believing that this is nothing more than a type of American transport ships, transferred in large numbers under lend-lease during the Second World War.

Where this word is not understood, freedom either does not take root and leaves misunderstood, accompanied by automatic bursts, or leads to consequences that neither a political scientist nor an astrologer is able to foresee.

The separation of powers immediately led to a chaos of power. Rather, there was no separation of powers, but something happened that could only happen in Russia: the division of the ruling nomenklatura apparatus.

For centuries, Russia was ruled by an invincible bureaucracy. "It's not I who rules the country," Emperor Nicholas I once remarked in a fit of frankness, "but hundreds of head clerks."

After the coup of 1917, the new party-bureaucratic apparatus, which turned on the oceans of people's blood into a powerful citadel of the party nomenclature, got used to ruling the country without accountability and irresponsibility, having in mind only its own intra-elite interests.

Divided after the August 1991 putsch into two parts, the apparatus immediately felt discomfort from the presence of some other parallel apparatus, which has practically the same powers of power and no less appetite.

The name didn't matter much here; what kind of power you are, executive or legislative: the main thing is power. And this word in our country has always been understood unequivocally: undivided dominance over the wealth of the country, its people and complete aggressive unwillingness to change anything in this regard.

Thus, instead of one nomenklatura citadel in post-coup Russia, two of them arose, instantly mired in the sharpest confrontation with each other over a trivial question: which of them is in charge and who should manage everything.

On the illuminated proscenium, all this at the beginning looked like an almost academic discussion: what should the future Russia be - a parliamentary or presidential republic? And behind the scenes, a bitter war immediately began, waged without any rules and without even a hint of any semblance of political and diplomatic etiquette.

The Communists, having recovered from the short-term August shock, seeing that no one was not only going to ban them, but even to somehow restrict their activities, quickly recovered and began to loudly demand political restoration in the country, then, with progressive impudence, moved on to specific actions on the entire broad front of the internal political and economic life of the country.

Knowing full well that the old Marxist-Leninist ideology, with the help of which they robbed and exterminated the people for seventy years, had completely outlived itself, the communists, for lack of anything better and obeying their genetic instinct of cannibalism, quickly joined with numerous nationalist, pro-fascist and openly fascist semi-parties, semi-gangs, which, like toadstools after the rain, sprouted wildly throughout the entire space of post-communist Russia, fed and fed with the money of the late CPSU.

Even Lenin's "Pravda", until recently the concrete-official forum of "the most faithful doctrine in the world", without even throwing off communist orders and without changing the font, began to print articles about bloodthirsty Jews who revel in the blood of innocent Christian babies, and then evade responsibility with the help of gold and corrupt lawyers. The Beilis case was cited as an example.

One can imagine what the founder of this newspaper would say after reading this article. And I would definitely read it, because every working day for him began with the reading of Pravda, which he secretly edited. Probably, he would not have said anything, but simply, out of his habit, would have ordered Felix Edmundovich to shoot the entire editorial office of the newspaper, adding: "Also sort out the compositors, my friend. Is anyone involved?"

The founder of the Pravda newspaper himself continued to lie in his pompous mausoleum in post-communist Russia. And every hour, to the sound of the Kremlin chimes, the guards of the Kremlin regiment, typing a step, stepped into "post number 1", and two research institutes with a staff of 1,600 people continued to work on the body and brain of the unforgettable leader of the world proletariat.

Despite numerous publications that showed the true, bestial and misanthropic image of Lenin, Dzerzhinsky and their accomplices, Lenin's "idols" continued to stand in dozens of large cities, to rise as indispensable symbols of an indisputable deity near the mountains and village councils, to decorate official halls and government offices.

As for Felix Dzerzhinsky, except for his monument on Lubyanka Square, which fell under the hot hand of an angry mob in August 1991, his image hardly suffered. Portraits of iron Felix continued to adorn the official offices of the glorious successors of his bloody deeds, still proudly calling themselves "chekists".

The native party seemed to have disappeared, but its combat detachment, having remained homeless, was in no hurry to abandon the methods and tasks bequeathed by the deceased parent.

They, as always, remained in the shadows, they were not visible, but their greedy and predatory sniffing was heard in all pores of post-communist society, betraying an impatient desire to again rush at the hated people and drink, out of habit, their blood.

Communist bosses - secretaries of regional committees and city committees, the tribal aristocracy of the Soviet period, having understood the brilliant plan of their last general secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, managed to move to the Soviets in time or hide behind the broad back of President Yeltsin,

For years they developed in themselves complete contempt for their own people, called through their teeth the population, and in the new conditions of their own official collapse and the collapse of their "beloved Motherland" - the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, they did not at all want to give up their "legitimate" rights and privileges, but, on the contrary, they did everything to increase the luxury of their own existence by an order of magnitude, without looking back, even for decency, at the fate of their homeland, not to mention the people, once again deceived and robbed.

Under such conditions, the separation of powers could not lead to anything other than the creation of two powerful, purely feudal clans, one of which grouped around the president, making desperate attempts to enter the market with a huge military-industrial complex on its back.

This complex, which makes up 90% of the entire national industrial economy, did not even want to hear anything about any conversions, continuing to fill up the dying country with mountains of weapons that were no longer sold either abroad or in their own country. The proud barons of the military-industrial complex stood like a blank, impenetrable wall, broadcasting from the stands of numerous symposiums and conferences of all levels, sometimes turning into open lamentation about the reduction of state subsidies, about the death of the entire Slavic culture, which, in their opinion, cannot exist without having a clear enemy, not a vague Jewish Masonic ghost.

They demanded a clear military doctrine, albeit not as excellent as that of the late USSR, which aspired to a world communist future, that is, to world domination, but at least one that, in peacetime, would need two to three thousand tanks a year and the corresponding number of other weapons.

In other words, they demanded the lion's share of government spending, resolutely refusing to restructure production in order to produce some kind of fishing boats, refrigerators, irons, kettles or children's toys instead of monstrous submarines, thousands of tanks and missiles. Even farm mini-equipment, capable of leading the country out of a chronic agricultural crisis, caused them to tremble with disgust.

Is it possible to compare an elegant multi-purpose mini-tractor with a triple laser-guided missile system, which, due to its mobility, has no analogue in the world? And the government continued to throw trillions into the greedy mouth of the military-industrial complex, galloping inflation, inflating prices for everything in order to be able to buy another monster from the military-industrial complex, capable of quickly and effectively destroying anything, but senseless and useless in real conditions.

Tens, hundreds of thousands of highly skilled workers and engineers, the flower of scientific and technical thought of the nation, driven by the criminal communist regime and its insane ideology into a dead end of military production, looked at their directors with surprise (what happened?) And hope (what to do?).

Directors always appeared before the people, together with the local chairman of the council, the former secretary of the regional committee, or some noble deputy from the former heads of departments of the same regional committee. The essence of their appeals to the people usually boiled down to the following: they wanted Yeltsin, they wanted democrats, now choke on them!

What way out did they see from the situation? Only one: a return to the good old days of the Soviet Union with its military-police ideology, which allows, with the complete silence of the people, to confront the whole world and live in their own

pleasure.

The proud barons of the military-industrial complex quickly put together their own party, which was initially headed by Arkady Volsky, a former KGB general and senior official of the Central Committee, for whom Yuri Andropov was the ideal leader, which is understandable, since it was Andropov who molded Volsky from a petty party official into a big enough functionary to qualify for the highest government positions in post-communist Russia.

The cunning and prudent Volsky, calling his party the "party of the center" (a kind of peaceful centrists), understood perfectly well that in modern times any attempt at restoration (it's easy to say: "let's restore the Soviet Union", but how to do it?) can easily lead him to comfortable and easy chair of the party leader on the hard bunks of "Matrosskaya Tishina", where for more than a year some of his buddies, both for work in the KGB and in the Central Committee, were wasted.

Like a real strategist, Volsky decided to act from a headquarters unattainable for the enemy by the hands of "field commanders", choosing for this role Vice President Rutskoy, an ambitious but very close-minded person, and the speaker of parliament Ruslan Khasbulatov, no less ambitious than Rutskoy, but unlike from him, much more educated and impudent.

Volsky covered himself with Rutsky as a shield, making him the leader of his own party, and back in mid-1992, Khasbulatov unleashed a whole bunch of chairmen of regional councils, directors of industrial giants and the like, which, together with the powerful Communist faction, appointed to the Supreme Council even before August 1991, according to the so-called "list of the CPSU", quickly turned the legislature into the mouthpiece of those who passionately wanted to return to yesterday to totalitarianism so dear to their hearts, the main advantage of which was, of course, a "closed society", when no one knew about their deeds, and those who were interested were given a term either for slander or for espionage.

Under what "sauce" to return to such a simple and reliable regime, the majority was completely indifferent. It will not work with Marxism, you can try to return riding on nationalism, outright fascism, or even some clerical ideology: a mixture of Orthodoxy, the ideas of the White Brotherhood, anti-Semitism and the KGB charter.

Growing with more and more strange groupings of a frankly insanity, the Supreme Council abruptly changed course towards confrontation with the government and, especially, with the president, considering Yeltsin the source of all the country's ills, both current and past.

Orally and in the press, the president was accused of being a party worker of the highest rank in the past (for those who saw the greatest evil in Russia in communism), that he was an alcoholic who had already drunk himself to the point of delirium tremens (for the intelligentsia to be horrified), that, moreover, he is also a Jew (for everyone else) and the messenger of Satan, the Antichrist (for the most advanced part of the population, in love with mysticism).

Thus, the Kremlin, in all the beauty of its medieval quirkiness, with all the symbols of the military-clerical empire of the distant past and the military-police power of yesterday, and the huge, super-modern White House have turned into household symbols of the two branches of power grappled in an irreconcilable struggle.

All attempts to bring the country out of medieval insanity, where it was driven by the "immortal ideas" of Lenin-Stalin, led to a new, but typically medieval situation: the political polarization of the state oligarchy around not even the king and parliament, as, say, in England and France in the middle of the 17th century. century, but around an indecisive king and a powerful feudal lord, claiming the throne.

Something similar can be seen in 15th-century France in the confrontation between King Louis XI and Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy, although Louis XI is more like Khasbulatov and Karl more like Yeltsin. But the king won!

For almost the entire 1993 year, the authorities did not deal with state affairs, but only fought with each other. Left to the mercy of the elements, the country was slowly sinking into a quagmire of bureaucratic corruption and criminal lawlessness, enjoying television shows where the opposing sides, perhaps, did not curse each other in public.

It became clear that the matter could only end with the elimination of one of the "branches" by a quick and accurate blow of the ax. The concern was whether this strike would lead to a new civil war, which, in a country stuffed with nuclear and chemical weapons, could easily jump from one-sixth of the land to the remaining five-sixths, making the numerous predictions of the inevitable end of the world before the end of the century quite real.

The constantly broadcast meetings of the Supreme Council convinced, better than anything else, the public opinion of the country that in order to save democracy, it is necessary to liquidate the parliament. A paradox worthy of Russia, where liberals, Christian Democrats and Constitutional Democrats (heirs of the legendary "Cadets"), without having time to create, quickly turned into some kind of incomprehensible mixture of Bolshevism, Judaism and religious hysterics.

However, they differed little from the post-coup communists, who, without batting an eyelid, declared their teaching to be the secular embodiment of Orthodoxy, where, along with Jesus, Lenin and Stalin peacefully coexisted, with their "divine" faces alone, casting Christianity into the merry carousel of black paganism.

All together they made up such a motley red-brown mixture that no political scientists could figure it out, suggesting that psychiatrists do it.

While psychiatrists were cautiously talking and writing about the "outcasts" who had crawled into politics, the Supreme Soviet was transforming before our eyes from a Soviet purely decorative appendage to the CPSU into some mixture of a lunatic asylum, a revolutionary committee of the times of war communism and a criminal "raspberry" of the most bloodthirsty persuasion. , where the former deputies of the dispersed Supreme Soviet of the USSR began to set the tone, dreaming only of putting their political opponents to the wall as soon as possible. However, the expression "put against the wall" was the mildest of their passionate desires, so passionate that they were constantly expressed aloud in a very high key.

The coquettish Sazhi Umalatova, for example, believed that "Yeltsin and his entourage should hang by your feet."

General Makashov dreamed of an angry mob that would tear Yeltsin and his "Jewish pack" to pieces.

And having lost his former imposing image in fits of hysteria, Iona Andronov demanded that all "Yeltsinoids" (he was the author of this term) be hanged in public on Red Square. Moreover, not the president himself, but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, grandfather Andrey Kozyrev, should have hung above all, and thereby free up the ministerial chair for Andronov himself.

What can we say about these people, who perfectly understood that any movement towards the reforms announced by Yeltsin would automatically throw them out of their usual easy chairs, where they had been accustomed to doze off since communist times, receiving huge salaries, even more huge apartments and charming privileges, as it should be in feudal, highly hierarchical society.

What can we say about them if Alexander Zinoviev, whom the stupid West once considered the Swift of the era of stagnation, the same Zinoviev, whose books like *The Yawning Heights* contributed a lot to the collapse of the communist regime, Zinoviev, arrested on the orders of Andropov, deprived of citizenship and exiled abroad, having now returned to "free" Russia, he already choked in a hysterics of insane anger, teaching those to whom he had recently taught all the futility and inhumanity of the Leninist-Stalinist systems.

"You have to say," yelled yesterday's world-famous dissident. - Cancel the reforms! To the gallows of the reformers! These are traitors, these are enemies... If I were a young man, I would become a terrorist, I would kill them... Stalin is not just a genius. He was a super genius! In this situation, a person like Stalin is needed ... If such a person appears (and he should appear), what will he be forced to do in the first place? Arrest Yeltsin, Gorbachev, Yakovlev, Shevardnadze and their fosterlings and hang them! Hang up in 24 hours! Then these monarchists, radicals, anarchosyndicalists - all to labor camps!

Those who once read Zinoviev's books, to put it mildly, were perplexed (until recently, the KGB could solder for reading and keeping these books, and did so for a long time). What happened to the old petrel of democracy, in whose books Stalin, who appears under the nicknames "master" or "godfather", was reduced to the level of an ordinary everyday criminal, striving to turn a huge country into a criminal half-raspberry-half-zone, eventually getting a "raspberry zone"?

The perplexed simply forgot who this man was all his life. And he was a doctor of Marxist-Leninist philosophy, seriously studying which, it was simply impossible not to go crazy. What happened. All Marxist theoreticians have brains stricken with hatred, which is ready to fall like bloody vomit on anyone. Often on their own.

Such sentiments began to take precedence over any others. A vile scum of constant failures, social catastrophes and political collapses, swept into a heap by the expected complete defeat, gathered under the roof of the White House, frankly preparing for the "last and decisive".

One can imagine what kind of laws such a "community of parliamentarians" adopted and what it did with the half-dead constitution adopted during the Brezhnev era.

The famous Brezhnev constitution, after the 6th article on the "dominant role of the CPSU" was knocked out of it, automatically, as expected, crumbled, and after the collapse of the USSR it turned into an anachronism, reminiscent of the motley set of feudal laws of the times of the Holy Roman Empire. The Russian Federation was still listed in this constitution as a "socialist republic within the USSR" and it was not possible to cancel this provision by voting even after five attempts.

Somehow, the provision on the separation of powers based on classical democracy was pushed into the constitution, however, the next article proclaimed that the power in the country belongs to the Soviets, and the highest (indisputable) power belongs to the Congress of People's Deputies, elected in communist times with one single goal: to give an opportunity for Gorbachev to evade the punishing hand of his own Politburo by running away to the presidency of the USSR.

Gorbachev did not stay in the presidency for a long time, and the congress he invented was left as a legacy of "free" Russia. It was, of course, dominated by the Communists, who, although not as aggressive en masse as the members of the Supreme Soviet, did not demand the public execution of the President in chorus, but they also did not want to hear anything about early elections or the adoption of a new constitution.

The old dead Constitution suited them perfectly, mainly because it was

dead and therefore, blocking all paths forward, opened the only way back to the bright communist yesterday.

Preparing for the inevitable fight, the deputies of the Supreme Soviet piled up legislative defenses around themselves, nullifying all attempts at a constitutional way out of the impasse.

There was only one way out under the current dead Constitution: the self-dissolution of the Supreme Council, followed by the election of a new parliament and president. But about this the Supreme Council and did not want to hear.

The very idea that they could be re-elected terrified the deputies, forcing them to take measures that no one else seemed wild. Departmental apartments, dachas and official cars were feverishly privatized. There were proposals to make the post of deputy lifelong and even hereditary (as in medieval European parliaments, where, as you know, the seat of a deputy was bought and could pass from father to son, and a timid attempt by the royal administration to end this led several kings to the scaffold) .

And, finally, after Yeltsin's half-hearted attempt in March 1993 to somehow change the situation, the Supreme Soviet, going into hysterics, put the question of "impeachment" (a fashionable Western word meaning the removal of the president from his post before the end of his term) to a vote.) Yeltsin, and when this failed (mainly due to the fact that someone started a rumor about the contraction of troops to the Supreme Council), he adopted another amendment to the Constitution, which had already been turned not even into a corpse, but into some a kind of medical dummy, where, in order to save money, all sores and tumors known to science are stuck on the model of the human body.

According to this amendment, the powers of the president automatically ended with any attempt to somehow encroach on the unlimited power of the congress and the Supreme Council.

And, of course, both sides were actively spying on each other, recruiting overt and covert supporters in the enemy camp, buying the press and slinging mud at each other through the media.

The president managed to drag several of Khasbulatov's assistants into his camp, such as Shumeiko, Filatov and Ryabov. In turn, Khasbulatov dragged Vice President Rutskoi and, most importantly, Minister of State Security Barannikov to his side.

The National Salvation Front, a motley union of noisy groups united by the uncomplicated slogan: "Beat the Jews!", almost completely went over to the side of the parliament. And with its mouthpiece, the newspaper The Day, on the pages of which calls for the overthrow of the regime and the assassination of the president were quite frankly printed.

All attempts to influence the newspaper through the courts ended in his resounding victories in the processes and the disgrace of the plaintiffs, who represented the Ministry of Press, headed by a personal friend of the president, Poltoranin.

Both sides, under the cover of mutual scandalous accusations of corruption and treason, maneuvered, preparing for a decisive battle.

FIGHT BECAME EVERYTHING, PURPOSE BECAME NOTHING.

No one knew or saw the target. The main thing was to crush the enemy. Neither side could jump out of their innate Bolshevism. Only crush!

In one of his last public speeches at the so-called All-Russian Conference of all levels, the Khasbulats, calling on the Soviets to rally in the fight against the president, wearily admitted: "You know, frankly, sometimes I look at myself from the side and think: am I or not me, because there is such absurdity around, as if we were in a completely irrational world. And I catch myself thinking: no, it's not me, because I, a normal person, could not participate in these abnormal cases. But we were entangled in some kind of diabolical circle, and we really run and run in this diabolical circle and cannot jump out of it in any way ... "

Khasbulatov, apparently, should have looked at himself more often, because in the same speech, recalling the president's promise to restore order in the country by September, the speaker said: "About a month ago, you know this is excellent, the president announced that in August will carry out "artillery preparation", and in September "go on the offensive". Well, frankly, we reacted to this with a fair amount of irony: they say, again, the president said something unfortunate."

Here Khasbulatov grinned vilely and said: "Maybe he was in some special mood ..." And he snapped his fingers on his throat, demonstrating with a gesture known to the whole country what kind of mood the president was in. Again he was drunk as an insole.

Further, condemning drunkenness as such, the speaker transparently hinted that the drunkard-president should leave his post in a good way, and broke the applause of the hall, declaring: "Are you drinking? - our man! But if "our peasant", then let him remain a peasant and engage in peasant labor, and not state labor.

Then Khasbulatov openly called on the army to disobey his Supreme Commander-in-Chief, who, naturally, was the President, and in fact revealed his cards, addressing the audience with the following appeal: "I would like to address from this high rostrum to the leaders of our country, to all citizens, to workers, peasants, intelligentsia, army soldiers, law enforcement agencies. Be vigilant, do not let yourself be drawn into an adventure, do not let yourself be drawn into the execution of criminal plans ...

If unconstitutional actions follow, such as a state of emergency, presidential rule, and the like, thwart these actions ...

I would warn the Fatherland: the people will severely condemn everyone who raises a hand against the organs of democracy, tries to destroy the constitutional order, introduce a state of emergency in any form.

I would like to say that our reaction must be resolute, tough, and not so sluggish as it once was. Article 121-6 does not require the convening of a congress, nor the decision of the Constitutional Court, it says that in the event of the implementation or attempt to implement these actions, the powers of the president cease immediately!

Khasbulatov knew what he was talking about. His informants, who work in the inner circle of President Yeltsin, have long warned the speaker that there is an unsigned decree on the president's desk to disperse the Supreme Soviet, call new elections for all branches of power, including the president, on December 12, and temporarily introduce direct presidential rule in the country.

Knowing this, everyone grouped around the speaker, and he himself, realized that a big game was coming, forgetting in excitement that, in addition to the fate of the country, which was talked about a lot, but no one thought seriously, their own heads were also on the map.

Incorrect understanding of the situation in the country, a fundamentally wrong assessment of one's own influence on events, the lack of analysts who know their business and are able to correctly

determine the alignment of political forces and predict events at least a couple of moves ahead, led Khasbulatov and his supporters to the conviction that Yeltsin should be provoked into introducing a state of emergency in the country, leaving him no other choice (except, of course, resigning), and then, deftly manipulating the dummy of a dead constitution and the old Bolshevik demagoguery turning into lamentation, quickly deal with him, temporarily install the stupid General Rutskoi in the place of president, and return to the good old communist path, remarkable in that it leads nowhere.

Those forces that, not wanting to risk themselves, decided to remove President Yeltsin with the hands of their puppets, Khasbulatov and Rutskoi, did not at all put their bets on these two, already quite compromised figures, considering them to be pawns in any outcome of the planned operation. If it failed, then this couple would automatically turn into political, and even physical, corpses, and if it succeeded, then it was planned to quickly get rid of both by eliminating the presidential position, on the one hand, and simple re-elections of the chairman of the Supreme Council, with another.

In addition, both of them have recently become so mired in corruption and various dark affairs (Khasbulatov, for example, served as director of almost a dozen different commercial and semi-commercial enterprises) that it is not possible to send them into political oblivion, or even behind bars. seemed particularly difficult.

They were also constantly pushed to speed things up by rumors that documents fell into the hands of the President, which in one moment could turn them from statesmen into criminals.

Yeltsin has so far shown only the tip of a huge needle capable of pinning them to the wallpaper and leaving them writhing to the ridicule of all. This dictated the dynamics of the development of events, provoking the president to take the first step, the first move in a big game.

For the past year and a half, the attack on the President by the media, which is in the hands of those who called themselves the opposition, has been on a broad front, constantly intensifying, mainly in terms of the choice of expressions.

It all began cautiously and timidly, with an eye to see if they would tear out their tongue. But since not only did no one lose their tongue, but the president did not react at all to the barking of various semi-underground newspapers that still exist with the same money of the late CPSU, they began to act more boldly, and then, discarding all decency, began just an angry howl, comparable only to with the defamation of the last Russian emperor by the press, who also stopped pulling out tongues for this.

"Belovezhsky criminal", "Leader of the occupation regime", "Alkan in the Kremlin", "Kremlin criminal" - these are the mildest epithets that the opposition press awarded the head of state.

From the pages of semi-underground newspapers, such expressions quickly migrated to 16 pages of the weekly The Day and to the editorials of Pravda and Soviet Russia, which lost their former respectability, and from there - straight to the hall of the Supreme Council.

Under the newspaper screeching in the country, there was a direct sabotage of decisions of the executive branch, persecution of the president's representatives, the most severe persecution of all dissidents, and regional newspapers, funded either by the money of the CPSU or by military-industrial giants, did not call the government otherwise than "Yeltsin and his pack of Jews". Moreover, an annual subscription to such a newspaper cost only 4 (four) rubles, and even was sent free of charge.

The President almost did not react, which even more incited his opponents.

Impunity and irresponsibility have reached limits unprecedented in peacetime. The feeling of tension in domestic life was almost physical.

Khasbulatov's speech at the All-Russian Conference of Deputies of all levels ended with an official appeal of this forum to the citizens of Russia, which, in particular, said: "The President and his entourage, unable to manage society by civilized methods and bring it out of a deep crisis, are once again escalating tension, threatening the constitutional order ... Fearing that they will have to answer to the people for being deprived of normal living conditions, robbed materially and spiritually, trampled on the past and taken away the future, unlucky reformers are trying to establish a dictatorship of personal power ... Direct presidential rule, which is now threatened, is the dispersal of representative bodies authorities. Destroying them will finally untie the hands of criminal mafia elements, corrupt officials and their foreign patrons ... "

Naturally, the nomenklatura deputies considered the impoverished existence of this people behind the barbed wire of the communist zone to be the normal way of life for the people. To take away such a past from the people, of course, was considered a very serious crime.

This appeal, if examined, contains all the mistakes of Khasbulatov himself and those who stood behind him in assessing the situation in the country.

No matter how difficult this situation was, the overwhelming majority of the population recalled with horror and shudder the recent times of "normal and spiritual life", nostalgia for which, quite understandably, knocked on the hearts of the former obkom secretaries with the ashes of Khrushchev.

The meeting ended on September 18. Everyone began to look forward to the President's reaction. And she finally followed.

September 21, 1993, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.

Yevgeny Savostyanov, head of the Department of Security of the Ministry of Security for Moscow and the Moscow Region, was sitting in the rest room adjoining his huge office and, stirring his cold tea with a spoon, looked with interest first at his watch, then at the screen of a small portable TV set, standing on one of the shelves of a massive wall next to the bust of Dzerzhinsky.

Savostyanov inherited the bust from his predecessor, General Prilukov, whose bright KGB career was cut short in August 1991, when almost the entire leadership of the former allied KGB went either to prison, or under investigation with a written undertaking not to leave, or for a long-deserved rest, because, as the late Andropov used to say, "they don't retire from our work, but immediately go to the crematorium."

It was in those post-coup days that Savostyanov appeared on the Lubyanka, taking up his position, which, according to the KGB staff, should have been filled by a lieutenant general, or even a colonel general.

Yevgeny Savostyanov was the strangest person to appear on the political scene after President Boris Yeltsin came to power and the collapse of the USSR.

A physicist by training, a researcher at one of the capital's academic institutes, a dissident frondeur by conviction, a lieutenant in the reserve of the missile forces, with a smart, intelligent face framed by a neatly trimmed black beard - the image of a typical anti-Soviet of those times. Savostyanov became an active member of the then "abnormal" "Demorossiya", being a member of its coordinating council.

There he became closely acquainted with Gavriil Popov and, apparently, made quite a strong impression on the future mayor of the capital. So strong that becoming the mayor of Moscow and

wishing to have his people in the KGB and the Ministry of Internal Affairs, Popov achieved the appointment of Savostyanov to his position, and appointed Murashov, also one of the coordinators of the "Demorossiya", as the head of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the capital.

If you call the appointment of Savostyanov very strange, then this means - to say virtually nothing about him. The KGB was originally created not as a state institution of a totalitarian system, but as a kind of secret order, a secret military-political society, in comparison with which even the Jesuit order looks like child's play.

Even rank-and-file employees, upon admission to the KGB, had to go through a well-thought-out system of filters, which completely excludes not only random people from getting into the KGB, but also those who would have any questions, at least to themselves, from the realization of what they have to deal with, and who needs all this.

As for the leadership, for all 70 years there was practically not a single exception to the rule: the leadership either "descended" from the Central Committee of the CPSU, or carefully climbed the steep and slippery service ladder from blood and dirt, risking every second to break straight into the next world .

And then, to one of the most honorable and important positions in the KGB, they send little shpak and a stranger, and even some dissident from "Demorossiya", which from the moment of its foundation served for the KGB as nothing more than an object of the most careful observation, but its members were viewed as potential clients for pre-trial detention centers and labor camps.

But even if you do not take all these terrible things into account, for the sake of justice it should be noted that work in any secret service, and even more so in the political police, in a leading general position, no doubt, requires both experience and special training, which Yevgeny has Savostyanov was not there.

There was, of course, no legal education, which, although purely formal, was required to fill such positions. And formal issues in the rigid system of party-state institutions of the USSR often became paramount.

Such a monstrous foreign body, thrust into such a sensitive body by the KGB, both theoretically and practically, should have been immediately rejected by them, for which there were many completely legal ways, reduced to a simple conclusion about unsuitability.

Knowing well your own history, when they were shot by hundreds during numerous palace and departmental coups, knowing well your own deeds of the Andropov and post-Andropov period, seeing all your leadership in prison or under investigation, and your great founder - overthrown from the pedestal, which you used to approach it was forbidden even to lay flowers, and the KGB officers, floating over Lubyanka Square with a steel cable around their neck, as if on a mobile gallows, fell silent.

Many sobbed, either from pity for the iron Felix, or pitying themselves, because the sight of the crowd raging in the square painted the most gloomy prospects for the foreseeable future. Moreover, Vadim Bakatin, appointed chairman of the KGB, who became the last person to hold this position, solemnly promised to reduce the department to a minimum size and re-profile it into cases that could bring at least some benefit to the state.

In such conditions, of course, one could remain silent when a chief almost from the Mordovian political zone is sent to the leading Moscow department.

But the shock has passed. Bakatin himself, the first secretary of the regional committee, a member of the Central Committee of the CPSU, a candidate member of the Politburo, who in communist times held the largest party and state posts, including the post of Minister of the Interior, mindful of his public promises to reform, and most importantly, to reduce the KGB, was eaten so quickly that he did not have time to gasp, as he flew out of the organs with a label of complete incompetence. A Savostyanov remained.

The subsequent structural cataclysms, when, at the behest of President Yeltsin, the KGB and the Ministry of Internal Affairs were united under the general command of the Minister of Internal Affairs of the RSFSR Viktor Barannikov, and then a new separation by decision of the Constitutional Court, when, under the guise of reorganizations, the KGB was renamed the Ministry of Security (without the word "state" - the memory of the Beria MGB was still very fresh in my memory), and many were pushed into retirement and into the reserve, and many considered it good to leave on their own, Savostyanov remained at his post.

He remained in his post when the new Minister of Security Barannikov conducted his own purge of organs, getting rid of various "illuminated" liberals from the times of "perestroika and glasnost".

He remained in his post when Barannikov himself was expelled, who was quickly drawn into corruption and dubious connections due to lack of experience to a dead end, the exits from which were either suicide or a prison cell.

The minister was accused of double-dealing, a double game, but knowledgeable people understood that the KGB had rejected a foreign body, a former district policeman who had worked all his life in the internal affairs system.

But Savostyanov not only stayed, but, as he was supposed to, received the rank of major general.

If we recall that Savostyanov was promoted to general directly from a reserve lieutenant, and that this happened in peacetime, then we should agree that such a rocket career has very few analogues in world history, and even more so in such a department as the KGB.

This career will seem even more strange against the background of the fate of Murashov, who was introduced simultaneously with Savostyanov by the same Popov into the system of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The body of the Ministry of Internal Affairs immediately began to reject the foreign body, and after a series of internal scandals, defamed by the opposition press and loud speeches in the Supreme Council, Murashov was thrown out of the police, like Panikovsky from the executive committee.

As for Savostyanov, even newspapers and deputies of extremists did not touch him. The democratic press did not touch him either. Even the famous St. Petersburg "600 seconds" by Alexander Nevzorov, who spent a lot of air time on defamation of Murashov, did not say a word about Savostyanov: neither good nor bad.

Only once did the Den newspaper carefully go over the new general, hinting that his grandmother, apparently, was Jewish. But for the newspaper, which loudly claimed that Boris Yeltsin was the pseudonym of Borukh Elkin (or Elzer), that a whole brigade of Israeli paratroopers was hiding on the territory of the Kremlin, such a cautious approach could even be considered encouraging ...

Much can be assumed by developing the topic "Who are you, General Savostyanov?", But we will limit ourselves to stating a fact: Evgeny Vadimovich Savostyanov, by some, say, incredible accident, did not turn out to be a "foreign body" in the body of the world-famous apparatus of the capital's KGB, but fit into this apparatus with his dissident beard (which he never shaved off, although there was still an unmarked order from Andropov,

later confirmed by two generals of the army, Chebrikov and Kryuchkov, forbidding KGB officers to wear a beard, without any exceptions, as, say, in the time of Peter I), an intelligent appearance, the manners of a scientist and the look of a professional mathematician.

Incredible stories sometimes happen and have no logical explanation. Somehow, a domestic cat took root in the same enclosure with a family of jaguars, and nothing. She lived and was even admitted to a baking sheet with meat. And the other cat was torn apart the second she appeared in the aviary. From the point of view of the jaguars, this story is quite simple: either get torn or not. But from the point of view of a cat, the situation looks much more complicated. After all, the point is not only that you are not eaten, but that your orders are carried out.

The KGB was in a state of great confusion, which is understandable. It seemed that the unshakable landmarks of his many years of activity were either destroyed or blurred beyond recognition. And to top it all off, the Department of Security was officially banned from doing political detective work, and it was incapable of doing anything else. And didn't want to, more importantly.

During its more than seventy years of history, this department has never been able to ensure the security of the state in which it was listed. It failed to ensure the security of the country from the terrible and sudden blow of Nazi Germany, because by 1941 it was completely drowned in the blood of its own people and the senile calculations of its great leader. It failed to ensure the safety of either the leader himself or his own in the mid-1950s.

None of them raised an eyebrow when the Soviet Union collapsed and was destroyed, which they swore to defend to the last drop of blood, but failed to do so, as they were up to their ears in the fight against Zionism and dissent, categorically unwilling to do anything others.

Now they decided to deal only with ensuring their own security, keeping a wary eye on what was once called "the world's first country of the victorious proletariat." And smaller state convulsions led them to death by the thousands or turned them into nothing.

Those who died in the fall of Yagoda, those who died in the fall of Yezhov, those who died in the fall of Abakumov, those who died in the fall of Beria, who were expelled without pensions and epaulettes - such a memory has already created a fairly high genetic level of fear.

This fear drove many out of the system to the commercial structures and banks created before and after the August coup for the KGB's share of the money of the parent party, but for many, this same fear forced them to remain in place in order to be able to resist those who could once again be tempted in the name of their own. political interests to decorate with a necklace from Chekist heads.

The rest had to desperately imitate activity, because, after the prohibition to engage in political investigation, there was absolutely nothing to do.

The capture of racketeers, smugglers and drug dealers, enthusiastically advertised by the media, which, for all their current freethinking and irresponsibility, could not finally break out of their age-old reverence for Chekist exploits, which, in principle, was not the business of the KGB, created confusion in the police operations, interdepartmental squabbles and much more. Yes, and the former units of the so-called special police were engaged in this business, which were not even allowed into the dining room in the Lubyanka.

Thus, the bulk of the personnel simply had nothing to do, how to deal with

by the same political investigation, the methodology of which was well known, honed almost to perfection, and the management of a huge army of informants could be the envy of all the other special services of the world put together.

The difference with the old days was that the materials of the detective were deposited in operational developments and were not transferred to the investigative departments for initiating criminal cases.

Several attempts to turn high-profile cases, not even on espionage, but on violating state secrets, like, say, the case of Professor Mirzoyan, who told the world that Russia did not even think about stopping work on the creation of new types of chemical weapons, ended in scandals, from which, before of all, the "Chekist" leadership suffered. And, nevertheless, the work was carried out and not small ...

On a small table in front of Savostyanov lay an elegant folder made of red leatherette with the label of some kind of symposium on problems of quantum mechanics.

The head of the MB Department for Moscow and the Moscow Region opened the folder, pulled out several sheets of photocopies fastened with an elegant blue plastic clip, and once again looked through the contents of the documents topped with the old formidable stamp: "Top secret. of particular importance."

"Printed in two copies.

1 copy - to the president.

1 copy - in the special archive.

Do not copy! Transmission by radio and wired communication systems is not subject! Only through a senior officer of the MB, admitted to the group of documents of the OV / GV.

The fact that, despite such formidable vultures, a photocopy was nevertheless taken from the document (perhaps more than one), indicated that in conditions of complete state chaos and lack of discipline, it is not possible to avoid leaking the most secret information.

possible.

The document was signed by Deputy Minister Nikolai Galushko, and Savostyanov was one of its authors. The document was dated June 1993 and drawn up in such a way that the Minister of Security, Colonel-General Viktor Barannikov himself did not know anything about it (until the right moment, of course). The title of the document, according to the old Soviet tradition, was simple and intelligible: "Measures to further strengthen the Russian statehood. Analysis and recommendations".

After a brief summary of the situation in the internal political, economic, economic and cultural life of the country, the state of its armed forces, science and education, an analysis of the exacerbated social and interethnic problems and just one paragraph concerning the country's position in the international arena, the document, in particular, said :

"All of the above leads to only one conclusion: neither economically nor morally, the country turned out to be completely unprepared for such a sharp transition from a rigid totalitarian system of government to classical Western-style democracy ...

The division of powers into executive, legislative and judicial led to sharp opposition between these branches of government, even without a short period of useful state cooperation.

One branch of power is constantly, sometimes even without any benefit to itself, that is, instinctively, trying to subdue the other, turning this business into some kind of sport. It was noted, for example, that several factions in the Supreme Soviet ("Communists of Russia", "Change — New Politics", etc.) vote "against" any proposals, with the exception of proposals relating to the deputies' own well-being and defamation of statesmen.

The opposite picture is also observed, when in the apparatus of vice-premiers (Chubais, Shumeiko, etc.) many very efficient documents of the Supreme Council are rejected without analysis, sometimes with insulting resolutions and demands not to interfere in one's own business.

In turn, the practice introduced in the Supreme Council to resolve many of the most important state issues by secret ballot is unprecedented and speaks of the deputies' awareness of their own irresponsibility both to the country and to the voters...

Many people's deputies became such not out of a desire to take part in the government of the country, and not even out of a desire to obtain certain benefits for themselves (although there are some), but only to obtain the status of "parliamentary immunity", under the guise of which they engage in illegal actions in a wide range of criminal offenses, from car speculation to arms trafficking, without being limited to the territory of the former USSR...

Freedom of speech, press and assembly brought the public life of the country into a state of complete chaos.

The irresponsibility of all the media aggravates the situation in the country, provokes interethnic conflicts, makes economic life in a fever and exposes the country abroad in a negative and ridiculous light ...

The freedom of assembly, rallies and marches has already led to the bloody events that took place on May 1 of this year, when the instigators of mass riots turned out to be invulnerable to the law due to their parliamentary immunity or were openly taken under the protection of the leadership of the Supreme Council.

Such impunity, among other things, provokes a further aggravation of the confrontation between the authorities and is fraught with the most dangerous consequences ... "

In the "Recommendations" section, it was stated:

"Thus, the attempt to move from a totalitarian system to a democratic one without a transitional period of "relatively mild autocracy", from our point of view, was not successful.

It was the shock of this abrupt transition that led to the collapse of the USSR, and continuing to follow this path will inevitably lead to the collapse of the Russian Federation, because the concept of "democracy" as "permissiveness" stimulates irresponsible elements in the regions striving for the constant expansion of their own power ... "

Further, with a certain amount of pathos, without which the KGB simply could not compile its reports, it was said:

"In the name of saving what is still left of our country, in the name of securing the future of the Russian state and preventing civil war, we must immediately pull the country out of democratic chaos and do it in such a way that no one has a shadow of doubt about the determination of the authorities to restore order. ... "

A draft presidential decree on the dissolution of the Supreme Soviet and the liquidation of soviets throughout the country as an institution of power was pinned to the document. The draft was also drawn up in June 1993 and lay unsigned on the president's desk.

Savostyanov glanced at his watch again. It was 19 hours 54 minutes. An inscription appeared on the TV screen: "Statement of the President of the Russian Federation."

20:00

Boris Yeltsin appeared on the screen, sitting, as always, against the backdrop of the Russian tricolor, holding several sheets of typewritten text in front of him. Although Savostyanov had seen this video twice the day before, he decided to listen to it again.

It's one thing to play this cassette on a VCR to give the latest recommendations on editing the text, it's another thing when it sounds all over the country and will, as intended, be repeated on the air several times.

The President looked calm and collected. He belonged to the type of those people, by the way, typically Russian, who always have fun just before a fight, battle and other events associated with mortal risk. Before any "dashing deed", as they used to say in the old days

"Dear fellow citizens! the President began. "I am writing to you at one of the most difficult and crucial moments, on the eve of events of extreme importance.

In recent months, Russia has been experiencing a deep crisis of statehood. Literally all state institutions and politicians are involved in a fruitless and senseless struggle for destruction.

A direct consequence of this is the decline in the authority of state power.

I am sure that all the citizens of Russia are convinced that under such conditions it is not only impossible to carry out the most difficult reforms, but also to maintain elementary order.

It must be said bluntly: if you do not put an end to the political confrontation in the Russian government, if you do not restore the normal rhythm of its work, then you will not retain control over the situation, you will not preserve our state, you will not preserve peace in Russia.

Demands are coming to me from all over our country - to stop the dangerous development of events, to stop the mockery of democracy.

For more than a year, attempts have been made to find a compromise with the deputies, with the Supreme Soviet.

The Russians are well aware of how many steps I have taken to meet them at the last congresses and between them.

But even if it was possible to agree on something, after a short time there followed a categorical refusal to fulfill the obligations assumed.

You and I hoped that the turning point would come after the April referendum, in which the citizens of Russia supported the president and his course. Alas, this did not happen.

Recent days have finally destroyed the hopes for the restoration of any constructive cooperation.

The majority of the Supreme Council goes to direct violation of the will of the Russian people.

A course is being pursued to weaken and, ultimately, eliminate the president, to disorganize the work of the current government.

A powerful propaganda campaign has been launched to discredit the entire executive branch in Russia.

Until now, the decisions of the Supreme Council and the Congress, which contradict the results of the April referendum, have not been cancelled.

And today we can confidently say that they will not be cancelled. On the contrary, dozens of new anti-people decisions have been prepared and adopted in recent months. Many of them are purposefully planned to worsen the situation in Russia.

The most egregious is the so-called "economic policy" of the Supreme Council. His decisions on the budget, privatization, and many others exacerbate the crisis and cause great harm to the country. All efforts of the government to somehow alleviate the economic situation run into a blank wall of misunderstanding...

The Supreme Council ceased to reckon with presidential decrees, with his amendments to bills, even with the constitutional right of veto. At the same time, they constantly swear allegiance to the constitution and legality, although the constitutional reform is practically curtailed.

In April last year, the 6th Congress of People's Deputies not only approved the main provisions of the new constitution, but decided to "finalize, taking into account the proposals and comments of the President of the Russian Federation," the heads of the project "Federal Legislative Power" and "President of the Russian Federation", "Federal executive branch."

Logically, the 7th Congress was supposed to adopt a new constitution for the country. But the leadership of the Supreme Council, without any intelligible explanation, stopped the constitutional process.

Moreover, it recently prepared and suggested that I actually approve the removal of the president elected by the people. That is the meaning of the constitutional amendments that I recently received from the White House.

It must be admitted that the process of creating a rule of law state in Russia is, in fact, disorganized. On the contrary, there is a deliberate erosion of the already weak legal base of the young Russian state.

Legislative work has become an instrument of political struggle.

The laws that Russia badly needs have not been adopted for years. Instead, a radical revision of the current constitution and adopted legislative acts has begun. They are rewritten to please momentary political moods.

A vicious practice of legal arbitrariness has been established, the essence of which lies in a primitive formula: what law we want to accept, we will accept such, whatever we want, then write down.

And the further, the more confusion, the wider the field for abuse. All this has nothing to do with legality or law.

That which contradicts the fundamental foundations of law, violates elementary human rights and freedom and fundamental democratic principles cannot be considered law. Such a law is not yet law. Especially if it is dictated by one person or a group of people.

For a long time, most meetings of the Supreme Council have been held in violation of the elementary procedures of the regulations.

Open and conspicuous voter fraud has become commonplace. The participants of the meetings, in full view of the whole world, vote for those who are absent with several cards. But every such fact is a shame, it is a discrediting of the very foundations of parliamentarism.

There are purges of committees and commissions. From the Supreme Council, its presidium, all those who do not show personal loyalty to their leader are mercilessly expelled.

What I'm talking about is not an accident, not growing pains. All this is bitter evidence that the Supreme Soviet, as a state institution, is now in a state of political decay.

It has lost the ability to perform the main function of a representative body - the function of coordinating public interests. It ceased to be an organ of democracy.

Power in the Russian Supreme Soviet has been seized by a group of individuals who have turned it into the headquarters of the irreconcilable opposition. Hiding behind the backs of deputies, parasitizing on the collective irresponsibility of secret ballots, it is pushing Russia towards the abyss.

It is no longer possible to ignore this, to endure and be inactive. It is my duty as a president to recognize that the current legislative body has lost the right to be at the most important levers of state power.

The security of Russia and its peoples is a higher value than the formal adherence to the contradictory norms created by the legislature, which have completely discredited themselves.

The time has come for the most serious decisions."

The President took a sip of water from a china cup. Savostyanov suppressed a sigh and prepared to listen further.

"Dear fellow citizens!

The only way to overcome the paralysis of state power in the Russian Federation is its radical renewal on the basis of the principles of democracy and the constitution.

The current constitution does not allow this.

The current constitution also does not provide for a procedure for adopting a new constitution, which would provide for a worthy way out of the crisis of statehood.

As the guarantor of the security of our state, I am obliged to offer a way out of this impasse, I am obliged to break this destructive vicious circle.

The President was clearly worried. He drank the water again, and Savostyanov chuckled, thinking that it would be great if Yeltsin now defiantly drank a glass of vodka.

Meanwhile, having finished with the preamble, Yeltsin moved on to the main point in his statement:

“Given the numerous appeals addressed to me by the heads of the constituent entities, the Russian Federation, groups of deputies, participants in the Constitutional Conference, political parties and movements, representatives of the public, citizens of Russia, I have undertaken the following:

Endowed with the power obtained in the popular elections in 1991, the confidence that was confirmed by the citizens of Russia in a referendum in April 1993, I approved by my decree changes and additions to the current constitution of the Russian Federation.

They relate mainly to the federal legislative and executive authorities, their relationship on the principle of separation of powers.

The Federal Assembly of the Russian Federation, a bicameral parliament operating on a professional basis, becomes the supreme body of legislative power.

Elections are scheduled for December 11-12, 1993,

Let me emphasize that these are not early elections of the congress and the Supreme Soviet. A completely new supreme body of legislative power in Russia is being created.

Any action aimed at disrupting the elections is considered illegal. Persons who allow them will be prosecuted on the basis of the criminal code of Russia.

People who will not engage in political games at the expense of the people should come to the Russian parliament, but, above all, will create laws that are so necessary for Russia.”

Further, the president expressed the hope that new people would come to the new parliament who would be “more competent, more cultured and more democratic”, promised early presidential elections after the start of the work of the new Federal Assembly, and then in a precise voice, which in the old days read the text of death sentences, went to the heart of his statement:

“In accordance with the presidential decree, which has already been signed, from today

the exercise of the legislative, administrative and control functions of the Congress of People's Deputies and the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation is interrupted. Meetings of the congress are no longer convened. The powers of people's deputies are terminated.

Of course, their labor rights will be fully guaranteed. Deputies have the right to return to the enterprises and institutions where they worked before being elected deputies of Russia, and to take their former positions.

At the same time, each of them has the right to re-nominate his candidacy for elections to the Federal Assembly

The powers of local authorities are preserved. In this regard, I appeal to local leaders: use all legal opportunities to ensure public order.

I would like to emphasize in particular: the Constitution of the Russian Federation, the legislation of the Russian Federation and the constituent entities of the Russian Federation continue to operate in full, taking into account the amendments and additions introduced by presidential decree.

The rights and freedoms of citizens of the Russian Federation established by the Constitution and the law are guaranteed.

Federation".

Savostyanov even got up slightly from his chair. It was already interesting! In his version of the film, there was no piece about the "continuation of constitutional guarantees".

On the contrary, although it was not explicitly stated, it was strongly hinted that a state of emergency had been introduced in the country.

It means that someone made these changes at the last moment. The mathematical mind of the newly minted Chekist general instantly calculated the possible options arising from the actually announced coup d'état with the preservation of constitutional guarantees. Perhaps that is even better.

The final part of Yeltsin's statement was full of pathos:

"I appeal to the leaders of foreign powers, to foreign citizens, to our friends, who are many around the world.

Your support is significant and valuable for Russia. At the most critical moments of the most difficult Russian transformations, you were with us.

I urge you this time to understand the complexity of the situation in our country. The measures that I, as President of the Russian Federation,

compelled to go

the only way to defend democracy and freedom in Russia, to defend the reforms of the still weak Russian market.

These measures are necessary to protect Russia and the whole world from the catastrophic consequences of the collapse of the Russian statehood, from the reign of anarchy in a country with a huge arsenal of NUCLEAR WEAPONS. I have no other goals.

Dear fellow citizens!

The moment has come when by joint efforts we can and must put an end to the deep crisis of Russian statehood...

Together we will save Russia for ourselves, for our children and grandchildren.

Thank you".

Savostyanov turned off the TV. Among the photocopies of documents, I chose Yeltsin's decree without a date or a signature.

The decree was titled "On a Gradual Constitutional Reform in the Russian Federation," and was even more blunt than the televised statement about the president's dispersal of the Supreme Soviet.

The piquancy of the situation lay in the fact that Lubyanka's informant found these photocopies in Khasbulatov's secretariat, where, despite the formidable vultures and the demand "Do not make copies!", They lay in a folder on which the speaker's hand was inscribed: "Until special

orders not to be made public. The cumbersome word "unpublished" was written along with "not". Khasbulatov always had problems with the Russian language.

Taking a red felt-tip pen, Savostyanov wrote on the photocopy: "No 1400, published September 21, 1993."

20:30

The chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, or "speaker of parliament," as he liked to call himself and was glad when others called him that, did not listen very carefully to the speech of the country's president on television. He had known its contents for a long time.

He had his own intelligence, deftly operating not only in the corridors of executive power, but also in many offices of the presidential apparatus.

He had his own guard, subordinate only to him, but included in the cadres of the elite units of the "protection of the highest officials of the state."

Powerful ministers fawned over him, seeking his friendship and patronage.

Even the arrogant and impregnable from the consciousness of their own exclusivity yesterday's inhabitants of large party and nomenklatura offices looked at him with warmth in their cold glassy eyes, with the hope that it was he who would help them regain their former greatness.

and power.

Even proud and aggressive nationalists, hung with belts, plastic crosses, in boots polished to a shine and with a semblance of military bearing, for whom he had recently been a "chock" and "Chechmek", an ethnically inferior Chechen, suddenly began to look at him as the father of the nation and stormily express his admiration for him.

Fleeing from the police after the next street riots, they all fled now to the White House, and the deputies took them under their protection. They ran to him in search of salvation and a way out. They recognized him as the "father of the nation", although he decided to democratically share this imperial title with the entire Supreme Council.

The caustic newspapers asked that "if the nation has a collective father, then to whom should alimony be filed?" He didn't hear it.

"We are no power!" - he somehow threw irritably to the bored journalists.

Soon this so-called "fourth estate" will be finished,

"The media must serve the people!" - in Stalinist short and ideologically restrained, he announced to the whole country from the TV screen.

And a little later, from the rostrum of the Supreme Council, somewhat pathetically and shrill (as it always happens at first), he said: "I am responsible for this country!" Nobody objected.

When he moved into an apartment from which there was no time, because of its luxury; Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev himself refused (450 square meters of usable area), he knew what he was doing, although many dissuaded him from this act.

After all, many still remembered how he and Yeltsin, refusing all benefits and privileges, defiantly went to work in a trolley bus, and official ZILs and Mercedes went behind, just in case.

It's always dangerous in a trolleybus, but for a big politician, a candidate for the "fathers of the nation", it's just

unacceptable.

The people must always feel the distance between themselves and the leader, between their hut and his palace. Otherwise, the people may think of themselves who knows what.

Khasbulatov could be proud of what he had achieved. He managed to completely train the parliament, although he understood better than anyone else that the institution he heads, which calls itself parliament, is not such from any point of view, more and more turning into a parallel structure of executive power.

The speaker himself shuffled, as he pleased, the commissions and committees of the Supreme Council, expelling from them all those who were objectionable and leaving only those obedient to his will.

He traveled around the country, distributing loans and subsidies at will between regions and industries, confusing the plans of the ministries, not coordinating any steps with them, but only recruiting new supporters for himself by increasing state chaos.

He arranged almost daily conference calls with the heads of councils and municipalities at all levels, who were in no way subordinate to him, but were confused by the title invented by him, especially for himself: the head of representative power.

Despite the absurdity of the phrase itself, many people, and first of all, he himself, believed that such a position really exists and, apparently, it is even higher than the presidential one. This gave the right to actions and decisions in accordance with the greatness of the fictitious position.

As has happened more than once in our history, when the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the CPSU, who is solely responsible for the work of the chancellery and secretariat, de facto declared his position the highest in the party nomenclature, so a simple deputy, who was entrusted to follow the rules and order of speech, inspired himself imagine that it made him head of state. He was not even Cardinal Richelieu under a weak, weak-willed, mediocre and eternally drunk king, for Richelieu knew perfectly well that he could not become a king, but Ruslan Imranovich did not think so at all.

Through the head of the president and the government, he tried to establish ties with the heads of foreign states, hinting that the only real power in Russia, and in the CIS as a whole (after all, he was the chairman of the stillborn "inter-parliamentary assembly" invented by him), was in his hands, and when he was sharply pointed out from abroad to the tactlessness and absurdity of such actions, violating the protocol highly revered in the West, he switched to secret ties with parties and groups, which, to put it mildly, would not at all add to his respectability if these ties were obvious.

He sent delegations to Saddam Hussein, who, with their layouts, confused the beaten Iraqi dictator with the hope of returning to the good old days, asking for "some" money in return.

He established strong ties with numerous extremist groups that bred on the territory of the former USSR after its collapse, provoking conflicts at the right time to frustrate the efforts of the government without bloodshed and with some dignity to get out of various impasses.

He dealt a blow with his decision to the status of Sevastopol (it was, is and will remain Russian), to the most difficult tripartite negotiations between Russia, Ukraine and the United States on the status of the former Soviet nuclear arsenal seized by Kiev.

He even tried to play the Great Russian nationalist, but he could not learn how to pronounce the key word "sobornost" correctly, meaning, however, the omnipotence of the Soviets.

Without a twinge of conscience, he received a director's salary in fourteen places, and not only a salary.

And since he got away with all this one way or another, and it was impossible to get close to him either practically, because of the Chechen guard, or theoretically, because of parliamentary immunity, such legal invulnerability gave rise to the illusion of his own omnipotence, which, like this usually it turns out, more and more isolated the speaker from the real perception of events, imperiously forcing wishful thinking.

Right at a meeting of the Supreme Council, he could shout in a voice that brooks no objection: "Contact the president. Let him come!" And many were horrified by the evidence that Khasbulatov himself did not understand not only the inappropriateness, but also the unrealizability of his demands.

Someone was horrified, and someone shook his head how far Khasbulatov was from reality, which means he was able to take any misinformation for reality ...

Say what you like, but the name of Khasbulatov has not left the pages of newspapers and magazines, from television and radio messages for the third year, occupying a worthy place in the information flow of world news, clearly ahead of President Yeltsin in this respect, not to mention his entourage.

But quite recently, just two or three years ago, no one knew him at all. By the time of his election as a people's deputy of the RSFSR from the Grozny national-territorial district, Ruslan Khasbulatov was an ordinary Moscow professor from the Plekhanov Institute of National Economy.

Born in 1942 in a family with many children, which is common for Chechens, Khasbulatov, as a child, survived all the repressions that Stalin brought down on peoples who, in his opinion, showed insufficient loyalty during the war years. The fact that the Germans managed to reach Grozny, the leaders of all peoples, for some reason, considered not themselves guilty, but the entire Chechen people, who were exiled to northern Kazakhstan almost in 24 hours.

In one of the unheated carts, the Khasbulatov family with three-year-old Ruslan was also traveling into the unknown.

Ruslan's father died, but he himself not only survived, but later managed to enter the Faculty of Law of Moscow State University, where he was actively engaged in Komsomol work and even, in Lenin's language, was "co-opted" to the Central Committee of the Komsomol as an instructor.

Quite a lot for a Chechen student. Apparently, this kind of activity helped Khasbulatov stay in graduate school, where he quickly defended his Ph.D. and doctoral dissertations on the Canadian economy. The specialty, foreign economics, was considered very prestigious in those years, giving the right to study with foreign students and, more importantly, to travel abroad.

Those forces that once "co-opted" the young Chechen to the Central Committee of the All-Union Leninist Young Communist League saw him as their own and reliable person, since they dragged him into the new Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR as a candidate from Grozny University. How it was done then, everyone knows very well, but it should be recognized that Khasbulatov himself participated in the election campaign, spoke a lot and convincingly, and defeated his rival, the second secretary of the regional committee of the CPSU, in

stubborn struggle.

He came to the newly elected Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR as a completely unknown person. He had no connections with the leadership of "Democratic Russia", nor did he have any experience in the Supreme Council.

When, after several rounds of voting, Boris Yeltsin, by a margin of four votes, was nevertheless elected chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, he and his supporting "demorossy" decided that a representative of one of the national autonomies of Russia should become Yeltsin's first deputy.

Yeltsin was pointed to the famous and famous Ramazan Abdulatipov, for whom both the communists and representatives of the majority of autonomies would vote without hesitation. But Abdulatipov is a too well-known figure from the apparatus of the Central Committee of the CPSU. Yeltsin did not like this. He needed a simpler person, not mutilated by the well-known methods of work adopted in the apparatus of the Central Committee of the CPSU.

Candidates for Yeltsin's deputies, proposed almost at random, were unanimously swept aside by the communist congress or overwhelmed by "democrats" who made their way into the new Supreme Soviet. Many people still have fresh memories of those elections that ousted all variety and satirical programs from television screens.

Khasbulatov's name appeared in the second round of voting. The "democrats", who knew absolutely nothing about Khasbulatov, looked at his results of the "roll-call vote", which, from their point of view, turned out to be quite good. It also turned out that the communists have nothing against Khasbulatov, based on some of their own information.

Yeltsin's analysts, former employees of the analytical department of the KGB, also gave Professor Khasbulatov a good certification, emphasizing those qualities that the professor of foreign economics just did not have: modesty, unambitiousness, excellent diligence, devotion to the boss.

While still being the secretary of the so-called "big" committee of the Komsomol of Moscow State University, Ruslan Khasbulatov became famous as an evil intriguer with a complete absence of any ideas, as well as a sense of devotion and camaraderie, which "analysts" could not be unaware of. In addition, there was no electronic system for counting votes, the congress participants were already exhausted from the burden of filling out ballots, and, as a result, the proposed candidacy of Khasbulatov passed.

Apparently, Khasbulatov was quite suitable as one of the deputy chairmen, but no one then imagined that he would turn into an independent political figure.

The unexpected revolt of six of Yeltsin's deputies, led by Svetlana Goryacheva and Vladimir Isakov, who wrote a sharp anti-Yeltsin letter and published it in Pravda, became a turning point in Khasbulatov's political career.

The letter of the "six" petty communists, inspired by the dying party in the best spirit of its political denunciations worked out over the years, aimed to remove Boris Yeltsin from the political life of the country, since the instinct of self-preservation suggested that this should be done before it was too late.

Unfortunately, political decisions made by instinct always sin because they do not take into account the real situation. Such a letter in Pravda would have worked remarkably well if, at the time of its publication, Yeltsin himself was already in the cellars of Lefortovo,

having managed to confess to his sabotage and espionage activities in favor of, say, Japan.

Since, of course, nothing like this could happen in a real situation, with their letter the magnificent "six" blew up a mine under their own chairs, and Yeltsin received from the congress, assembled to eliminate him, the additional powers he requested.

It is not known who advised Khasbulatov not to sign the famous letter, but he did just that, and this act instantly turned him into a hero for all democrats and their supporters throughout Russia.

When Yeltsin left for the presidency of Russia, he simply had no other choice but to propose Khasbulatov's candidacy for the vacant post of chairman of the Supreme Council.

The Communists, having reorganized their ranks and frightened in order from everything that could potentially happen, put forward in opposition to Khasbulatov, also not yet known to anyone, Sergei Baburin, the young and impudent dean of the law faculty of Omsk University, who was listed in the KGB agents under the secret name "Nikolai".

There is nothing special in this fact, since the KGB, aimed for many years by its own party at a political investigation, organized this investigation according to the highest class. Perhaps someday special studies will be written on this topic, as relatively few, if compared with the size of the service area, the secret political police, which calls itself the KGB, has the most primitive means of collecting and processing information, in the overwhelming majority of cases working with only file cabinets and dusty clerical affairs, kept in sight 350 million, which make up the population of the world's first state of victorious socialism.

And, of course, in the first place, students and teachers of law faculties and institutes were subjected to observation and the so-called "secret processing" not only on the scale of the USSR, but of the entire Warsaw Pact. This is understandable, since the KGB rightfully considered the law faculties to be the forge of its own personnel and, like any highly elitist department, did not want random people to get into it ...

However, this equally applies to Sergei Baburin and his rival, and not only to them, bearing in mind the famous words of Felix Dzerzhinsky that all Soviet people should become Chekists.

For several days there was a vote deciding who should be the chairman of the Supreme Council: Khasbulatov or Baburin? None of them could get the right number. votes.

It is possible that Lubyanka spoke directly with Omsk, comparing candidates, and could not come up with an optimal solution. After all, a proposal was put forward to make Khasbulatov the chairman, and Baburin the first deputy. We did not agree, but a tandem would be wonderful.

In the midst of the struggle for the seat of chairman of the Supreme Soviet, the August putsch broke out, during which the communists and those who were with them were so heavily compromised that when President Yeltsin, having jumped from the tank, appeared before the hushed deputies, announcing the ban of the Communist Party and the confiscation of its property in treasury, Khasbulatov was resignedly elected chairman in the first round of voting.

Catapulted thus by President Yeltsin to one of the most important

government posts, having sat in this post in the reflection of presidential charisma, Khasbulatov for some time still played the role of a devoted presidential squire.

For a long time, almost all his speeches, and even remarks, in the Supreme Council, he began with the words: "Boris Nikolayevich and I...", "The President consulted with me...", "Yeltsin and I discussed...". These sayings were ridiculed in the Supreme Council, and even more so in the press. But Khasbulatov, acting like a simple, shy pariah, somehow smiling guiltily, said: "Well, what can I do? Well, indeed, the president and I decide everything together." But at the same time - both high heels to be taller, and a pillow on a chair so that the head is kept at the level of Yeltsin's head, and a remark, as if by the way, that people say that, they say, we believe only Yeltsin and you.

Here, it seems, Yeltsin is already taking the speaker seriously as an equal partner, as

head of the legislature. The President conducts some kind of negotiations with him, concludes agreements, and now they are coming out to the applause of the hall three together: Yeltsin, Khasbulatov and Zorkin - the leaders of the country, a triumvirate, a cohort of equals.

"For some reason, the faithful Ruslan began to growl at the president and bite him," the press notes, comparing the speaker with his namesake, the famous Vladimir Shepherd dog from the concentration camp guards.

And now people say that they believe only Khasbulatov, and they wonder why Yeltsin is the president, and not him, if Yeltsin is not even a deputy.

And not a lawyer. ("And your chairman, dear deputies, is not only an economist, but also a lawyer").

He bites the president gently at first: "Well, the president is wrong. We will cancel this", "Well, of course, Kozyrev should be removed from work", "We will remove Popov and Yavlinsky if they behave badly."

And in Khasbulatov's speeches, thoughts about the priority and supremacy of the legislature in the power triad sounded, that the deputies are the crown of creation, that everything is subject to them. He created this strange pseudo-parliamentary little world with his own micro-life, fundamentally closed on itself.

So the child creates a whole kingdom between two stools, where he is not even a king, but some kind of higher deity, capable of replacing the king at any moment when he doesn't like him with something.

In this small invented world, both voters and the president were superfluous. In this microcosm, they believed that if they dismissed the president, he would go, that if they announced the restoration of the USSR, he would be restored, that anything could be included in the text of the Constitution, and not only paper would endure everything, but everything would work. immediately that it is worth declaring themselves irremovable for life, and everyone will agree with this.

And this microcosm has its own life. The Communist Party is banned in the country, banned in enterprises, institutions and military units (allowed only in housing offices), and in the Supreme Soviet the largest faction is the Communists of Russia.

All sorts of constitutional, liberal and Christian democrats unexpectedly united in an openly fascist bloc, against which even the Baburin faction "Russia" looks more decent.

The deputies are noisy and scandalous. They are not familiar with not only parliamentary, but even barracks ethics. They attack Khasbulatov, accusing him of being "Yeltsin's agent of influence", threatening to throw him out of the speaker's post by a simple vote at any time.

moment.

From right and left, accusations of "non-Russianness" fly. There is no escape from this. You can't become Russian from a non-Russian. Even Stalin did not succeed, and there is nothing to say about Khasbulatov. Indeed, why should the parliament - no longer Soviet, but Russian - be headed by a Chechen? Let him go to Chechnya and lead whatever he wants there!

"Enough with us Caucasians!" - Academician Likhachev, the symbol and patriarch of the Russian democratic intelligentsia, somehow threw from the TV screen with undisguised irritation, referring to Khasbulatov.

If Likhachev could say such a thing, one can imagine what the same Baburin could say if he got the opportunity to express to Khasbulatov everything that he thinks about him.

But the very mention of his native Chechen Republic made the speaker shudder.

Dzhokhar Dudayev, who seized power in Chechnya after the collapse of the Soviet Union, a former dashing aviation general of the Soviet Air Force, declared the former Russian autonomy an independent sovereign republic and, as a result, ordered the recall of all deputies elected from Chechnya from the Supreme Soviet of Russia.

Naturally, Khasbulatov flatly refused to carry out this order, but his status as a "people's deputy" seemed to hang in the air. Moreover, the enraged Khasbulatov did not come up with anything smarter than to order the eviction of all Chechens living in Moscow hotels, although he had no legal right to do so, since he did not have any executive powers under the law and rudely entered the prerogative of the Moscow government.

The Chechens remained in Moscow, but the vengeful President-General Dudayev stripped Khasbulatov of his Chechen citizenship. And Khasbulatov did not want to bother about Russian citizenship, considering it below his own dignity. Yes, it should be noted that there was essentially no procedure for obtaining Russian citizenship by citizens of breakaway autonomies, and even republics.

Thus, at the head of the "FIRST RUSSIAN FREE PARLIAMENT" was a man who formally was neither a deputy, nor a Russian, or any other subject.

"Political homeless man," Mikhail Poltoranin, who hates him, defined Khasbulatov.

"An alien who has no right to even deal with the affairs of Russia," Vyacheslav Kostikov, the presidential press secretary, echoed him.

We are all racists in one way or another. It could not be otherwise after 70 years of the fascist regime in Russia, although it proclaimed toasts in honor of the friendship of peoples.

Ruslan Imranovich understood very well the situation in which he found himself, becoming a hostage of very many or not at all controlled, or very poorly controlled
them strength.

The solution would be to resign. But the mere thought of returning to the level of even a professor at a prestigious institute was completely unbearable. It was well understood by everyone who managed to break through the shit of an ordinary "soviet" life into the fabulous "through the looking glass" of the nomenklatura. The way back was worse than death.

After all, he already has everything almost like Yeltsin: his own security, and departure, and a private plane, and the impeached president.

And who can replace him? After all, it is not in vain that the topic is being discussed in the Supreme Council every day:

the post of president in Russia should be abolished as "unjustified" and Russia should be turned into a parliamentary republic, where the true head of state will be the irremovable speaker of the irremovable parliament, about whom the press will not have the right to say anything but good. How about the dead...

But the March congress, which tried to oust the president by secret ballot, showed Khasbulatov how precarious his own position was, when enraged deputies suddenly raised the question of his own resignation.

And although his resignation did not get even half of the required number of votes, even putting such a question to the vote was in itself a formidable warning. And the April referendum that followed finally destroyed the hopes for a quick and brilliant victory in the struggle for the right to rule Russia undividedly, with a small group of accomplices.

From that time on, Khasbulatov became nervous and made many more mistakes than before.

One of these mistakes was an attempt to gather around him all those who were dissatisfied with the changes taking place in Russia and go on a campaign against Yeltsin under the banner of the United Opposition.

It seemed that countless legions were ready to gather under the banner of Khasbulatov. It didn't seem like he was the only one. Deafened by their own cries, amplified by loudspeakers at numerous completely wild rallies, the leaders of the so-called irreconcilable opposition themselves mistakenly believed that their name was legion. Although in reality there were very few.

The disgusting scum of the totalitarian regime that collapsed into the abyss of history, swept into a heap around the degraded Supreme Council by an instinctive understanding of the inevitability of its own end and a false hope for salvation, seemed to be a force only in that fictional microworld into which it had driven itself.

And from the outside, everyone already saw the inevitability of a sad end.

"If that dirty wave, into which Khasbulatov so recklessly throws himself in the last hope of finding a lost point of political support, picks him up and throws him ashore, then he, apparently, will remain a worthless, unattractive figure that no one needs, and who is nothing does not contain," the Novoe Vremya magazine noted back in June 1993.

"People don't read those publications that write badly about me," Khasbulatov once remarked. He did not read them himself. But in vain.

Because, scolding Khasbulatov, and often simply mocking him, the newspapers asked with a certain mixture of surprise and curiosity: "And what, in fact, is he counting on? Does he really not understand that the balance of power is such that he will simply be swatted like a fly, and all the sins of the president and his entourage, called the executive power."

No, I didn't understand. And he had no other choice, How to fight with the presidential army to the end.

The explosion of "eleven suitcases" of the disgraced vice-president Rutskoy, who accuses the entire presidential entourage of corruption, provoked a series of retaliatory strikes, as a result whom the vice-president himself "de facto" was deprived of his post, destroying at the same time and

Minister of State Security Barannikov.

It was Rutskoi's "eleven suitcases" that allowed the president and his supporters to dynamically seize the initiative and promise a powerful September offensive, since the "suitcases" story, thanks to Rutskoi's own stupidity and Khasbulatov's amazing ability to fall for any bait, turned into a boomerang hitting so many people like in Russia and outside it, but not at all for those for whom this blow was intended according to Khasbulatov's plan.

I had to once again retreat from their positions directly into the arms of those who lived with dreams of restoring the "glorious communist past." And they finally swindled Khasbulatov, like priests of Kozlevich, listing in a whistling whisper the numbers of divisions and individual special forces regiments, tank brigades and assault aviation formations, ready, upon receiving a prearranged signal, to immediately take up arms and come out in defense of the Supreme Council and the unfading socialist constitution in the name of restoration USSR and Soviet power.

The names of generals and ministers (current and former), bankers (ours and foreign) and entrepreneurs, secret advisers and offended favorites, ready to do anything in the name of saving the motherland "from the Yeltsin dictatorship and the Zionist yoke" were also listed. The main thing is not to miss the time when you should give a prearranged signal.

As Lenin used to say: "Today - early, tomorrow - late!".

And everyone looked at the Kremlin with fear, marveling at the president's forbearance. Whatever you say, but despite all the chinaness, reminiscent of the behavior of schoolchildren of the 6th-7th grade at times in the absence of a teacher standing on the lookout until the cry of "atas", the President was afraid in the Supreme Council.

Everyone remembers the hysterical statement of deputy Astafyev that at the height of the March congress, special forces were brought into the territory of the Kremlin. Many were trembling.

And deputy Isakov, who demanded Yeltsin's impeachment, said these words with an expression of such mortal anguish in his eyes, as if the special forces were already dragging him to a torture chamber. The deputy stressed that voting on this issue must be secret, so that, God forbid, the president does not find out who and how voted on this issue,

But after the remark of Deputy Astafyev, even the most courageous decided to abstain, just in case, even in a secret ballot.

After all, one movement of the presidential eyebrows was enough for the deputy Slobodkin, who had bothered him, to be simply thrown out the door of the constitutional meeting, as in the memorable times of Ivan the Terrible.

True, unlike those times, he was not put on a stake and was even given the opportunity, after catching his breath, to give a press conference on the go. But they were no longer allowed into the hall, throwing out his draft of a new Soviet constitution after him.

Fear permeated the Supreme Council repeatedly. Almost every day, one or another deputy, unexpectedly taking the floor, made a statement that the president (or someone from his entourage, and the president's entourage, in general, was considered even worse than the president himself) secretly visited one of the elite military units, such as the Dzerzhinsky division, where he coordinated with the command a list of deputies subject, as the deputies usually declared, to "internment".

Why were four barracks urgently liberated in the division, and the soldiers were sent to tactical

exercises closer to Moscow at one of the secret training grounds where a life-size model of the White House was built.

Deputy Chelnokov even somehow presented a list of those to be interned, which, of course, opened with his own surname.

Attacks of fear gave way to fits of nervous excitement and oaths to defend the constitution "if necessary, with arms in hand."

The President was silent. His silence was interpreted as the weakness and indecision so clearly demonstrated by Yeltsin in March.

This gave the retired general Filatov a pretext to publish in the Den newspaper an appeal to the Russian people "to do to the president, as the Egyptian people did to the traitor Anwar Sadat."

That is, to shoot the president point-blank from machine guns, having previously thrown grenades.

This gave the deputy Ilya Konstantinov a pretext to announce the beginning of a "people's liberation war against the Yeltsin occupation regime" from the rostrum of the congress of the National Salvation Front headed by him.

And Yeltsin himself should be publicly hung up on Red Square.

This gave the coquettish Sazha Umalatova a reason to declare that the president should be hanged by his feet, upside down.

This gave the leader of Labor Moscow, Viktor Anpilov, a reason to disagree with all of the above measures, since, in his opinion, the president should be torn to pieces by the crowd.

This gave Khasbulatov himself a reason to declare that "the law and the executioner" would stand in the way of any attempt by the president to break out of the vicious circle by dispersing the Supreme Council.

They all knew what they were talking about, since photocopies of the draft presidential decree had already "sailed" through secret channels from Yeltsin's office to Khasbulatov's office. Therefore, their joint actions were already very reminiscent of an attempt to stop a moving tank with the help of a barking dog.

On September 16, President Yeltsin, as was officially announced, went to Balashikha, where the Dzerzhinsky division, famous for its participation in numerous palace coups, was quartered.

The President spectacularly appeared on the TV screen in the red beret of a special forces soldier, surrounded by senior officers of the division, Defense Minister Grachev and Interior Minister Erín.

Demonstrating their highest training to the head of state, the soldiers smashed brickwork with their foreheads, crushed concrete fences with their feet, and racks of two-inch boards with the edge of their palms. After admiring the spectacle and clearly in a good mood, the president shared the latest news with the officers: he had decided to return Yegor Gaidar to the government. So far - to the post of Deputy Prime Minister in the government of Viktor Chernomyrdin.

If the president had spat in Khasbulatov's face right in front of the cameras and hit Rutskoi in the ear, the effect would hardly have been greater than that of this statement.

Yegor Gaidar, grandson of the famous Arkady Gaidar, born from the marriage of Timur and Zhenya,

sung by his grandfather in the classic for educating the young communist generation, the book "Timur and his team" (after which all the pioneers in the USSR began to be called "Timurovites"), was the author and architect of the global economic reform, according to which post-communist Russia was supposed to fly like a white-winged seagull from totalitarian swamp on the rails of a market economy.

Yegor Timurovich, unlike his grandfather, a Stalinist writer and father, an admiral, was a doctor of economic sciences and published his economic theories in the infamous Kommunist magazine.

The theories of Yegor Gaidar were known only to an ultra-narrow circle of specialists, and, apparently, he would never have been destined to measure fame with his grandfather and father, if both Yeltsin and Khasbulatov had not immediately appreciated the logical beauty of his theory in those days when the speaker he also inserted the invariable into all his expressions: "Boris Nikolaevich and I consulted and decided ..."

Many have already forgotten that in quite recent times, Ruslan Khasbulatov, corroded by his eternal inferiority complexes, even hinted at "co-authorship" Gaidar's economic theory. The theory, like all genius in the world, was simple, providing for the release of prices with the simultaneous wholesale privatization and increase in taxes in order to raise money for the treasury for government needs.

In the language of economists, it was called "shock therapy" and has already been tested in some countries, for example, in Poland, showing quick and rather impressive results.

In Russia, as usual, this theory did not give any results, if we talk about positive results. Instead of a white-winged gull, it turned out to be a heavily loaded train, which, moreover, flew down a slope. The freed prices jumped for everything, without exception, by 1000 times, and these were almost all the results.

In other words, there was only shock without any therapy. Privatization failed, the land law was drowned in squabbles and parliamentary scandals, and the new tax policy quickly strangled almost all producers, opening the way for dealers and crooks of all stripes and scales.

It is hard to believe that Gaidar was so divorced from reality that he dreamed of flying like a "white-winged gull" to whose paws were tied weights of the military-industrial complex, completely unbearable even for an elephant, with which to get into shock therapy was pure madness.

No, the prime minister of the government, in his own words, hoped that the "military-industrial complex barons", having understood the situation, would either self-destruct (throw their workers out into the street), or quickly carry out the conversion, re-profiling their factories from strategic missiles to kettles, or privatize themselves find a market for themselves, regularly paying taxes to the treasury.

Of course, the barons did not want to do either one or the other, or the third. On the contrary, having closed their ranks, they not only put a damper on the reform, but also succeeded in getting Gaidar himself to resign. After that, stagnation began in the country with balancing on the brink of the abyss. Everything began to fall apart before our eyes: from free education and medical care to the armed forces.

All indicators of industrial production and living standards, which even before that could not be called not only high, but even average, rapidly crept down. And the people, who, according to the apt observation of one cynical observer, had only a soul left, and even then because it could not be sold for foreign currency, openly

grumbled, according to a long tradition, demanding that he be shown the culprit in the current state of affairs.

He was pointed to the culprit. It was Yegor Gaidar. Gaidar was removed, but the situation did not change. Prices and inflation rates were creeping up uncontrollably, the living standards of the people were already falling beyond the red line, beyond which poverty was already beginning.

Accordingly, the birth rate also fell, giving way to mortality.

Those who wanted to go back to the communist yesterday were powerless to do anything to put the country's stalled engine into reverse.

Equally powerless were those who wanted to move forward. The country plunged into a quagmire of corruption, inflation and anarchy.

In a stream, as during the evacuation when the enemy army approached, everything was taken out of the country for which it was possible to get dollars. Export licenses were signed by representatives of both the legislative and executive branches. But the proceeds dollars remained in the banks of the United States and Western Europe, because no one dared to store them in Russia, fearing new decrees on confiscation, expropriation, and other things arising from Lenin's ever-living call: "Rob the loot!"

Although in the current conditions, the call of the leader of the world proletariat could be rephrased as: "Rob the robbed!"

And it is quite natural that in such conditions the country was swept by an unprecedented wave of crime from ordinary murders to counterfeiting American dollars.

The Central Bank began issuing banknotes never seen before: first in denominations of 1,000 rubles, then - 5,000, 10,000, and finally - 50,000 rubles. There were rumors that a cliché of 100,000 rubles was already ready, and the newspapers were already drawing sketches of a denomination of a million rubles, in the center of which there was a two-headed eagle with the heads of Yeltsin and Khasbulatov, growling and clanging teeth at each other in an attempt to pull the imperial crown to itself.

Under such conditions, Gaidar's return to the government was especially symbolic, being, in fact, an open declaration of war, because the president openly demonstrated that he intended to go further along the path of reforms, and not return to the communist insanity of the past.

The declaration of war, arranged accordingly - the president in the beret of a special forces soldier, surrounded by power ministers and officers of the Dzerzhinsky division - was perceived unambiguously, at least in the camp of the opposing side, grouped around the Supreme Council.

"The calm first two weeks of September on the Russian political scene," the press noted, "seemed not to justify the president's predictions about a fighting September, during which the issue of power was to be finally resolved.

But literally within three or four days, which opened the second half of the month, it turned out that calmness was only an appearance. The battle began and passed into a phase that makes it impossible not only for peace, but also for a truce...

The events of the end of last week followed one another with such speed that it is difficult to understand what was the detonator of the explosion. Perhaps, after all, it was the appointment of Yegor Gaidar to the post of Deputy Prime Minister ...

At the same time, Oleg Lobov was removed from the leadership of the country's economy ... The replacement of Lobov by Gaidar was rightly perceived by the opponents of the course towards reforming the economy not only as a "showing the flag" on the part of the president, but also as a collapse of their own attempts to stop this reformation by introducing a "Trojan herd" into the government ".

After these attempts were so resolutely suppressed, the anti-reformers had no choice but to raise their visor... The steps taken by the opposition almost simultaneously with Yegor Gaidar's return to the political scene mean nothing more than a declaration of civil war.

The Supreme Council, the "patriots", the communists, in practically the same terms, declared that they openly set a course for the restoration of Soviet power and the restoration of the USSR. It must be admitted that in the current situation there really is no other way for them - all other possibilities available to them have completely exhausted themselves.

Until recently, the lexicon of the "irreconcilable opposition" included such terms as "parliament" (as the Supreme Soviet or even the notorious congress of people's deputies began to be called with a light hand of the press), "parliamentary republic", "sovereignty of Russia". The oppositionists swore their commitment to democracy and the market. Now the disguise is over...

At Saturday's meeting of councils at all levels, panegyrics of the Soviet state system were heard in the speeches of almost all the speakers, and one of them, breaking the applause of the hall, even shouted out the famous slogan: "All power to the Soviets!"

With all determination Ruslan Khasbulatov joined the restorers, proclaiming: "Soviets are the people!". Speaking within the same walls, "vice speaker" Alexander Rutskoi no less energetically praised the Soviet government, repeating almost word for word in this Gennady Zyuganov, who also called for the revival of the Soviet Union "through the Soviets" ...

Khasbulatov, who forgot that his signature is under the decision of the Supreme Council on the denunciation of the Union Treaty, launched his projects for the reverse transformation of the CIS into the Union ... "

It was noticeable that the opposition in its entire spectrum was seized by a panic close to hysteria, since its entire political spectrum from the outright fascists of General Sterligov and the communists of Gennady Zyuganov to various "Christian Democrats" and "Cadet" Ilya Konstantinov suddenly screamed in unison about the restoration of the Soviet Union and the totalitarian regime "through the Soviets".

It was clear that no one in the opposition had any positive agenda other than a return to the stinking cesspool of communism. And several pensioners constantly rallying in front of the White House, reciting with cold voices: "Savetsky Sayyuz!" - inspired them with the idea that tens of millions of other people in the vast expanses of Russia also yearn for a return to their beloved totalitarianism.

On the contrary, tens of millions of people have already felt the taste of a new life, the taste of freedom, and were not going to change it for a mythical sausage for 20 kopecks, which, by the way, the vast majority of them have never seen, except when traveling to Moscow, guessing this sausage by kilometer lines.

"Russia is not just Moscow," Field Marshal Kutuzov remarked somehow wisely during another crisis. But this is always forgotten...

The Supreme Council began to wait for the next move of the president. What kind of move it would be - many knew: the leak of information from "circles close to the president" worked clearly and almost without interruption.

The question remained the date when the president would decide to publish his decree, and how all this would be presented to the country. Defense tactics have long been thought out, both ideologically and by force, if necessary.

The entire ideological defense was built on the inviolability and holiness of the Constitution, which did not provide for any procedures for the dispersal of the Supreme Council, except for self-dissolution. It was believed that the West, and primarily the United States, would recoil in horror from Yeltsin upon learning of the violation of the Constitution, a word that in the United States is pronounced with almost the same holiness as the name of God.

There is no worse crime than violating the Constitution. "Whether it is good or bad," said legal theorists like Valery Zorkin, "but we have no other Constitution."

By the way, many reminded that it was on this Constitution that Yeltsin himself swore when he took the oath of office under the blessing of the Patriarch.

Power resistance was built on the principle that the army also swore to stand up for the defense of the constitutional order ...

In recent days, the Supreme Council has actually lived in the barracks, feeding on all sorts of rumors and conjectures, resembling a disturbed anthill.

Today, September 21, Khasbulatov called an emergency meeting of the Presidium of the Supreme Council in the morning. The topic of discussion was the tense situation that has developed in the relationship between the executive and legislative branches of government.

Khasbulatov noted that in Moscow, on the night of September 19-20, there were unauthorized movements of large groups of internal troops. On this occasion, the Ministry of the Interior could not give a reasoned explanation, vaguely referring to the fact that the units either returned from the potato harvest, or were sent to it.

Avoiding harsh and specific formulations, the speaker again warned the deputies that "someone may resort to forceful actions" in order to block the activities of the Supreme Council and local representative bodies.

His first deputy, Yuri Voronin, who spoke after him, reminded the audience that there was every reason to believe that direct presidential rule could be introduced in the very near future.

"We should all know," Voronin stressed, "that an anti-constitutional speech is possible. And our direct task is to preserve the constitutional order."

At 5:30 p.m., a new meeting of the Presidium of the Supreme Council took place. Increasingly disturbing information was discussed about the upcoming presidential decree,

Deputy Iona Andronov proposed not to wait for a decree, and even more so, not to wait for any forceful actions against the Supreme Council, "but to force events", independently proceeding to active actions in the name of saving the "constitutional system". To this, Khasbulatov, closing the meeting, replied: "We do not need to rush. We have to wait. We can't fall for someone else's bait."

AND HERE IS THE TIME.

The president, who had been maneuvering for a long time, finally turned around and gave the parliament an airborne volley.

On the TV screen, as if nothing had happened, colorful Snickers wrappers, bright packs of American cigarettes and annoying clips of various investment and industrial funds that have proliferated in recent years, wanting to extract as many vouchers as possible from the completely confused population ...

Khasbulatov felt his heart pounding wildly.

The hour has come. Now it is necessary to put into action a long-thought-out plan. Theoretically, he was invulnerable, if you look at this plan from the point of view of the current Constitution.

Incidentally, the President did not impose a state of emergency by his decree, did not cancel constitutional guarantees, and did nothing at all.

And he simply dispersed the Supreme Council with the ease of an absolute monarch, for whom no laws are written, and the parliament has freedom of action only until it proclaims: "This is the will of the king, my lords!" Then it accelerates.

Turning on the selector, Khasbulatov ordered the presidium to convene again for an emergency meeting, immediately prepare an emergency session of the Supreme Council and immediately notify everyone about the convening of an extraordinary ("another extraordinary", as Shakhrai once quipped), X Congress of People's Deputies.

If Yeltsin wants war, he will get it!

At that moment, Voronin and Rutskoi appeared in his office.

21:00

Expelled from the Kremlin and from his post, former vice-president Rutskoi listened to the president's statement in the former office of Vladimir Shumeiko, who was one of Khasbulatov's deputies when he was one of his deputies.

Shumeiko himself was lured to the Kremlin for the post of Deputy Prime Minister, where in a very short time he became the president's closest collaborator and Rutskoi's worst enemy.

Alexander Vladimirovich Rutskoi was a pilot of a fighter-bomber or attack aircraft, as they like to call this class of combat vehicles in Russia. Fought in Afghanistan.

What targets could the command find against which the use of such a powerful bomber as the SU-27 would be justified, he alone knows, and although Rutskoi himself swore many times that he was not engaged in the bombing of villages, that is, the extermination of the civilian population, but in the area where he operated his regiment, there were simply no other objects, except for the villages, each of which cost much less than the bombs and missiles dropped on it.

Rutskoy's track record in Afghanistan might give the impression of him as a chronic loser. In the incredibly favorable conditions of complete air superiority and the most primitive air defense system of the enemy, Rutskoi nevertheless managed to be shot down twice: once by a partisan missile, the second by a Pakistani flight school cadet who flew into the airspace of Afghanistan due to poor knowledge of navigation and decided glorify in the name of Allah the great and merciful.

In the second case, Colonel Rutskoi was captured by the partisans, and was handed over by them.

the Pakistani authorities. Such a "fat goose" in the colonel's shoulder straps of the Soviet army, the partisans rarely managed not only to capture, but even to see, so half of the Pakistani intelligence service and several high-ranking CIA officers flocked to the hospital, where the failed colonel came to his senses after a difficult ejection, who flew over two oceans especially for this.

One can only guess what they talked with Rutskoi about (although, say, the same Zhirinovskiy in one of his speeches assured that Rutskoi had given the obligation to work for the CIA just then, but I would like to find a more impressive source).

However, no matter what they talked about, the command of the occupying forces in Afghanistan was very alarmed, apparently not so much because of the fate of Rutskoi himself, but because of the fact that the downed colonel could appear on Western television screens and bring down on the greedy before the sensations of the bourgeois audience a stream of regular anti-Soviet fabrications.

It's one thing when ordinary soldiers do it, it's another thing when colonel.

Today, knowing that the betrayal of yesterday's comrades-in-arms was something of a hobby for Rutskoi, it should be recognized that the command had every reason for such fears. The command entered into negotiations with the partisans and the Pakistani authorities in order to ransom Rutskoi from captivity.

The partisans asked for a very expensive price for the colonel. In addition to the demand to release about two dozen of their comrades from the Kabul prison, they also demanded that they be provided with a whole mountain of different weapons, including infantry fighting vehicles, and ammunition with which it was possible to equip a whole battalion of the regular army, and given the requests of the partisans, their whole group,

It should not be forgotten that in the specific conditions of the Afghan war, weapons were not only a means of warfare, but also a currency. It (weapons) could easily be driven, say, into Somalia or Lebanon, or even exchanged for drugs that could be sold at exorbitant prices to the command of the Afghan communist army.

The deal went through, and Rutskoi was recalled to Moscow, where he was seconded to the command of the Air Force Commander-in-Chief, then Colonel General Shaposhnikov. It was from Commander-in-Chief Shaposhnikov that Rutskoi, like a devil from a manhole, appeared on the political stage, having made his way to the Supreme Soviet as part of Polozkov's memorable party.

If Khasbulatov managed to break through to the top precisely because of his obscurity and seeming harmlessness, then Colonel Rutskoi, on the contrary, immediately attracted attention with his seething energy, assertive aggressiveness and the ability to quickly change the political course depending on the situation.

Rutskoi appeared on the political scene in the spring of 1991, when the presidential campaign began in Russia. The Soviet Union still existed, the CPSU still existed, and although it was already breathing its last, it still remained the only organized force. The allied authorities, headed by Gorbachev, the president of the USSR and the general secretary of the CPSU, waged a furious campaign against Yeltsin.

It was at this time that Rutskoi, from the rostrum of the congress, announced the creation of the Communists for Democracy faction, thereby splitting Polozkov's party and providing very impressive assistance to the "demorossians". Moreover, Rutskoi dared to loudly declare that the faction he founded "fully supports the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR and its chairman (which was then Yeltsin), condemns the activities of the media, discrediting Yeltsin, and strongly supports the "introduction of the institute of presidency in the republic."

The very name of Rutskoy's faction "Communists for Democracy" (or "Predators for Vegetarianism", as they joked in political circles) went so against the policy of the dying CPSU that such a betrayal could not go unnoticed. The whole set of punitive measures that the native party was still capable of fell upon the rebellious colonel.

At the request of the Regional Council of Veterans, he was immediately stripped of his title of "Honorary Citizen of the City of Kursk," and the Krasnaya Zvezda newspaper began to publish "letters from workers," one of which, in particular, said:

"I am outraged by A. Rutskoi's speech at the congress. In fact, he betrayed us, the voters of the Kuntsevsky district of Moscow. I remember very well how, during the election campaign, at one of the rallies he swore allegiance to Lenin's ideas, exposed the pseudo-democrats. So what happened if, after just a few months, Rutskoi decided to fraternize with Gleb Yakunin, split the ranks of the Russian communists?

If this was a betrayal, then at least not the first. Rutskoi, like many other still unknown politicians who came out of the military environment, gravitated towards the well-known society "Memory", because, even fighting in Afghanistan, he was sure that he was fighting world Zionism.

For people who were energetic and always thirsty for a struggle, the fight against world Zionism seemed to be the best use of force, if only because it could go on indefinitely and at first glance looked quite safe. The retaliatory strikes almost never hit anyone personally. When the "thousand-year-old empires" began to fall apart, drowning in crises, even then no one had the idea to take the matches from the children playing in the gas depot ...

Therefore, it is quite natural that Rutskoi became one of the organizers, and then the deputy chairman of the "patriotic society" Fatherland ", which, according to the plan, was to include all organizations and groups ready to fight Zionism to the bitter end.

To cover the activities of the society on an all-Russian scale, Rutsky conceived a newspaper, the editor of which he thought of appointing his old friend from Afghanistan, Alexander Prokhanov, promising him financial and any other support of the then-thought-out patriotic newspaper, later called The Day.

It is possible that Rutskoi would have mired in the fight against Zionism to the bitter end and would even have taken the place of General Filatov in the newspaper The Day, if General Shaposhnikov had not recommended him to Yeltsin as a "liaison officer" in case of "unforeseen developments."

Yeltsin, who unexpectedly found himself at the head of "Democratic Russia" and went ahead to his goal, on the principle of "all or nothing", was in great need of army support in the event of an "unforeseen development of events", which, it must be said, was quite foreseen.

As often happened to him (and happens), Yeltsin did not really understand what the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force recommended to him, and since just at that moment the future president of Russia was selecting a candidate for vice president, he decided to make him Rutskoy.

From Yeltsin's height, the position of vice president differed little from that of a liaison officer or errand officer. No wonder the status of the presidential apparatus said that the main duty of the vice president is to carry out the instructions of the president. And the fact that this person by status can automatically become president, in the case of not only

death, but any "inability of the president to fulfill his duties" (in the case of, say, "impeachment", arrest, invented illness, and the like), no one thought about this, including Yeltsin himself, who considers himself, if not immortal, then, in any case, politically invulnerable.

Yeltsin himself was then in a vice between the radical democrats, who offered him a long list of names from Sobchak to Starovoitova as candidates for vice president, and his loyal party workers from the Sverdlovsk regional committee of the CPSU, who, grimacing at the sight of the democrats with their professorial, and even simply "Iteer", the past, recommended that he choose someone "decent", pointing as an option to the figure of Vadim Bakatin, with whom it would not be a shame to appear in public, since he was the same secretary of the regional committee and a member of the Central Committee, like himself Yeltsin.

Yeltsin even suggested that Bakatin make a "pair", but he refused, since, on the orders of his native party, he himself put forward his candidacy for the presidency. And just then Rutskoi turned up. Thus, the competition between the Democrats and the party nomenklatura was won by an army colonel.

However, even Yeltsin could not afford to have the vice-president of the Fatherland patriotic society, and therefore Rutskoi had to urgently dissociate himself from yesterday's cronies.

Rutskoi breaks sharply with the Fatherland, publicly announcing that his plans "included the creation of a completely different organization than it turned out," and that he breaks with them "finally and irrevocably."

"Traitor, defector, scoundrel" - these were the mildest epithets that the "patriots" brought down on Rutskoy's head.

"But I think," Rutskoi said in response, "that they are scoundrels. Foggy people's heads. They come up with various fairy tales that they themselves don't believe in ... Organizations that incite ethnic hatred should be immediately banned."

And since these words were already spoken in the rank of vice-president, Rutskoi's betrayal became doubly offensive for the "patriots".

When, while on an official visit to Israel, Rutskoi blurted out for no reason that his mother was Jewish, apparently thinking that this circumstance would make it easier to obtain loans from Israeli banks, "patriots" all over Rus' gasped, becoming the only ones who truly believed in it.

Now everything is clear to them. Somewhat later, planning a coup d'état and seeing himself in it as something between Pinochet and Jaruzelsky, Rutskoi tried to rally the "patriotic" forces of the country around him by delivering a long speech at the All-Russian Congress of Patriots. Here he was remembered by his Jewish mother! "Patriots" of various directions for about half an hour whistled, squealed, shouted "Judas!", chanted: "We are protesting against you on the podium!", And Dmitry Vasiliev defiantly left the hall, dragging his retinue and bodyguards with him. Nevertheless, Rutskoi made his speech, which consisted entirely of long quotes from Ilyin and Berdyaev, and since no one in the hall read either one or the other, preferring books from the library of General Sterligov, everyone sincerely decided that the vice president was crazy. It hurts too much. And understand nothing.

This happened later, but for now, in the light of new opportunities, Rutskoi feverishly dissociated himself from the "patriots" and "Polozkovists", founding in defiance of the latter even a new party with a completely fantastic name: the "Democratic Party of Communists of Russia".

Although this was nothing more than an attempt to split the RCP, and in which case to push Polozkov himself out of office, the communists, following the patriots, began to accuse the dispersed colonel of treason, using Lenin's favorite definition of "renegade". In the midst of this intra-Party squabble, the August coup arrived in time, making further disputes purely academic, and therefore instantly subsided.

In the August coup, Rutskoi played the most prominent role of all its participants on both sides of both the ideological and real barricades, and his landing at the head of the landing semi-company in Bilbek and the release of President Gorbachev, who was languishing from the unknown in Foros, brought him, in addition to all-Union glory, also general's star on shoulder straps.

The star, which, for some reason known to them, was "hacked to death" twice by bureaucrats from the Ministry of Defense during the glorious communist times. If putschs were going on constantly in the USSR and Russia, which Trotsky still dreamed about in his theory of "permanent revolution", then it can be said with confidence that Rutskoi, if he behaved smarter, would quickly become both a marshal and a generalissimo, and maybe even and Obergeneralissimo.

But a short period of relatively peacetime is just as dangerous for such people as spring is for the Snow Maiden ...

The coup was long over, but in Rutskoy's waiting room some incomprehensible personalities with machine guns and grenade launchers were still jostling, some mysterious individuals with briefcases stuffed with dollars were darting about, the inspired face of General Sterligov flashed by, figures of black business known throughout the capital were clustering, menacing eyes were sparkling Minister of State Security Barannikov, who quickly faded under the sad gaze of the international swindler Boris Birshtein, once born of the KGB, and now returned to Russia to "buy the office that once gave birth to him with all the giblets." And not very expensive.

Together with these people, known all over the country, if not the whole world, in the reception room buzzed and whispered small things from courier officers from secret Siberian factories and from military units, the existence of which even the Ministry of Defense did not know, to various petty crooks, trades in forging foreign passports, permits to carry weapons, Vneshkombank certificates, and, if necessary, US dollars.

Not everyone, of course, could get into Rutskoy's office, guarded by silent people in camouflage without insignia, with assault rifles demonstratively hung on their chests.

"They stuck to me," Rutskoi later recalled, "like flies on Velcro. I still have no idea what they all wanted from me ... "

The only person who freely, nodding with a smile to the machine gunners, went into Rutskoy's office whenever he felt like it was the popular film actor and director Nikita Mikhalkov, who took on the difficult task of educating a new vice president (the old vice president, as you know, was already in prison) in the spirit of enlightened patriotism with an emphasis on conciliar socialism.

Unable to do it on his own - Rutskoi liked to drink and take a steam bath, took tennis lessons, but was frankly bored from philosophical conversations - Nikita Sergeevich, as a tutor of the old days, picked up for the vice president a mandatory minimum of books that he swore to read. Among these books, a prominent place was occupied by the works of the largest Russian conservative philosopher Ivan Ilyin, combined into an almost eight hundred-page collection Our Tasks.

Ilyin himself, who at one time was expelled from the country on the orders of Lenin and died in exile in 1954, began to be printed in Russia quite recently, and was quoted by everyone who did not

laziness: from the frankly pro-fascist magazine "Young Guard" to the liberal "Youth".

Nikita Mikhalkov himself, whose ideas of the most trivial National Bolshevism boiled under the thinnest layer of feigned and completely unnatural Orthodoxy, for some reason considered it his duty to educate the Vice President in the same spirit.

To Rutskoy's credit, it must be said that he did not even try to comprehend the jewelry cut of the thoughts of the outstanding philosopher, who once aroused the terrible wrath of all three great leaders of totalitarianism: Lenin, Hitler and Stalin. And to all the questions of Mikhalkov, who appeared in the office: "Sasha, did you read Ilyin?", He smiled guiltily into his mustache, referred to the lack of time, but firmly promised to "read and report."

Once he even said that he had read it, but Nikita, looking into his eyes, sighed: "You're lying, you didn't read it." It is not known what Mikhalkov hoped for, stubbornly slipping Ilyin on Rutskoi, but he often emphasized that the head of the Russian state should at least know what the world was waiting for in the event of the collapse of this very state, which Ilyin warned against even more than half a century ago.

By the way, it was precisely because of Mikhalkov that Rutskoi first quarreled with the presidential favorite Burbulis, who, despite all the requests of Rutskoi, did not give Mikhalkov a word at a pompous rally on the occasion of the funeral of the three victims of the August coup.

Surrounded by President Yeltsin was, to put it mildly, not very comfortable. Half of the entourage consisted of old party nomenklatura nobles of such a rank that it was scary to call them even "comrades". Naturally, they looked at the newly minted general as an upstart, taken into their circle for no one knows what services, and no one knows why.

Rutskoi shied away from their contemptuously haughty looks, which are acquired only by long years of work in the apparatus or secretariat of the Central Committee of the CPSU. The second half of the presidential entourage consisted of various professors of political economy, scientific communism, socialist law, national economy, and the like.

These guys were relatively young, but they considered themselves very smart, and they looked at Rutskoy as if they were a sergeant major, who, according to some kind of medical examination, found himself in the presidium of the Academy of Sciences.

The army is a good school of intrigue, but army intrigue, being nevertheless, like everything in the army, somewhat straightforward, was fundamentally different from the intrigues characteristic of the highest party echelon and academic circles of the specifically Soviet humanities. Yes, and the army intrigue Rutskoi knew only at the level of the middle link. So, surrounded by the president, he was quickly pushed aside from the patron and, as they say, pushed into a corner.

Getting into the highest bodies of state administration from the position of regiment commander, especially in our country, is mortally dangerous. Here we are not even talking about the inevitable "caisson" disease from such a rapid rise through the ranks, from which the head is always spinning and ringing in the ears, but about the specifics of decision-making and responsibility for them.

When General Dudayev announced the independence of Chechnya, everyone's eyes turned to Rutskoi, asking him for the best advice as a statesman of the highest rank.

What could Rutskoi advise, whose knowledge and experience did not extend beyond the cockpit of a bomber? To land an assault force in Chechnya, providing this assault force with dense air cover. Seize government buildings and vital facilities in Grozny, as in Kabul. Arrest and "shoot while trying to escape" Dudayev. To start, enter

Chechnya state of emergency. Only President Yeltsin could issue a decree on a state of emergency, which he did, since all his other advisers kept silent, making it clear that it was simply impossible to come up with anything smarter.

General Dudayev immediately turned on the radio, urging the world community to pay attention to the aggression being prepared by Russia against the young sovereign state.

Such an appeal to the "world community", of course, would not help Chechnya much, but General Dudayev, in addition, turned to his mysterious militants, allegedly scattered throughout Russia, urging them, in the event of "any aggression against Chechnya", to turn Moscow into the "disaster zone", to carry out acts of sabotage against life support facilities throughout Russia, blowing up, first of all, several nuclear power plants.

In addition, the rebellious general hinted, he, of course, in the conditions of aggression would not be able to guarantee the safety of the Russian population both in Grozny and throughout the territory of the independent Chechen Republic.

Doctors of various sciences and secretaries of various regional committees rushed to Yeltsin, imploring him to cancel the decree on the introduction of a state of emergency in Chechnya.

Thus, Russia and the president were placed in a ridiculous, if not humiliating, position, which could only be swallowed like a bitter pill, recognizing the fait accompli of the beginning of the collapse of the Russian Federation.

A magnificent intrigue simultaneously framed the president and vice president. Rutskoi tried to appeal to the fact that everyone agreed with him. Sorry! Let's see the protocols. Where is our consent? You are the only professional military man among us, you have expressed your opinion and, moreover, convinced the president of it - a purely civilian person, like all of us.

No matter how the ideological coloring of the regime changes in the highest echelons of Russian power, it has always been and, one can say with confidence, will always remain Byzantine. And no economic reforms will change that...

Rutskoi was hinted that after such a "puncture" he should resign. He had the face of a chess player who, because of an offensive yawn, was given a "childish checkmate". Rutskoi cursed heartily, but did not resign, although he noticed that the president began to greet him irregularly, but on the other hand he regularly began to observe the rule that the president and vice president should not appear anywhere together, so as not to tempt terrorists in one gulp to make Khasbulatov acting president until the next elections in 1997.

The functions of the vice president and his staff are generally defined in the law as something vague, and the execution of the president's orders sounds generally somewhat humiliating for such a high position, suggesting unquestioning personal loyalty.

Meanwhile, a rumor was already circulating in Moscow that Rutskoi was not at all infinitely devoted to the president. Byzantium, Byzantium. After all, Nikita Mikhalkov said something about Byzantium, but General Rutskoi did not understand what he wanted to warn him about. To spit and resign, go to Kursk and live on a general's pension, and even on the benefits that are due to the Hero of the Soviet Union?

NO! Whoever got to the top of the Soviet (communist or post-communist), he immediately understood that no forces (except for the bayonet, of course) could force people to come down from

transcendental heights of the fabulous Through the Looking-Glass into the shit of everyday life of an ordinary "scoop" even for a general's, even for a professor's pension.

An eight-room apartment has already been received in a house with an "improved layout", built according to the project of the former chairman of the Council of Ministers and member of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the CPSU Nikolai Ryzhkov, already with the help of the head of his apparatus, the former KGB general Sterligov (a neighbor on the floor), fabulous mansions are being privatized at a residual value, already the brothers were summoned to Moscow and included in the "family business", which opens up such opportunities that previously could only be read in the fairy tale about "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" ...

But even these prospects seemed small from the knowledge that only one step separates him from the presidency in the event of "the death of the president, illness and other reasons that make it impossible for the president to fulfill his duties."

Apparently, Yeltsin noticed that his "vice" was looking at him with some strange squint, as if through a scope, because in January 1992, Rutskoi, giving an interview to the Paris Match magazine, voiced the following statement to the whole world: "I gave Yeltsin the word of an officer that I would stay with him to the end. And I won't break that word."

Even those who are poorly versed in politics understand that such statements are not made just like that. This means that the president has every reason to doubt the loyalty of the vice president, since he has to loudly swear that I will "stay with him until end." To what end? Such a wording suggests that the president is already cornered and bullets are whistling over him, and the faithful Rutskoi decided to stay with him to the end and share his sad fate. It looked all the more strange because, almost immediately after the interview with the French weekly, Rutskoi began something resembling a crusade against the policy of his patron and the Supreme Commander-in-Chief.

Traveling around the country, Rutskoi, without wasting time choosing expressions, barked his last words at the newly formed government and personally Gaidar, Burbulis and Shakhrai, accusing them of a wide range: from economic illiteracy to a lack of understanding of the specifics of the Russian state, from where, still allegorically, was charged with treason.

It was then that Rutskoy quite often began to slip statements like: "If I were president, then I would make a completely different decision ..." This was stated loudly enough to be heard. When in Barnaul, at the suggestion of Rutskoy, leaders of the military-industrial complex gathered from all over the country, they learned from the vice-president, and he from them, that, frankly, traitors, servants of world imperialism, who had already destroyed the USSR, settled in the Kremlin, and now they are trying to destroy Russia too by depriving her of her most precious thing - the military-industrial complex.

"If the army perishes, Russia will perish!" - quoted the pathetic words of Field Marshal Kutuzov, said after the Battle of Borodino. And the army, of course, should have perished if 90% of the state budget were not spent on it.

And the reforms, no matter how clumsily they were launched by Yegor Gaidar, clearly demonstrated the desire of the new Kremlin leadership to finally bring Russia out of the state of war and try to test what the country's huge economic potential would be capable of in peacetime.

Such a desire in itself was tantamount to high treason.

The barons of the military-industrial complex looked at Rutskoi with some wariness. Painfully stupid. But, by and large, why do you need a smart guy at the very top? Everyone had a keen nostalgia for

the times when all the highest posts in the party and the state were occupied by Leonid Brezhnev, who did not need anything, except for the next order by the next date.

Of course, before events become truly irreversible, a simple plan must be implemented urgently. Compromise the president's entourage by openly sabotaging all government decisions on conversion and other points of economic reform, including one of its foundations - privatization.

In the context of a rapid entry into the market, and this is exactly how Yegor Gaidar is going to fly into the market, having inherited dashing cavalry manners from his unforgettable grandfather, this sabotage will inevitably lead to an unprecedented rise in prices in the history of the country, monstrous inflation and even greater impoverishment of the people.

If all (or even some) law enforcement agencies are involved in sabotage, then the country will inevitably be swept by a muddy wave of crime, under the cover of which you can terrorize or simply physically eliminate (that is, eliminate) everyone who seriously tries to follow the path of private business and market economy. economy.

Under the pretext of the collapse of the USSR, it is possible (and necessary) to temporarily deaden the vital branches of industry and transport, bringing many regions into a state close to complete chaos.

The involvement of some reliable comrades in the Central Bank and the Ministry of Finance will make it possible to keep many (and if necessary, all) commercial structures in a state of weightlessness in the web of banking ties by delaying or not making payments, and most importantly, by not paying salaries in the first place. , workers in the mining industry, or, more simply, miners.

All these measures together will create a situation where, with the help of healthy forces in the Supreme Council and society, it will be possible to dismiss the government of reforms, stop the reforms themselves and, taking advantage of the general situation in the country, achieve the resignation of the president himself, whose place, according to the Constitution, will be taken by the general Rutskoy.

To do this is theoretically not so difficult. The president, seeing around him a complete sabotage along the entire vertical from the local to the Supreme Council, from an ordinary enterprise to the Central Bank, will naturally be forced to take some measures. But what can he do?

He has no right to dissolve the Congress and the Supreme Soviet.

It also has no right to expel the vice president from the post.

This means that he will have no choice but to take some unconstitutional steps in the name of saving his own program and, one might say, himself. And here's the cover for him.

The Supreme Council raises the question of "impeachment", and Rutskoi becomes president, who will turn the country back to the old course, disperse these wise men from the presidential entourage and through the slogan: "All power to the Soviets!" (and the best comrades who have moved there from the regional committees, regional committees and city committees of the CPSU are now sitting in the Soviets) - he will try, if not to restore the Soviet Union, then at least to restore order in Russia, for a start, using old and proven methods over the past 70 years.

Rutskoi knew the plan only up to this point, although it had a continuation. After some time, the Supreme Council was supposed to abolish the post of president as "unjustified itself", eliminate Rutskoi (the elimination method had to be correlated with the specific situation and

behavior of the general himself) and return to the system of collective irresponsibility that has been proven over the years.

Of course, it would be foolish to assume that the "materials" of the Barnaul meeting did not reach the attention of President Yeltsin, albeit in a very streamlined form, thanks to the efforts of the President's special information service that compiled the summary. But even this was enough for the president to take retaliatory measures.

Unfortunately, Yeltsin was bound by the Constitution and existing laws to such an extent that in fact he could not take any quick and decisive legal measures against Rutskoy.

The president's retaliatory blow came over Rutskoy's head on his apparatus, from where KGB general Sterligov was expelled, who founded the "Russian National Cathedral" in retaliation, which, nominally considered anti-Zionist, in reality tried to unite all anti-Yeltsin forces. It was here that Rutskoi was greatly hindered by his recent betrayal of the "national patriots".

Rutskoi himself was thrown "to strengthen agriculture," which, according to many years of practice introduced by the communist leaders, meant the most severe disgrace, from which only the crematory chimney could provide a way out.

The end, as you know, justifies all means. And the goal was neither more nor less than the chair of the president. It was worth fighting for.

If, out of a desire to become the leader of the national patriots who were gaining strength, Rutskoi betrayed and split the Communist Party of Ivan Polozkov, if, out of a desire to become vice president, he betrayed and defamed the nationalists who publicly trusted him, then in the name of the presidential chair it was possible to betray the president with enviable ease, with which he recently swore to "remain to the end" with the word and honor of an officer.

And without a moment's hesitation, Rutskoi betrayed the president. Such is the logic of the life of professional traitors. And traitors of such a frank sense. Intoxicated by decompression sickness due to the incredible speed of takeoff, all people of this kind known in history (and, it must be said, there were not so many of them) quickly burned out, realizing late that they were just puppets in the wrong hands (often even in the hands of those whom they betrayed), ending their lives in prison or on the scaffold, and in especially democratic times - in a historical closet, from where from time to time the stench of their "exclusive interviews" or miserable memoirs was heard ...

And although Russia in peacetime is difficult to surprise with anything, but even then everyone began to look with amazement at the flaring war between the president and vice president, which has never happened in the history of countries where there are these positions.

It's not that all vice presidents love their presidents and their course that much. But in case of disagreement with the patron, the vice president openly declared this, after which he resigned and, as a private person, could fight the president as much as he liked, adhering, of course, to the framework of the law.

Rutskoi was not going to resign, brazenly declaring that he, like Yeltsin, had been elected by the people. To this, the angry-tongued Poltoranin quipped that if Yeltsin had taken a bucket of kerosene to the election as vice president, then it would have passed on the charisma of Yeltsin himself.

The Constitutional Court in the country would have intervened and put Rutskoy in the "constitutional framework" so beloved by this court, but the chairman of the Constitutional Court, Valery Zorkin, was among those who implemented the principles of the Barnaul conspiracy.

Meanwhile, the tentacles of the conspirators have virtually paralyzed life throughout the country. The reforms launched by the government, stalling on the spot without the promised conversions and privatizations, yielded results that were almost diametrically opposed to those promised.

The most sensitive blow hit the traditionally unprotected segments of the population: children and pensioners. People who once received the maximum pension of 132 rubles, which, however, was also impossible to live on, are now in general in danger of extinction, since the raging inflation not only terribly inflated prices, but almost instantly ate up all the labor savings of people over many years of difficult labor.

"Comrades" from the Central Bank were on top. Mines and factories hummed, not receiving salaries for months. The number of dissatisfied, grown in the socialist barracks and not ready for any other life that requires creative initiative and free labor, was growing.

Those few who tried to do something else: to create private banks independent of "comrade" Gerashchenko, to create private firms in order to finally launch the mechanism of competition and bring down prices, or were ruined by unprecedented and unknown by whom introduced taxes, about which they with amazement, they recognized only in banks, OR WERE PHYSICALLY REMOVED.

The underground communist nomenklatura unleashed a real "red terror" against free enterprise. Managing racketeers and hired killers, the core of which were professionals "seconded" from the structures of various special services at the beginning of perestroika, the communist underground signed death sentences with traditional ease and impunity.

The huge punitive apparatus created by the old system, now fashionably called "law enforcement", not only defiantly did nothing to solve these crimes that swept across the country, but sometimes openly covered them, clearly making it clear that the "proletarian" sword forged by Lenin was all still in safe hands.

Meanwhile, Rutskoi, "thrown" on agriculture, although he did not have time to deal with such trifles in the crucible of a ripening conspiracy, nevertheless managed to strike a blow at the nascent farming economy, stating publicly that "the introduction of farming in Russia is a historical mistake", while the slave-owning collective farm system is all that a native Russian person needs.

At the same time, Rutskoi slaughtered the idea of creating a land bank at the root, after which he was removed from agriculture and remained on his own, since the president no longer risked giving such an OPEN DIVERSANT any instructions.

Namely, on presidential instructions, as you know, the very position of vice president was constitutionally based.

The assignments ceased, but the position remained, and Rutskoi did not show any willingness to part with it. As in a famous fairy tale: the cat disappeared, but the smile remained glowing on the tree.

And all this was done practically without any opposition from the president, whose gentleness and long-suffering, as usual, were mistaken for weakness.

But Rutskoy's sources, who made their way into the president's inner circle, reported to him that the president knows a lot, much more than he makes it clear not only in rare public speeches, but also in conversations with his employees, whom he does not seem to trust no reason.

In particular, from the secret office of Yeltsin's office, from where information was constantly leaked, Rutskoi was given a document intended, judging by the stamp, only for the president. Yeltsin's visa was on the document. There was no signature, and it was equally likely that he was born in the depths of the department of General Barannikov or compiled by some anonymous analytical center funded by the president.

Rutskoi was inclined to think that the document had been drawn up at the Lubyanka, since in its content it was an anthology of his actions and sayings over the past few months, including confidential conversations with some people without witnesses, sometimes even in saunas. In particular, his phrase was quoted, said in drunkenness to one commander of a military district in Siberia, that the president "should have long been kept in a cage in a zoo and shown to children as the personification of democracy."

At the end of the document, the president was given rather vague recommendations, in the spirit of general phrases: "to be firm in making difficult decisions in the name of progress while following the path of reform." The style betrayed some kind of powerful state office, brought up on party phraseology and with difficulty choosing words that correspond to the current course of the authorities. The course, apparently, did not bother the compilers of the document. With all the authorities and courses, they were engaged in surveillance of specific persons.

On the one hand, of course, it was unsettling that all your activities were "under the hood" of the president and that the "Chekists", according to their tradition, mince like a lackey for those in power, but, on the other hand, this paper clearly incited the president to take action, and it was his actions that the conspirators were waiting for, so that, having lured Yeltsin into a constitutional-legislative trap, they would slam him there.

In March, when the president made a maneuver worthy of the most cunning Byzantine emperor - he read the decree without writing it - a great commotion began. Few people understood then that Yeltsin needed an explosion, the flash from which would illuminate many dark corners and help find at least a theoretical way out of the impasse, and in the absence of such, show a place where this impasse could be blown up with minimal losses for themselves and the country.

Late at night, Rutskoi, accompanied by the chairman of the Constitutional Court Zorkin, arrived on television. The general was very excited - his hour was approaching. Already jumping with impatience, he declared the decree of the president, which he did not read, unconstitutional, calling into question the ability of the president to hold office.

They waited a long time for Yeltsin's reaction, doing everything possible to destabilize the situation in the country in all respects, fanning anarchy and anarchy. Rutskoi personally flew to Tiraspol, where he thwarted all government efforts to resolve the conflict peacefully, proving to the bewildered leaders of the Transnistrian Republic that war was their only option.

Those who believe that Rutskoi conveys the opinion of the government, and possibly the president himself (after all, Rutskoi is the vice president), at the most decisive moment of fierce fighting, find themselves abandoned to their fate. The commander of the 14th army, General Lebed, no matter how much he would like, does not throw his tanks on Chisinau, as Rutskoi promised, providing the Pridnestrovians in fact only with moral support and even delaying the weapons that the conspirators send to the self-proclaimed republic.

Rutskoi, threatening to subject Tbilisi to aerial bombardment, is fanning the conflict in the North Caucasus, where, unlike Transnistria, it is not possible to contain the flow of

there weapons flowing through Abkhazia throughout the region, engulfing the flames of war in both the Caucasus and Transcaucasia. Against the backdrop of this war, the president's efforts to put out the fire by bringing water in glasses look completely helpless. But the hose is securely blocked by the conspirators.

In preparation for their day, the conspirators even organized something like a political party, headed by Rutskoi as "vice-chairman", and behind him loomed the silent faces of Volsky, Vladislavlev and Lepitsky - sinister figures brought to the surface by the tectonic efforts of tens of thousands of former liberated party organizers of secret factories and institutions, their so-called party economic activists, who have joined forces with the defeated structures of the once all-powerful political agencies of the army, navy and the KGB.

This ominous organization was labeled as the "Civil Union" party, which without a twinge of conscience declared itself "centrist". And everyone decided to consider it moderately "centrist". No one objected, just as no one objected when Khasbulatov declared himself the head of "representative power."

The Rutskoi-Volskii party relied not only on the might of the world's largest military-industrial complex, which hung over the country like a weight on the feet of a drowned man, but also on the enormous money of the CPSU, which Comrade Volskii quite recently, being head of one of the leading departments of the), transferred abroad through the joint venture he created together with the KGB colonel Veselovsky with the company "Siabeko".

By the way, it was Volsky who introduced Rutskoy to Boris Birshtein, not thinking that he was laying a time bomb under his "kamikaze".

As expected, the nobles from the former Central Committee of the CPSU did not want to risk pushing Rutskoi to the forefront, silently orchestrating his actions, waiting for the opportunity to queen this promising pawn. And if it doesn't work, it's not a problem either - just the loss of a pawn. A bad grandmaster is one who does not risk pawns while keeping his main pieces safe.

March disappointment, when Yeltsin was not impeached, mainly due to the cowardice of the "people's deputies", mortally frightened by the sight of the president and three power ministers, rallying in front of a huge crowd on Vasilyevsky Spusk and rumors of special forces being drawn to the Kremlin, and therefore scattered to the booths for a secret ballot, so that, God forbid, no one would ever know the choice they made, Rutskoi would not be sobered.

And it should have, because it became clear that the analysts of the conspirators, to put it mildly, incorrectly assessed the situation in the country and the alignment of political forces, and most importantly, the desire of the people, despite all the miscalculations and mistakes of the government, to return back to the communist barracks only because there were two once a day they were given rations with gruel, though not to everyone.

The April referendum that followed, which confirmed not only the powers of the president, but also his reform course, and indirectly showed the Supreme Soviet that his days were numbered, was a bombshell for the conspirators at a charity ball.

Both Comrade Volsky, with his image of a smart and tired dignitary, and important as a cock before intercourse, the Führer of the Russian Communists, Comrade Zyuganov, and the excessively emotional Mr. Zhirinovskiy, born of his party, all, using freedom of speech unprecedented in Russia, assured that the referendum is the end not only of Yeltsin himself, but of the entire regime. "What are they counting on?" asked the conspirators and their accomplices from right and left. "Their loss is obvious and a foregone conclusion, as Lenin used to say, by the inexorable course of history."

After losing the referendum, Yeltsin had to resign, so Rutskoi was once again seriously preparing to climb up to the presidency.

So far, everything has been going pretty much as planned. At the first onslaught, the president was forced to sacrifice Gaidar, and at the second, to fall himself.

But the president won. And what he would win was clear to everyone, except for those who, in the confusion of their own downfall, had completely lost any sense of reality ...

The president's victory in the referendum, while stunning the conspirators, nevertheless clearly showed them that their time was running out. It was necessary to begin to act even more dynamically in order to force the president to take new countermeasures.

The aggressive and impatient Rutskoi proposed the old tried and true option: a quick arrest of the president and about a dozen of his team, declaring the president dangerously ill, isolating him in some "private" prestigious clinic, his quick death there and subsequent moderately magnificent state funeral.

Volsky and other leadership of the "Civil Union" tried to curb the general who had bitten the bit. It's not that they didn't like this plan - they even liked it if, despite the clearly visible white threads, there was no initial point in it: to arrest the president. It's easy to say, but go ahead and arrest me.

Not to mention the well-trained guards, one should not forget that the power ministers almost hugged the president on Vasilyevsky Spusk, and being summoned to the Supreme Council, they dared to dare even Ruslan Imranovich himself.

This was, of course, an exaggeration, but for the former dignitaries of the Central Committee of the CPSU, the very idea of the possibility of migrating from their "improved planning" apartments and luxurious dachas to prison bunk beds was intolerable, as had already happened with their predecessors.

In short, they made it clear to Rutskoi that they did not participate in such games, but they would not strongly object if Rutskoi, as a military man, took some "non-traditional steps", but not as a co-chairman of the Civil Union, but as "the second person in the state, invested with the trust of the people and constitutional power.

"Prostitutes!" - Rutskoi described his party comrades to himself for the time being, but soon he will have the opportunity to repeat this definition to the whole world.

While the leaders of the "Civil Union", sensing the approach of dashing events from their distraught co-chairman, preferred to flicker, for the time being, into the shadows, Rutskoi himself decided to bring the conspirators' plan to the end, especially since at the end of the tunnel stood the president's chair as a prize.

The very logic of events inexorably drew the general into the arms of Khasbulatov, who, in turn, had already become a hostage of the National Salvation Front, which, after the failed referendum, sensed the danger no less keenly.

Against the background of the riots that broke out in the streets of Moscow in May, around the capital, and then around the world, rumors began to spread about the serious illness of the president, who, as it was noticed, did not appear in public for a long time. If the president is seriously ill, the opposition newspapers wondered, why is Rutskoi not being sworn in as acting president?

This important question was immediately raised in the Supreme Soviet.

Deputy Isakov, in the past one of the famous "six" that signed the anti-Yeltsin

the letter that at the last congress raised the question of impeaching Yeltsin and distrusting Khasbulatov as a direct agent of Yeltsin (so that Ruslan Imranovich would understand who he really is on this sinful earth), with all the frankness of a provincial lawyer, as Anatoly Sobchak once described him, suddenly became demand a medical examination of the president, suggesting that, in addition to political impeachment, medical impeachment be introduced into the law.

At the same time, Isakov emphasized, the commission of doctors should be appointed (and subordinate, of course) only by the Supreme Council.

"Well, well," the speaker said thoughtfully, who was afraid of medical commissions like fire, "we will call and examine." And with his characteristic dexterity, he turned the debate in a different direction.

But after some time, the Isakov amendment to article 121-11 of the constitution was put to a vote and adopted, which read:

"The impossibility of exercising presidential powers for health reasons is established by the conclusion of the Constitutional Court on the proposal of the state medical commission appointed by the Supreme Council."

Rutskoi, who now spent most of his time in the Supreme Council, also asked for the floor and turned to the people's deputies with a long and confused speech, from which it became clear what danger the country could be exposed to in the event of a surprise nuclear attack if the "highest official" was lying in insole drunk.

So, the basis of the plan to isolate and kill the president somewhere in a quiet ward of the former 4th Medical Directorate was not only developed, but also legally enshrined, making it possible to do so in the future, when it pleases.

There was very little left - to grab the president, so that no one would notice it, not only in the country (here you can shut everyone's throats in one second), but also in the world, so as not to lose loans in foreign currency, to which everyone has become so accustomed.

While Rutskoi was holding secret meetings with persons who could help him in this, and he was ready to command them "personally", the president broke his silence and, appearing at the House of the Russian Press, announced his intention "under any circumstances" to hold parliamentary meetings this fall. elections, even if he has to appoint them himself to do so.

When asked by one correspondent what Vice President Rutskoi is doing now, the president shrugged his shoulders: "I don't know. Probably, he collects membership fees in his "Civil Union".

Thus, the president openly stated that the current state crisis can be resolved, speaking in official language, only by going beyond the "Soviet constitutional space."

It must be said that no one reacted to this statement of the president in any way: there was neither stormy rejoicing in the camp of his supporters, nor a furious outburst of anger in the camp of opponents.

Even the "irreconcilable opposition" was not going to the next hooligan rallies with red banners and curses against "Benny Elkin".

Even Valery Zorkin did not appear on the TV screen to declare the unconstitutionality of the presidential statements.

Only Khasbulatov, giving an interview to journalists, as if by the way, remarked: "... of course, there will be no elections in the fall."

Only Rutskoy was suddenly taken away from his beloved white Mercedes and his personal doctor. And then they simply did not let me into the Kremlin, sealing the office.

Rutskoi called a press conference and, scoffing in his spirit, said that he had a grenade in his safe with a "check" taken out. Let someone get in.

In response, almost all the newspapers began to wonder what money the vice-president is building a dacha with an underground garage and a tennis court for? Where did he get a Rollex watch from?

Rutskoi, having lost his temper, at a meeting of the Supreme Council, which was broadcast live throughout the country, blew up his "11 suitcases of compromising evidence", accusing the entire government, and first of all, the president's favorite, Deputy Prime Minister Vladimir Shumeiko, of corruption and anti-state activities.

The government, having created a special investigative commission, in turn, accused Rutskoi of bribery, of criminal ties with the international swindler Birshtein, to whom, according to the commission, Rutskoi sold half the country and earned \$ 3 million stored in a Swiss bank. Rutskoi's signature was displayed under a whole series of financial documents of the most suspicious kind. Everywhere it was about millions of dollars.

The scandal flared up, more and more taking on the character of a dirty kitchen squabble. In the midst of these scandals, Rutskoi managed to make two appearances on national television, but showed nothing but his stupidity and the fact that his stigma is really down.

Many people remember his reaction when the journalist Karaulov mentioned the person of Boris Birshtein in vain. "I can't say anything bad about Boris Iosifovich," Rutskoi announced with all sincerity!

Along the way, various small deeds were revealed, such as a call abroad in his retinue during an official visit of a major fraudster, for whose arrest a warrant had already been issued. It suddenly turned out that Rutskoi's permission for a pistol was "fake". And this was revealed during the arrest of a whole gang of "clean-doers" who forged anything, up to presidential decrees.

Everyone puzzled: why did the vice-president of Great Russia need to make himself a "fake" permission for a pistol if it cost him nothing to register it in the usual way? Why did he need an extra headache?

Dry police reports more and more insistently noted that the vice-president's "yard" aesthetically began to resemble a criminal "raspberry" more and more, where gloomy guys in camouflage but without shoulder straps looked the most decent.

It was at this time that twenty-eight-year-old Dmitry Yakubovsky appeared on the stage - a dark and mysterious person. It was rumored that he was a colonel and almost a general, who at one time supervised all law enforcement agencies in the presidential administration at the suggestion of Shumeiko, and then, entangled in dark affairs with the same fatal Birshtein, fled abroad, where he works in one of the latter's banks together with Colonel Veselovsky.

Yakubovsky, brought to Russia almost on the president's private plane, made public the tapes, which allegedly recorded telephone conversations between him,

Yakubovsky, Security Minister Barannikov, Prosecutor General Valentin Stepankov and Birshtein himself.

The conversations were reminiscent of a poorly staged film from the life of Moscow criminals of the late 40s, discussing on the "raspberry" options for misleading the valiant workers of the MUR.

Rutskoi appeared in conversations as a "mustachioed", sometimes as a "mustachioed bootleg", Yeltsin - as a "godfather", Shumeiko was transparently called "Filipych", and Khasbulatov - "black" or "Khaz". In addition, some mysterious "bald man" was mentioned in the conversations, who was going to "soak" the "mustachioed" and Yakubovsky himself if he did not hand over Filipych.

In addition, Prosecutor General Stepankov asked Yakubovsky, as a personal favor, to organize an assassination attempt on the well-known lawyer Makarov, who allegedly found documents that were murderous for Rutskoy.

Although this whole story was, as they say, cut down with an ax and sewn with white thread, and an academic dispute on the topic. "Who is the bigger thief: Rutskoi or Shumeiko?" - looked insignificant against the background of the general and wholesale plunder of the country due to the lack of any power, it became already quite clear to everyone that the war of attrition was already moving into the stage of a war of extermination.

Deciding not to make any more excuses, since any appearance on the TV screen showed only the helplessness of a person cornered by evidence, Rutskoi began a long and long trip around the country, correctly realizing that much, if not all, according to Russian tradition, would depend on the position occupied by the army. It was the army, and not the KGB, which, tucking up its numerous tentacles under itself, sat warily offended, monitoring the situation with some, previously uncharacteristic, fright.

Rutskoi traveled around the country, constantly conferring with representatives of the regional and regional councils and district commanders. He already had in his hands a copy of the draft presidential decree on the dissolution of the Supreme Soviet and the appointment of new elections.

Strictly "confidentially" he introduced this project to the leaders of the regions, who, as a rule, consisted of the former first and second secretaries of the regional committees, who were accustomed to looking at the territory entrusted to them as their own fiefdom. The question was put directly: how will they react when Yeltsin's decree is signed and made public?

Former party nobles were cautious. They despised Rutskoi as an upstart and defector, suspecting him of being an ordinary provocateur sent by the president on a campaign after their heads. Already they knew the Kremlin mores.

Well, who was Rutskoy just a few years ago. Some kind of unknown colonel, the same colonel as those who serve dozens of them as drivers and junior assistants.

He leads some kind of affair against the president, the former first secretary of the Sverdlovsk regional committee of the CPSU and a candidate member of the Politburo, a powerful feudal lord of the communist era, now, by the grace of God, has become king.

They already knew through their channels about the upcoming decree, and its content left no one in doubt - the president conceived neither more nor less than how to eliminate Soviet power in the country.

With the liquidation of party structures, they moved to the Soviets, retaining their power and privileges. And now they have somewhere to move, further increasing their power and wealth.

What will they gain if this little, not very confident and not very smart man becomes president for a while?

The answer was overwhelmingly evasive. Yes, they are for the constitution and, of course, they will condemn anyone who violates this constitution. Moreover, who swore on this constitution. There can be no two opinions on this.

Only a few, like Mukha and Nazdratenko, openly told Rutskoi that they would not only support Rutskoi when the president signed this decree, but were ready to support him right now if he managed to overthrow Yeltsin. And in their angry burning eyes it was clear that they were extremely sincere. "If Yeltsin signs this decree, he will automatically be removed from office. And you, comrade Rutskoi, also automatically become president, and, of course, we will obey

legitimate authority."

It was easier with district commanders. Rutskoi knew many people personally both from his service in Afghanistan and from the General Staff Academy. They met at a feast, at military checkpoints and in other secluded places, which are in abundance in any army. Many generals have been walking around in a depressed mood since the August putsch.

They overdid it somewhat, following the orders of the State Emergency Committee. Some lost their posts because of this, like the commander of the Volga-Urals district, Colonel-General Makashov, and many reasonably expected that the same could happen to them.

Rutskoi carefully blackmailed them: "Here, they say, they really wanted to turn you, but tell me thank you - they smeared you off. And the order was already on the minister's desk."

What can I say, if Marshal Yazov himself and the commander of the ground forces, General of the Army Varennikov, ended up in prison and, consider, the entire General Staff, together with General of the Army Moiseev, was expelled from service.

When even the powerful head of the GRU, General Vladlen Mikhailov, did not survive! What can we say about such small people as commanders of districts or, say, fleets.

The generals, nodding anxiously and smiling embarrassedly, listened to Rutskoy, emptying bottles of Armenian cognac still of the Soviet bottling. They sighed: "What talk, Sasha. We will help, of course. Let's support. Only you yourself understand, there is no reason to stick out ahead of time. And as you become the first, immediately an order for the armed forces as the Supreme, so, they say, and so. When is this decree expected? In September? And great, the troops will return from the camps, the holidays in the schools will end.

While drunk, he spoke several times in the Houses of Officers in front of the "active", scolded the president's last words, and even more so - "encirclement", external "pro-imperialist" and internal "colonial" policy.

"In two months I will become president," Rutskoi firmly promised the officers, "and I will put an end to this."

"Where will the current president go in two months?" - Somebody asked from the asset.

"I'll throw it out the window!" Rutskoi promised, and he himself laughed heartily.

The speeches were actually open. They were filmed, recorded on tape, reports were published in the local press. And, of course, the information came to all places where it was interested.

Alas, Rutskoi was never practically a general, and being the commander of an air regiment, mainly only by rumors (not supposed to!) He knew how and how the top echelon of the army leadership lives.

Back in August 1991, when army political agencies, party committees and party commissions were in full swing, the GKChP lost, mainly because of the cowardice and indecision of the generals, who simply ignored the order of the Minister of Defense and the directive of the General Staff, adhering to the ancient army principle: "Do not rush to obey the order because it will be cancelled. What happened.

And although a full two years have not passed since then, in fact, an entire era has passed. The commanders had long ago turned the districts entrusted to them into a kind of giant commercial enterprises and anonymous joint-stock companies with mixed capitals that thrived due to the presence of a large and practically free labor force.

Rutskoi, with his plans and ideas for the restoration of the USSR, powerful armed forces and world confrontation, was for them almost a ghost from some distant past, when an all-army inventory was carried out almost every year and other terrible things that the generals would like to forget forever.

Therefore, along with the words "Sasha, dear, you understand that I am wholeheartedly for ...", detailed reports of conversations with Rutskoi with the attachment of video cassettes and the like rushed, overtaking the vice president, with couriers of secret correspondence to Moscow and lay down on the table of the Minister of Defense, General of the Army Pavel Grachev, and from there to the President's table.

As for the former KGB, he, as usual, knew everything, but kept quiet, not even reporting anything to his minister Barannikov, offendedly referring to the fact that he was forbidden

engage in political investigation.

And, as you know, the former committee does nothing else, and it's not that it didn't know how, but simply didn't like it.

"Is he going to be president in two months?" Yeltsin smiled broadly, reading the report brought by General Kotenkov, who had recently returned from Kuwait, where, according to his own words, he spent two days in a forty-degree heat in a wool suit, saving Yakubovsky from the tenacious claws of Viktor Barannikov and Valentin Stepankov, whose subordinates had already spent a search in Poltoranin's office and approached Shumeiko.

The President stretched out his hand, clenched into a fist, looked frowningly at the former KGB general, who now headed his personal legal department, and, as always slowly pronouncing words, he said: "In two months I will have it ..." Then the president faltered and continued: "... in shit up to his ears."

"I'm already up to my ears in shit," Rutskoi snapped, when well-wishers did not fail to convey to him the words spoken by the president on the same day.

The vice president was angry because he had just returned from the prosecutor's office, where he testified under the slander of the Kalmykov-Makarov commission about his dollar accounts in a Swiss bank.

"He will get into the shit himself," the general promised, "when I arrange a general strike of miners and metallurgists for him." To this end, the vice president was going to fly to Vorkuta.

Such fiery cooperation between the president and vice president was clearly begging for a book.

Guinness as another Russian miracle.

Snide pro-presidential newspapers printed portraits of Birshtein and Rutskoy on the front pages with the caption "President and Vice President." Boris Birshtein was the president of the international scam company Siabeco, owned by the late CPSU.

Meanwhile, Yeltsin took the next step and unexpectedly ousted Viktor Barannikov from the post of Minister of Security, vaguely accusing him of "unethical behavior." One might think that the minister did not quite successfully complete the "circle" turn when leaving Yeltsin's office, and snapped at the remark made.

There were various rumors that the minister's wife was stealing, flying to Switzerland with Birshtein's money and fell for some kind of speculation in twenty-dollar handbags, that the death of 25 Russian border guards, slaughtered by Islamists on the Afghan-Tajik border, was "hung up" on Barannikov, that he was "cool" compromising evidence was given by Yakubovsky - almost about connections with the international drug business and the like.

Barannikov himself, referring to a pre-infarction condition, did not comment on his resignation in any way, maintaining a gloomy silence. And in his eyes shone wild longing.

And President Barannikov was kicked out for a very simple reason. He asked the secretary of security directly what he knew about the coup d'état that the vice president and the speaker were preparing?

Naturally, Barannikov could not say anything about this, since he knew nothing. And he did not know this because the intriguers from Lubyanka did not report anything to him, referring, as usual, to the prohibition to engage in political investigation, especially for persons of such a high rank that even in the old days of the heyday of political investigation was not encouraged, but, on the contrary, was strictly prohibited.

But nevertheless, over the head of Barannikov, a paper fell on the president's table, where all the latest actions of Rutskoy and Khasbulatov were regarded as preparations for a coup d'état.

The president, like any ruler of Russia who wants to live to the blessed age of eighty, had several services of his own, duplicating the Lubyanka. And not only duplicating, but also carefully watching her.

One such service was called the "Legal Department" under the presidential administration and was headed by General Kotenkov, the other - something like "flying security detachments" was headed by General Stepashin, who is the chairman of the Supreme Council Committee on Defense and Security.

There were several other similar services that quietly existed under the guise of various analytical and research centers. It was these services that at one time began the shooting of "Khasbulatov's guards" at the doorways, when it suddenly occurred to the speaker that he was Cardinal Richelieu. Richelieu was smarter.

The report received by the president summarized the situation as follows:

"After the April referendum, in the failure of which Khasbulatov was for some reason firmly convinced, he was clearly confused and depressed, obviously frightened by the prospect of convening another congress of people's deputies, which was frankly going to raise again the issue of removing the speaker from his post in connection with, to put it mildly speaking, official discrepancy.

Both the strong and, at the same time, weak quality of Khasbulatov is his complete absence of any firm principles and convictions, except for the desire to retain his post at any cost, concentrating as much power as possible in his hands.

Thus, he is a man who obeys instinct. In this case, the instinct of lust for power, drowning out even the instinct of self-preservation in him. If yesterday Khasbulatov considered himself a firm supporter of the president, a democrat, a fighter against communism and the "hated center", today he openly joins with the irreconcilable opposition, embracing Zyuganov and the public like him, starting to make passionate speeches about the revival of the Soviet Union and the leading role of the communists .

At the last congress, the communists and nationalists taught Khasbulatov a substantive lesson, showing who in fact is the master of the situation in the Supreme Soviet. The speaker learned his lesson, after which the tone of his public statements changed dramatically, where he does everything possible to please the communist-fascists who have settled in the Supreme Council.

Unexpectedly, Khasbulatov's speeches sounded longing for the values of real socialism, which we are "satanic trying to discard", sadness for the empire, an assessment of the country's domestic and foreign policy from the standpoint of ultrapatriots.

The main directions of strikes and the tactics used by him are obvious. This is an attempt to consolidate around itself all the forces capable of fighting the "current regime". There is a firm desire to overthrow the principle of separation of powers, to establish the supremacy of the soviets, not only as legislative, but also as executive power, thus restoring the old communist regime in its even worse, more brown form.

Recently, a whole series of attacks on presidential power, on the president himself, and especially on his entourage, have been planned, with the initial goal of neutralizing and weakening the president's activities, and then completely discrediting the presidency as an institution.

The ultimate goal is to seize all power.

The recent outburst of aggressiveness of the groups belonging to the so-called "National Salvation Front", which at its second congress raised the question of the need to switch to offensive tactics of struggle, eliminate the institution of the presidency as such and start a "people's liberation revolution", speaks of coordination the actions of the Front, whose groups were created either directly by the CPSU, or with its money, with the actions of the Supreme Council.

Thus, the extremism of the Supreme Soviet merges with the extremism of the street and directs it. The opposition is thus preparing for a fierce confrontation, which, according to the plan, should develop into a civil war. This desire is fueled by the impunity of the street riots that have already taken place with human casualties, the ongoing attempts to split the army and, most importantly, the open defection to the opposition of Vice President Rutskoy, a man to the marrow of his bones, a military man and, at the same time, extremely irresponsible.

Unable to resolve any issues by any other methods than military ones, this person, who has great connections and well-known authority in the army environment, poses a danger of an armed conflict in a situation where it could have been avoided. Such a conflict can not only lead to major human casualties, but also become a detonator of civil strife that can escalate into a civil war - the first war of its kind in a nuclear country.

Consumed by a lust for power, the vice president is also already driven by his own lust for power, which has suppressed his instinct for self-preservation.

The document cautiously advised the president to take steps to prevent a slide into complete chaos generated by anarchy.

The document went on to talk about two concurrently developing conspiracies: constitutional and military.

One conspiracy was to overthrow the president with a constitutional noose that would be gradually tightened by the Supreme Soviet. The soul of the conspiracy was the more cautious Khasbulatov.

The second one assumed the organization of mass street riots with the gradual involvement of parts of the internal troops and the army into them, à la 1917 with the storming of the Kremlin, the flight or capture of the president by the "people".

Rutskoi and street leaders were inclined to such a plan, presented in a very colorful way: from the retired general Makashov to the leader of the so-called "Labor Moscow" Anpilov.

Both plans have already been rehearsed in general terms almost in a real situation. However, the rapid sliding of Rutskoy towards Khasbulatov entailed the need to harmonize the two plans into one with elements of both. What, in fact, are the conspirators doing now.

The only thing that the Minister of Security, General Viktor Barannikov, could answer to all this was that his wife had never speculated in twenty-dollar handbags. Perhaps this was true. But he left office.

Then it was Rutskoy's turn.

A pawn that has reached the seventh rank is somehow inconvenient to call a pawn. It becomes extremely dangerous, and if it cannot be quickly destroyed, then it must be neutralized.

This was necessary, because as a result of all the plans, and Rutskoi himself did not know about some of them (let's be objective), he became president anyway.

Therefore, the president decided that at the same time it was time (long overdue!) to expel Rutskoy from office, to which he (the president) had no right under the Constitution.

But since for the past few months Rutskoi and Shumeiko, the former deputy. Khasbulatova, and now a favorite of the president, hoarse from mutual accusations of embezzlement, threatening to sue each other for slander, but stubbornly not doing this, Yeltsin issued a decree removing both from office until the end of the investigation entrusted to the prosecutor's office.

Vladimir Shumeiko, appearing in Yakubovich's films for greater clarity as "Filipych", of course, readily agreed to this, emphasizing that he himself asked the president for such a measure.

Rutskoi, who appears in the same films in a more encrypted form as "Usatii", about whom "Bald" was so worried, on the contrary, flatly refused to obey this decree,
calling it illegal.

It was quickly clarified that the "removal" from office was not a "removal" from office, but only a temporary measure for the benefit of the investigation, after which the vice president, if the prosecutor's office did not find anything criminal in his actions, could

back to work. Although, however, the president has no instructions for him. All ran out.

But everything is legal.

The decree found the vice-president at the airport when he was preparing to fly to Vorkuta to raise the miners against his patron.

The presidential decree deprived him of the opportunity to use special aircraft of the government squadron. But the vice-president always boldly faced danger and declared that he would fly at his own expense, although in a recent televised debate with Gaidar he claimed that he received only 63,000 rubles without taxes.

In Vorkuta, he was met in much the same way as False Dmitry II, the Tushino thief, was once met in Tushino. Without enthusiasm, but with some reverence: maybe he really is a king or will become a king, does the jester know him?

Therefore, it was not possible to raise the miners with one obscene swearing at Yeltsin, and to answer their claims due to complete ignorance of the issue - too.

Returning to Moscow, Rutskoi, who, as you know, were not allowed to enter the Kremlin and the Council of Ministers, finally settled in the Supreme Soviet, in the former office of Shumeiko, which in itself was very symbolic.

The deposed vice president spent whole days with his two brothers and generals (mostly retired) scurrying back and forth, among whom General Vladislav Achalov, a people's deputy and Khasbulatov's adviser on military issues, stood out.

In the past, the commander of the airborne troops and Deputy Marshal Yazov for "extreme situations", Achalov got into such a mess with the State Emergency Committee in August 1991 that even the not very zealous Russian prosecutor's office wanted to bring him to criminal responsibility.

But the Supreme Council refused to lift Achalov's "parliamentary immunity", and the prosecutor's office was left with nothing. The general stayed in the hospital for some time, and then again ardently set to work, trying to realize many of his bold ideas, generated by the talent of an intriguer, which for some reason ignorant people took for the brilliance of strategic thought.

He was so able to give the names of his "best buddies", burdened with general shoulder straps, numbers of military units and places of deployment, that even the deputy who tried to believe him, General Tarasov, who was also expelled after the putsch, somehow dared to object to Achalov: "Listen to you, so the whole army will immediately come to our aid in the event of Yeltsin's usurpation of power. Something I don't really believe."

"You, a political worker," Achalov snapped, giving Tarasov a puff of expensive cognac. What do you understand about military affairs? You sat in political departments and you don't know life." Tarasov was offendedly silent and left the office, and Rutskoi and Achalov, spreading a map of Moscow and the region, and sometimes the country, on the table, poked fingers and forks at it, and a huge security guard (from the former Riga riot police) silently carried out the bottles.

Rutskoi met with some generals in private. The commander of the Air Force, Colonel-General Pyotr Deinekin, met him, according to old friendship, cordially. There was no pathos. As always, we will help you if needed. The devil knows, maybe he will become president? Then blink your eyes.

Colonel General Gromov, Deputy Minister of Defense, was more sullen. Once Rutskoi served under his command in Afghanistan, where Gromov commanded the entire "limited contingent" of Soviet troops, consolidated into the 40th Army. "Borya," Rutskoi said. "Do you remember how I got you off in '91?"

Gromov then held the post of Deputy Minister of the Interior - the famous Pugo, who alone had the courage to shoot himself when it became clear that the putsch had failed.

It was not Rutskoi who smeared Gromov at all, but also a former subordinate, General Grachev, who then commanded the airborne troops, who has now become the Minister of Defense. Yes, and there was nothing to get rid of.

Army General Varennikov then gave them and Grachev the appropriate instructions, which Gromov, on the advice of Grachev, refused to carry out. "Okay," the general avoided a direct answer. "You, Alexander Vladimirovich, push politics, but the matter will not be behind us."

The top of the army has always been laconic and has a good sense of where the wind blows. Long years of service create a good instinct for self-preservation, which, as analysts from the security service have well noted, was completely suppressed by Rutskoy's instinct for lust for power.

It was easier to talk to lower ranking officers. Once, Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, the leader of the semi-underground "Union of Officers", brought to him a young aviation colonel, who introduced himself as the acting commander of an air division stationed in the Tver region.

The colonel's surname was Fomichev. He confessed to Rutskoi that the entire cadre of the division, including ensigns and re-enlisted sergeants, was ready to do anything to overthrow the "occupational Jewish regime."

If necessary, at the signal of Rutskoy, transmitted on the waves of open radio, the division will rise into the air and "process" the targets indicated by the vice president.

Rutskoi knew this division and its commander well, but he could not remember Colonel Fomichev. Usually one of his deputies (mainly for flight training) or the chief of staff acts as acting commander. Rutskoi also knew both.

He asked Fomichev who he was by position. It turned out that the deputy division commander for the education of personnel. In other words, the former head of the political department. So, a good division, which, in the absence of a commander, is commanded by a political officer. Who better than the political officer knows the mood of the personnel?

In anticipation of the presidential decree, meetings were held with the so-called "Presidium of the Supreme Council" - a self-proclaimed body not provided for by the Constitution, but existing by tradition. In Russia, by and large, it turned out that the most difficult thing is to give up various "presidiums". All equals irresistibly want to be "more equal" than others...

Several options were discussed for responding to the actions of the president, to whom it was decided (desperately cowardly) to give the initiative of action so that "he set himself up."

Great hope was placed on the United States and the countries of the European Community, where the Constitution was revered on a par with Jesus Christ, and sometimes even higher. Seeing such a brazen violation by the President of the Constitution, world democrats will publicly be forced to condemn him, because otherwise they will look ridiculous and pitiful in front of their own peoples. So assured Khasbulatov's adviser on international issues

relations of Ion Andronov.

Someone remembered that quite recently Margaret Thatcher, being on an unofficial visit to Moscow, exclaimed in bewilderment: "How? Are you still living under the old communist constitution?" And she said that the key to resolving Russian problems lies, first of all, in the adoption of a new Constitution. This gave Khasbulatov an excuse to react irritably: "Every visiting wench will still teach us!"

One of Khasbulatov's deputies, Agafonov, timidly suggested that if the president dispersed the "parliament", he would submit to force, leave the White House and join the early elections, which, after such a presidential decree, could easily be won and thus complete the coup in a completely legal way. Early parliamentary and presidential elections will eventually turn into the fact that the country will have a new president, most likely Rutskoi, and the undefeated, but lawlessly dispersed parliament will remain almost 100% old. Almost, because the new elections will throw out of him all the remnants of the democratic husk, like Yakunin, Molostov or Sheinis.

Of course, if someone in the "presidium" had even a drop of common sense, not suppressed by instinct, Agafonov's plan was optimal and led to the desired result in the shortest and most direct way with a minimum of the possibility of a noisy scandal.

Naturally, Rutskoi was the first to protest. He is an officer, and the very concept of "surrender" is worse than death for him. After all, he has a gun and would rather put a bullet in his head than obey any order from that bastard.

Think what are you talking about? How can you carry out the decree of a man who, by this very decree, puts himself outside the law! No! It is necessary to openly call for resistance, bring the people to the streets and finally put an end to this criminal regime.

He himself will evaporate somewhere in Israel when he sees marching columns of regiments loyal to us, rushing to defend the Constitution and the Supreme Council!

He, Rutskoi, is sure that this is exactly what will happen. But even if this does not happen, he does not intend to humiliate leave parliament at the first cry of a man whom he considers a criminal who destroyed the USSR and all the achievements of the Soviet people, who made Russia a laughingstock in the eyes of the whole world!

All the rest, infected with the pathos of the speech of the dismissed vice-president, also leaned towards resolute resistance ...

Despite all his readiness, after listening to the president's speech, Rutskoi felt a strong emotion. It was not the excitement before a sortie so familiar to him. Rather, it was the confusion of a man taken by surprise, despite all the warnings. Somewhere in the depths of his soul, he hoped that Yeltsin still did not have the courage to sign this decree.

He left Shumeikov's office and hurried to Khasbulatov's. Throughout the White House, like a huge warship, the metallic voice of the forced broadcast sounded: "All people's deputies urgently gather in the meeting room for an emergency session! I repeat..."

This voice, like a signal of combat alarm, cheered up Rutskoi. Walking towards him down the corridor, smiling through his beard, was the co-chairman of the National Salvation Front, People's Deputy Ilya Konstantinov, who had never distinguished himself by sophistication of manners. Seeing Rutskoi, he joyfully shouted: "Your former boss went crazy, or what? He's impeaching himself!"

Such familiarity from any petty hooliganism jarred on General Rutskoi. Many people's deputies had old scores for him, and now they are treated as a defector. And a defector, even a very useful one, is always treated as a defector. I had to endure.

"All people's deputies immediately gather for an emergency session!" The broadcast continued to sound like a siren.

22:30

Retired Colonel General Albert Makashov was in the main information center of the Supreme Council, trying to get an impression of the situation in the capital from the information streaming from television and computer screens.

The internal TV network of the White House broadcast the press conference of Khasbulatov, who was pale, but outwardly calm and even tried to joke.

He has extensive experience in suppressing coups, the speaker assured journalists with a wry smile. The president's statement, on the one hand, cannot be regarded otherwise than as an attempted coup d'état, but, on the other hand, this same statement is in fact Yeltsin's message that he is resigning his post. Such is the reality. However, Khasbulatov said, now we will hold a session and decide everything. Don't worry, everything will be within the law and the constitution.

On the channel of Russian television and Ostankino they broadcast again, in recording, the statement of the president.

On other screens, as if nothing had happened, commercials flickered, shaggy-bearded rockers howled, heroes of countless Western television series flickered.

Out of the corner of his eye, the general caught on one of the screens the green words "Payment for cash in US dollars" and loudly, not embarrassed by the presence of female operators, cursed.

The country is occupied and is dying. In fact, she has already died.

All this bastard, led by Khasbulatov and Rutskoi, at first enthusiastically ruined the country, and then realized it - the only way out was to restore the USSR! Smarties!

If he had at least one regiment under his command, which he could trust, which he could rely on!

He would not hesitate to arrest all this rabble of deputies (and would shoot some of them on the spot), and then he would lead troops to the Kremlin and finally bring real order to the country.

Makashov was a decisive and aggressive general, although he never had the opportunity to prove himself in real combat conditions for many years of military service.

Behind Makashov were a higher military school and two academies: armored and general staff, in military circles, he was considered a recognized authority on large-scale operations using large tank and mechanized formations.

For a long time, the general served in the Western Group of Forces on the line of the most acute confrontation with the West. The red arrows on the secret operational maps, striving for the ocean and cutting Europe into six unequal parts, have long been the main stimulus of his life. But nuclear missiles from American submarines aimed at Soviet cities, better than any other arguments, cooled the ardor of tank generals,

forcing the most powerful armored group in the world to stagnate and fall apart for more than 40 years for no benefit, except for the monetary compensation of the good Germans.

By this time, Makashov was already in command of the Volga-Urals military district, the territory of which was larger than all of Europe. From his headquarters in Samara (then Kuibyshev), General Makashov, in impotent fury, watched how the Southern Group of Forces first collapsed and fell apart, hanging like a sword of Damocles over the left flank of NATO, how the Western Group of Forces began to fall apart, how, suffering one defeat after another, got out of Afghanistan. The 40th Army, like the native CPSU, was shivering and obscuring, hiding its desire to quickly slip into some gap with the loot.

How quickly Saddam Hussein, on whom there were so many hopes, was defeated, especially since General Makashov was one of the developers of the blitzkrieg plan against Kuwait, the plan, if it was carried out on time and without idiotic Iraqi improvisations, could deal such a blow to the prestige of the United States, in compared to which even the shame of the Vietnam War would have faded. But nothing happened!

It did not work out thanks to the traitors who then settled in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, of which Makashov himself was a deputy, and in the party leadership, headed by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev himself.

Even then Makashov called from the rostrum of the party conference to storm the building of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR and the SFSR and establish a party-military dictatorship.

Nobody listened. Everyone was doing their own business and laughing. The insolent press openly mocked the general's speeches, hinting at the possibility of prosecution for calls for open rebellion.

In June 1990, at the founding congress of the Russian Communist Party, Makashov, who sensed democracy, burst into curses at the General Secretary of the CPSU himself, accusing him of betrayal and "surrendering Eastern Europe"

In desperation, he tried to break into the presidency of Russia, but he lost the election miserably, because he could not offer the people anything other than public corporal punishment, which, in his opinion, "is an excellent educational measure."

And, of course, it was General Makashov who was one of the few district commanders who not only carried out all the orders of the State Emergency Committee in August 1991, but did even more than the conspirators in Moscow demanded.

The accumulated wealth of experience in planning strategic operations, General Makashov had to put into practice for the first time in his native Samara. Enraptured by the news of the creation of the State Emergency Committee, Makashov immediately brought the district entrusted to him into a state of full combat readiness, giving the order "to be ready for combat operations" and bringing the district's aviation to 15-minute readiness - with pilots in the cockpits.

Whom the general was going to bomb from the air remained unknown, but on the ground Makashov launched operations in all the brilliance of his operational talent. The army units, given a clear order to "detain democrats and cosmopolitans", quickly seized control of the regional center, occupying the television center and seizing the regional publishing center, defeating the hated local independent television studio Skat in the process.

The radio stations of the district, in accordance with all the rules of electronic warfare, drowned out all local radio stations so that "subversive and provocative" news from Moscow did not reach the citizens, leaving a free channel only for transmitting orders from their commander. But

since he is not much to make speeches, the free airtime between combat orders was filled with round-the-clock continuous reading of the recording of "Words to the People", published shortly before by the newspaper "Soviet Russia", which the general ordered to be considered a theoretical guide to action.

On August 20, Makashov even dared to send a telegram to the Kremlin stating: "The Military Council and the troops of the district are concerned about indecision in relation to Yeltsin and his entourage. The procrastination of death is like..."

The general was lucky that the "August coup" was, by and large, an internal party conflict, and therefore no one was going to particularly settle scores even with the main Moscow "putschists", not to mention performers from the provinces.

Makashov was quietly dismissed, and since then the general has constantly decorated all sorts of communist and national-democratic rallies and parties with his three general stars, where he was constantly predicted to be the future prime minister of the "patriotic government".

Together with his few associates, Makashov stubbornly refused to recognize the collapse of the Soviet Union and the dissolution of the Congress of People's Deputies of the USSR. He became one of the organizers of the so-called "VI Extraordinary Congress of People's Deputies of the USSR", which was mystically held by candlelight (the vindictive authorities turned off the light) in the collective farm club of the village of Voronovo near Moscow, at which Sazhi Umalatova was unanimously elected chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR (there will be fewer women pester). The same Umalatova, who believed that President Yeltsin should not just be hanged, but certainly upside down.

Taking advantage of impunity on the part of the lethargic authorities, Makashov, like a ghost of the past reign, appeared in Transnistria in order, in his own words, to "organize defense." The Pridnestrovian "republic" was completely unfairly called and is being called self-proclaimed. In fact, the "republic" was proclaimed by the KGB, making it the president of its paid provocateur Igor Smirnov, giving him as an assistant his cadre bone-breaker Antifeev, who became Minister of State Security under Smirnov under the name Shevtsov, as he was wanted for crimes in the Baltics.

Through the mouths of its other agent, Alexander Nevzorov, the KGB declared the Transnistrian "republic" "the first territory of the Soviet Union liberated from the invaders" and asked Makashov to convince interested parties to continue the work of liberation.

According to the plan, the command of the Russian 14th army stationed in Moldova was to "in the name of protecting the Russian population" move tanks to Chisinau, and then turn to Moscow with a request to include Moldova in Russia. This plan, with various variations, was then to be implemented in all the former republics of the former USSR, where tension was constantly escalated over the position of the "Russian minority", which was sometimes more diplomatically called "Russian-speaking".

The only thing that the command of the 14th Army could answer to an elegant proposal to start a large-scale civil war on the ruins of the former Soviet Union was to show Makashov to the door, which they did, and even in a not very polite manner.

Enraged, Makashov began to assemble his own army, which consisted of fragments of all sorts of Baltic riot police, adventurers and all sorts of criminal elements. Making a review of his army, Makashov addressed them with a speech, where he said: "God forbid, if I ever command units ... so that I have such soldiers as in Transnistria. They don't need to be agitated!"

God, whom Makashov referred to in his speech, heard his desire, and soon gave the general command of the Pridnestrovian guys, who "do not need to be agitated." Today, September 21, General Makashov has already spoken with Tiraspol. The Dnestr battalion is ready to fly to Moscow at the first call.

Then the command failed. Moscow, worried about the fuss in Transnistria, changed command of the 14th Army. The new army commander, General Lebed, whose paratroopers discouraged everyone from storming the White House in August 1991, did not like it when homeless generals, who, moreover, did not have any official authority, roamed the divisions of the troops entrusted to him.

Makashov had to leave Transnistria and, I must say, on time. When the shooting began, the defense of Bendery, which he had established, collapsed overnight, and only the firm position of General Lebed prevented a mutual massacre, which, for sure, would have continued indefinitely, as in other areas of interethnic conflicts.

Makashov returned to Moscow and waited in the wings. This is not to say that the general had nothing to lose. In the wake of democratic chaos, he privatized apartments in Moscow and Samara, served on the board of directors of several joint-stock companies, and his stone three-story dacha with a built-in bell tower of the house church, decorated with a bas-relief of an Orthodox cross, struck the imagination even of his fellow generals, whose mansions, built at the expense of the generosity of the Ministry of Defense, although they were good, but from a mile away they smelled of barracks bad taste.

Makashov's hour has come. With the sixth sense of an old soldier, he understood that this time he would not do without shooting, and his nostrils flared, as if in front of a command that he gave hundreds of times at exercises and maneuvers of various levels: "Tanks, forward!"

So far, there was no one to give this command. And the very appearance of the general was not at all warlike. Stooped, in an old-fashioned blue cloak with a belt and an old-fashioned beret, he wearily walked around the information center, waiting for the return of Achalov, who was trying to contact the Ministry of Defense, the General Staff and the commanders of the districts.

Information continued to flow. Already the Chairman of the Moscow City Council Nikolai Gonchar said that an urgent meeting of the Presidium of the Moscow City Council is scheduled for 23:00, and tomorrow, in the morning, a session will begin that will express its point of view on the presidential decree. Gonchar noted that it is necessary to prevent an aggravation of the situation and, moreover, to stop provocations that could lead to bloodshed.

Already the chairman of the Constitutional Court, Zorkin, announced the urgent convening of the Constitutional Court, and one of the judges, Luchin, hastened to declare that "in accordance with Article 121-6 of the Constitution of the Russian Federation in the current version, the president has deprived himself of power functions."

News agencies, interrupting each other, reported the news:

"At 21:40, an emergency session of the Constitutional Court began. A full quorum has been reached. On the street in front of the court building there are several vehicles with police. Four civilians with machine guns entered the court building..."

"A meeting of the Presidium of the Council of Ministers was held at 21:00. At the end of the meeting, Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin stressed that "above all, calmness is needed," state institutions should work in a normal mode. When asked by a correspondent about possible pressure on the deputies of the Supreme Council, the prime minister exclaimed: "God forbid! No "emergency"! It's out of the question!"

"The headquarters of the Moscow military district has officially announced that the district is in normal mode. No additional orders to increase readiness have been received."

"The press center of the Ministry of Internal Affairs stated that "there were no additional orders."

"The Ministry of Security replied that "it does not know anything at all about any presidential decree."

"The presidential press service reported that Yeltsin is currently in his country residence, and the press service itself is working as usual" ...

General Achalov entered the center with quick steps. He looked somewhat excited. All means of government, high-frequency and long-distance communications at the disposal of the White House were turned off.

He tried to get through to the Ministry of Defense and the General Staff. None of the telephones known to him, and he knew almost all of them, did not answer, including the multichannel telephones of the operational duty officers in the areas.

This meant that a command was given to the computer of the military communications center to completely change the telephone codes. Such commands are received in order to protect communications from enemy penetration only on the eve of an inevitable war, or when a state of emergency has been declared throughout the country. But no one declared a state of emergency.

AND THERE WAS SIMPLY NO ONE TO FIGHT WITH.

22:45

Vasily Lipitsky not only entered, but simply burst into Rutskoi's office. If Volsky and Rutsky were called the banner of the Civil Union party, then Lipitsky could well be called his driving force.

Lipitsky at one time graduated from the Faculty of History of Moscow State University at the rate of "History of the CPSU", was the Komsomol "leader" of the faculty, where he joined the CPSU. At the faculty they noticed an energetic and "ideological" young man and "threw" him to the branch of the Central Committee of the All-Union Leninist Young Communist League - the so-called Central Headquarters of Student Detachments, from where a direct road to the Central Committee opened. But Lipitsky did not get into the Central Committee, but the University returned, where he was engaged in research work in line with his most promising science in the USSR.

Apparently, he achieved notable success in this field, since in 1983 he was invited to work at the Institute of Marxism-Leninism under the Central Committee of the CPSU, which was known as the forge of the latter's cadres, supplying the Central Committee of his native party with merciless intriguers, hardened cynics and unprincipled careerists.

The department in which Lipitsky worked, fulfilling the order of the Central Committee, was preoccupied with the problem of how to make the population of the communist empire work better for their own party and not steal.

Solving this problem, in the midst of perestroika, in 1989, Lipitsky managed to defend his doctoral dissertation on the topic "Problems of stimulating creative activity", in which the increase in labor productivity was noted with color graphs with a correctly set process of ideological and political education of labor collectives.

Labor productivity was in direct proportion to the authority and strength of the party organizations.

Ideologically, the dissertation was impeccable, but Lipitsky was never taken to the Central Committee. To him

he managed to realize his dream only at the birth of the party of Ivan Polozkov, in the Central Committee of which he met Rutskoi.

If you are going to make your career in the corridors of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, then you must have the intuition and scent of a German shepherd and the flexibility of a cobra, recalled recently one of the presidents of the young Central Asian republics, who learned this science on his own skin.

But be that as it may, Lipitsky immediately felt that the locomotive of his future career would not be the "kindest" Ivan Kuzmich Polozkov, but a direct, like a bulldozer, and assertive aviation colonel. And Lipitsky became his follower, especially after he failed in the elections to the Supreme Soviet in 1990.

Making turns after his "leader", Lipitsky flew to the Communists for Democracy bloc, then to the Democratic Party of Communists of Russia, which, after the August coup, was modestly renamed the People's Party of Free Russia.

On August 6, 1991, Lipitsky, together with Rutsky, was expelled from the CPSU "for activities aimed at splitting the CPSU." For a short time, Lipitsky disappeared from sight, and then emerged together with Rutskoi in the Civil Union, where he soon became chairman of the executive committee, remaining, just in case, also chairman of the board of his beloved NPSR, which at one time declared itself the heiress of the CPSU in order to "through the court, on legal grounds, to return party money to the people."

But the issue of the legacy of the CPSU, as you know, was quietly hushed up, and someone quickly discouraged Lipitsky from suing for the legacy of the deceased parent of his two new parties, where he was regularly paid a salary at the expense of the same "parent" and maintained a car with a driver.

And now the time has come. A little more time will pass and Rutskoi will become president, opening the way to power for the "Civil Union" - his own party. However, it should be noted that the leadership of the "Civil Union" assessed the real situation somewhat differently than Rutskoi did, having every reason to believe that the dashing "vice" could break such "firewood", and half of which would be enough to send the entire leadership of the party behind bars.

As soon as Yeltsin's statement was broadcast by the media, the leadership of the "Civil Union" sent Lipitsky to the White House in order to remind Rutsky to remember that he was the co-chairman of the party, which the disgraced vice president, judging by his recent statements to party colleagues, apparently, slightly forgot.

Rutskoi met Lipitsky without much enthusiasm. Without the expected: "Vasya! How glad I am! Come join me for vice president!"

Lipitsky, of course, in this situation would have had the sense to refuse this honor, but it would be nice to hear this and remind him later, when the outcome of a new crisis becomes clear. But they talked for a long time.

Rutskoi asked the party to launch powerful propaganda in his favor, contact the defense factories, preparing an all-Russian strike, so that Volsky would publicly and as soon as possible condemn Yeltsin for the coup d'état he had undertaken. Lipitsky, knowing full well that Volsky would never do this until Yeltsin was at least imprisoned or forced to flee abroad, nonetheless promised Rutskoi that everything would be done.

At that moment, it was announced on the internal broadcast that the meeting of the presidium had ended.

The Supreme Council, which decided that President Yeltsin should be removed from office for committing a coup d'état, and his powers are transferred to Rutskoi. In an hour, as soon as the number of deputies sufficient for a quorum is reached, an extraordinary session will open to make historic decisions "in the name of saving the Fatherland and democracy" ...

Lipitsky shook Rutskoi's hand heartily and wanted to say something else, but was again interrupted by loudspeakers announcing that buffets and other White House services were switching to round-the-clock operation.

Rutskoi glanced nervously at his watch and leaned over to the selector, asking if Generals Gromov and Rodionov had arrived. He was told that no, they did not. "And Tuleev? Rutskoy asked. - Did you call Kemerovo? He was told that Tuleev was already here. let in? Let him wait, Rutskoi ordered and wanted to say something to Lipitsky, but at that moment Vitaly Urazhtsev, a former colonel from Glavpur, a lawyer and journalist, chairman of the All-Russian Society "Shield", founded back in the days of perestroika to protect the rights of military personnel, entered the office.

Urazhtsev, a very odious person, was one of the few who were arrested and sent to Balashikha during the August coup. During his arrest, he waved off the "Chekists" with an ax and, according to his version, was brutally beaten, tied up and thrown into the back of a truck, which, however, did not prevent him from appearing in the White House again in a day, fresh and healthy, dressed in a freshly ironed suit. white shirt with tie.

At the same time, in the euphoria of the victory won, Urazhtsev, answering the question of the correspondent "is it possible, but in his opinion, another putsch?", Answered: "What other putsch? When the president is Yeltsin, the vice president is Rutskoi, the mayors of Moscow and Leningrad are Popov and Sobchak, only a person very offended by God can talk about some new putsch!

It is not known why God offended Urazhtsev so much. It is possible that the Creator does not really favor people who are torn apart by pride and vanity.

At one time, Urazhtsev was clearly aiming for the deputy minister of defense, but the military department, both in communist times and after, was very cool about any kind of public organizations in its system. Therefore, the Shield did not want to give any official status to the society, looking at it very askance.

From Yeltsin's entourage, Urazhtsev was very quickly pushed aside, since he, like Rutskoi, mastered the art of intrigue at the level of a colonel, which was clearly not enough.

The disillusioned colonel chose the only path that remained to somehow survive on the political surface - the path of the street leader. Yes, and here he was not very noticeable, because he still had the sense to somehow distance himself from such rally stars as Anpilov and Konstantinov.

He lacked the impudence to play the theoretician, like, say, Prokhanov or Sterligov, and sit on the presidiums of the National Salvation Front between them. His speeches were more or less measured, and therefore poorly reached the minds of the crowd, who loved simple, whip-clicking appeals.

Nevertheless, and perhaps precisely for this reason, in the event of a crisis of confrontation between the authorities, Urazhtsev was at the first stage instructed to surround the White House with crowds of people in order, on the one hand, to demonstrate popular support for the conspirators, and on the other, to discourage the executive authorities, headlong, rush to storm the stronghold of the legislative authorities.

Urazhtsev did not waste a minute. Such a task was up to any officer, and even more so - such a born organizer like him.

Enough people have already pulled up to the White House to be noticed, although not yet enough to imitate popular support.

Several dozens of men of different ages, mostly pensioners and retirees, have already stood at the entrance to the Supreme Soviet, waving red banners, putting up homemade slogans: "All power to the Soviets!", "Long live the CPSU!", "Dictator to trial!" etc.

Several younger guys, dumping turnstiles in a heap and dragging boards from somewhere, began to build some kind of barricade at the entrance.

"Of people! More people! - Rutskoi ordered, after listening to Urazhtsev's message.

- Do it, Vitaly! Now a lot depends on you." Urazhtsev left, and Prosecutor General Valentin Stepankov entered the office with some timidity.

The current Prosecutor General differed strikingly from his predecessors, Vyshinsky, Rudenko, and even the recent Sukharev, in his extreme lack of solidity and an almost childlike expression. A kind of lip slap.

Taking off on the post-coup wave into the chair of the Prosecutor General directly from the prosecutor's office of some godforsaken Siberian regional center, Stepankov, we must give him his due, perfectly understood that this chair could be knocked out from under him at any next minute, and therefore behaved accordingly.

He took money in foreign currency for an interview, ruined, from a legal point of view, the trial of members of the State Emergency Committee, published a book about the putsch of 1991 for the sake of fame and money, did not pay attention to any violations of the laws, in fact cultivating "legal nihilism" in the country, as intelligently expressed by some newspapers, or "criminal lawlessness", as expressed by those who did not like to use foreign words.

"With the advent of Stepankov to the post of Prosecutor General," said one sharp-tongued Moscow publicist, "our country, which for 70 years was a 'political zone,' has turned into a criminal zone."

Stepankov played his quiet and rather petty game, not wanting to quarrel with anyone or be seen as someone's supporter, setting himself a rather modest goal, although in Russia, given his post, this goal looked difficult to achieve: to leave his post without a particularly high-profile scandal, bypassing Lefortovo.

Hearing about Yeltsin's decree, Stepankov felt bad, like any person who, like Baron Munchausen, found himself between the clanging jaws of a lion and a crocodile, which, wanting to devour each other, could swallow him in passing without even noticing it.

Glancing sideways at Lipitsky, Stepankov sat down in an armchair opposite the rebellious vice-president, demonstrating his readiness to listen sympathetically to everything that he wanted to say to him.

"Here you are, Valentin," Rutskoi began, looking at the polished surface of his desk. - So, yes. It is necessary to initiate a criminal case against citizen Yeltsin for attempting to carry out a coup d'état with the aim of ... - Rutskoi looked at the paper lying in front of him: - ... with the aim of overthrowing the existing constitutional order. How are you?"

Stepankov's stomach sucked. Nice business! Initiate a criminal case against the President of the country! How will these all fail? They trample with boots. What if they win? There is no way to imagine the exact alignment of forces in the country. Who is for whom? You become an accomplice...

"Alexander Vladimirovich," the Prosecutor General replied, swallowing his saliva. - The main thing here is that everything is legal, legally impeccable. No need to hurry. First, a decision of the Constitutional Court on the illegality of the decree is necessary. Secondly, the decision of the congress to remove the head of the executive branch from...".

"Which convention? Rutskoy was surprised. "When there is an amendment to Article 121..."

All these amendments to the Constitution, which the Supreme Council has been making like cakes lately, were not legally valid in the country, and many legal structures were not aware at all.

"It is necessary that everything be in accordance with the law," Stepankov continued to insist. — The Congress must make its decision without fail. If you start to repair lawlessness, then send an outfit to the Kremlin and ...".

Rutskoi looked at the general with a penetrating look.

"Valya," he sighed. "It seems to me that you are twisting something. You understand how important it is that you officially support us in the fight against the criminals who have seized power ..."

"I wholeheartedly," the general agreed. "But I need legal, I repeat, legal grounds for initiating a criminal case. I can't initiate any cases, other than test cases, on the basis of a television show, whoever hosts it. I will receive the decision of the congress, the conclusion of the Constitutional Court, the text of the decree, and then - please: I will convene the collegium, and we will initiate everything that is necessary. And then we get into a mess, as in March. The noise was raised, but it turned out that there was no decree ..."

Rutskoi was silent for a moment, still looking at the table.

"Good," he said. "You are probably right, Valentine. Everything you need, you will get very soon. Go to the hall. The session will start soon.

At the exit, the Prosecutor General ran into People's Deputy Sergei Baburin, entering the office from the waiting room, buzzing like a beehive, reminiscent, thanks to the style of his beard and mustache, something between Mephistopheles, as he was depicted on the Russian provincial stages of the beginning of the century, and a character in pornographic postcards that time.

He was deliberately slow and important, like a cock before intercourse. Casually nodding to Lipitsky, he turned to the vice president: "Alexander Vladimirovich, the legal committee believes that ...".

But at that moment, Khasbulatov's deputy Yuri Voronin, out of breath, burst into the office — in the past, a senior official of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Tatarstan and head of the State Planning Committee of the Republic: "Let's enter the hall. Everyone has already gathered. We need to act faster."

Lipitsky got up and went to the door along with the others.

"Either you will be with me, here," Rutskoi unexpectedly told him, "or ... As you wish."

The narrow-minded, deceived aviation colonel naively assumed that he could set some conditions for the party apparatchiks who were burned in intrigues, who had a whole army of such colonels who could be sacrificed in extreme situations.

Lipitsky said nothing. For himself, he had already decided that the farther he was in the near future from the White House, the better it would be for him and for those two parties that he had the honor to lead.

Although the guards tried to push the crowd of correspondents out of the reception room and the adjacent corridor, they, as usual, failed to do so.

Rutskoi stepped out into a forest of television cameras and microphones, waving his hand to greet the journalists and signaling that he had no intention of commenting on the events.

Only one girl managed to stick a microphone almost under his nose and ask with warmth in her voice: "How are you feeling, Alexander Vladimirovich?"

"Wonderful!" - answered Rutskoi and went on with elastic steps.

September 22, Wednesday, 00:04

Sergei Baburin, sitting in his place in the meeting room, saw and felt that Ruslan Khasbulatov was very nervous, although he tried his best to appear completely calm. Announcing the opening of an extraordinary extraordinary session of the Supreme Council, the speaker turned to Rutskoi: "Alexander Vladimirovich, I ask you to take your place."

"Your place" is an empty chair of the President of the Russian Federation.

Trying not to look around, Rutskoi went up to the presidium and took the president's chair. This is how dreams come true.

Baburin chuckled. However, a sardonic smile was always glued to his face, betraying, according to Freud, a strong complexion caused by some disturbances in the organs of internal secretion.

Sergei Baburin was barely over thirty, but he was a man known not only throughout the country, but also in the world. Especially in Iraq, where he traveled several times to console Saddam Hussein after the defeat in the Kuwait adventure, hinting to him that not everything is lost, and asking for a loan until better times. Saddam willingly gave. Moreover, the money at one time was received from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, about which the Iraqi dictator kept the best memories.

Sergei Baburin was a lawyer by education, having recently graduated from Omsk University. He worked for a short time in the party committee, and then was appointed dean of the Faculty of Law, clearly identifying himself as an assertive and impetuous careerist, going to the goal in the shortest and most optimal courses like a torpedo guided by wire.

There was every reason for this. While still a student, Serezha was recruited by the local KGB, and his "curator", Major Gorbunov from the 5th department of the local KGB Directorate, assigned him the operational pseudonym (and colloquial nickname) "Nikolai".

Law faculties, as noted, are the domains of the KGB, so there is nothing surprising in this fact itself, and even, given the specifics of the USSR, perhaps nothing particularly reprehensible. How many of these "Nikolaev" worked and studied side by side with Baburin - only God knows, because even in the KGB no one has the right to know about all the agents.

But it is one thing to be an informer of the secret police, without whom no special service can exist, another thing is a provocateur of the political police. Other qualities are needed here, and Sergey Nikolaevich Baburin was endowed with them in abundance. And since the paths of the secret service are inscrutable, so are the paths of provocateurs.

Baburin was introduced into the democratic movement in Omsk, because the KGB, naturally, was interested in covering this movement from the inside, in order to know who to take first and who second when the time came. Baburin's talents were so revealed behind enemy lines that it was decided to shove him through the "Democratic Russia" in the 1990 elections to the Supreme Council. Which is what was done.

Once in the Supreme Soviet, Baburin almost immediately declared that he was and will forever remain a communist. He was transferred to the central office of the 5th department in Moscow, and there, after reading the accompanying documents compiled by their colleagues from Omsk, they decided that it was simply impossible to think of a better candidate for the role of chairman of the Supreme Council.

As a result, two different departments of the KGB fell into a stalemate, when one pushed Baburin to the high post, and the second - Khasbulatov.

But then the August putsch happened, which knocked a little arrogance from the impudent Baburin and his cowardly "curators".

Quickly recovering, Baburin organized the "Russia" faction in the Supreme Council, again confirming that he was a communist and continued to live in the USSR. Some time later, at the scandalous evening of the newspaper The Day at the Central House of Writers, Baburin for the first time publicly called Yeltsin a criminal, accusing him of the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Of course, the KGB had every reason to mourn the collapse of the empire and broadcast about it in the voice of Baburin. But for the sake of justice, it should be noted that it was the KGB, which had the main responsibility for ensuring the security and integrity of the USSR, that did not lift a finger at the time to prevent the collapse and death of the country, but, on the contrary, greatly contributed to this.

Now, waving their fists after the fight, and behind the scenes, the KGB began to conduct a whole choir of their provocateurs, loudly and sobbingly mourning the late empire.

The stormy applause that sounded at Baburin's statement testified that the new performance was approaching the stage of dress rehearsal, and the main roles in it were entrusted to actors claiming the permanent role of heroes.

Baburin quickly entered into this role, quickly advancing to the leadership of the so-called "irreconcilable opposition", which, not having not only any clear economic program, but even an ideological one, under the wise guidance of its "hero" leaders, was engaged only in the fact that heartily denounced the last words of President Yeltsin, fought day and night against Zionism, exposing the latter both in the Kremlin government and around the world.

It was clear that one would not get far on such a platform. The movement urgently needed to create a solid ideological foundation.

On the eve of the 7th Congress, "curator" Baburin from the KGB (or MBR, as this organization was now vaguely called) urgently summoned his ward to a safe house. Along with the "curator" came two more who, judging by their smooth, somewhat intellectual faces and expensive suits, were officials close to the leadership.

They congratulated Baburin on his political successes, declaring that they were very happy that their agent had entered the national arena and handed him a number of materials with a request to process them and publish them under their own name in one of the opposition newspapers of a more moderate persuasion than, say, The Day or " Russian Sunday.

What were these materials that came out of the bowels of the organization, repeatedly

boasting that it has gathered under its roof the entire elite of the analytical and research thought of the nation. The KGB, as you know, was a stable hybrid of the political police and the ideological inquisition, whose main task was to ensure the peace and prosperity of the ruling party elite, the nomenklatura, enjoying the "most advanced social system in the world" under the protection of its "combat squad", which reliably isolated the elite from the people. , and the people - from the elite.

The people, however, had not only to be kept in eternal fear, to be exterminated, to rot in the camps and taught to work for a pennant or a letter with the profile of Ilyich, but also to occupy them with something. Therefore, for 70 years, a multi-million people have been searching for spies and saboteurs.

First, as they say, the whole world sought out agents of the Entente, saboteurs, spies, saboteurs, kulaks, kulakists, Trotskyists, Bukharinists, fascists, mercenaries of imperialism, deviationists, opportunists, cosmopolitans, enemies of the people, CIA agents, Zionists, dissidents.

Already at the last breath of "developed socialism", just before the collapse of the USSR, KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov coined a new term "agent of influence" and tried to mobilize the entire population of the country who got out of hand in the search for "agents of influence". Kryuchkov, as you know, went to jail without even having time to start implementing his brilliant invention, since it is clear even to a fool that anyone could be declared an "agent of influence", as once an "enemy of the people." They laughed at Kryuchkov's invention and forgot about it.

And completely in vain, as the leader of the world proletariat used to say.

Some time later, in the newspaper Sovetskaya Rossiya, where the publicists of the so-called "Chikinsky school" gathered, who quickly fled from socialism to National Socialism, a huge article "Agents of Influence" appeared. Baburin was the author of the article, although for the sake of appearances he covered himself with three other co-authors who had never sinned with a pen before.

Only a year and a half has passed since the August coup, and the 33-year-old "darling of the Russian parliament" Sergei Baburin picked up the bogey "agent of influence", which fell out of the weakened hands of the prisoner of "Matrosskaya Tishina" Vladimir Kryuchkov.

"Agents of influence", according to the idea Baburin gleaned from the analytical masterpieces of the Ministry of Security, were Burbulis, Gaidar, Poltoranin and other scoundrels from Yeltsin's entourage.

"Agents of influence," Baburin boldly asserted, "are whole groups and movements. For example, 'Democratic Russia,'" Baburin emphasized, apparently forgetting that it was on the platform of "Democratic Russia" that he made his way to the Supreme Council.

The article hinted that Yeltsin himself was in charge of the "spies". How else can one explain the recent visit to Moscow by CIA director Gates and his meeting with Yeltsin, if not by the fact that the "hollow" is equipped right in the Kremlin. This is more convenient for American imperialism.

"Glasnost, democracy, human rights," Baburin explained to readers, "are just verbal tinsel... the goals set by the 'master'... Adherence to democracy, universal values, and the achievements of world civilization are characteristic features inherent in all agents of influence."

It was, no doubt, a very bold statement, if we remember that it was made in a country where about 100 million people were mercilessly exterminated under the bright publications and statements of just this kind.

The article about "Agents of influence" was a call to stop the season of any democratic discussions there and open a new planting season. For with "agents of influence" one should neither argue nor stand on ceremony. They must be identified and exterminated.

If Baburin himself broadcast and dreamed about this, then this could be attributed to the obvious illiteracy of a provincial careerist, stupefied by the opportunities provided by democracy.

But it was the cry of a dream of that very "analytical elite", which, having ceased to exterminate its own people by the millions, was suffocating, writhing and trying by all means to delay its inevitable end. Everyone who needed it understood, and some knew who was broadcasting from the pages of "Soviet Russia" in a Baburin voice.

That is why the article became programmatic. Her call to unite in the fight against "agents of influence" on the basis of Russian patriotism and the ideology of National Socialism was heard.

The swiftness with which the confused former functionaries of the CPSU, KGB, KHOZU, the military-industrial complex and other nomenclature households of the communist regime rushed into the new ideology, overtaken by various new careerists, involuntarily suggested that the author of the well-known aphorism about patriotism as the last refuge of scoundrels was absolutely right.

On the ruins of communism, the "glorious Chekists", left without their own mistress-party, dreamed of building a Nazi-Orthodox kingdom on their own. And as one of the first apostles, they did not find anyone better than Baburin.

His chubby cheeks, mustache and goatee beard continued to flicker at red-brown rallies of varying intensity, in presidiums, at secret apartments and official receptions, at meetings with writers, where he shone with erudition, comparing congresses of people's deputies with the "Battle of Borodino, where there will be no winners", predicting "in the summer the fire of Moscow", and in the fall - "the flight of Napoleon". The March congress, at which Baburin fought like a gladiator in order to sweep both Yeltsin and his old rival Khasbulatov out of the arena with one blow, did not really reveal the winners.

The spring-summer riots organized by the Federal Tax Service in Moscow, although they did not go without human casualties, did not, thank God, lead to a fire in the capital.

And then autumn came - the time appointed by Baburin for "Napoleon's flight" ...

Baburin listened as Khasbulatov, in whose voice sorrow sounded, informed the assembled people's deputies that a coup had taken place in the country, emphasizing that there was no one to save Russia except the people's deputies.

The speaker reported on the measures already taken: the territories were instructed to hold sessions, establish control over the press, radio and television, all deputies were summoned to Moscow for an extraordinary congress. The defense of the White House was also organized. It was headed by General Achalov, also a people's deputy, an experienced man who had been in trouble and worse.

In an even more mournful voice, Khasbulatov told his colleagues that government communications were turned off in the building - this makes it very difficult to lead the country - and put to a vote the decision of the Supreme Council on the "immediate inclusion of government connections".

Baburin automatically pressed the "For" button.

All those present voted unanimously.

Then Khasbulatov announced the order to the Central Bank - to stop financing the executive branch. This caused a storm of applause.

Baburin did not clap, but his glued-on grin became somewhat ominous.

Everything was going slowly and painfully. A new drag has begun. Khasbulatov began to read out a long telegram stating that the deputies of the Oktyabrsky, Krasnopresnensky and Proletarsky district councils of Moscow recognized the presidential decree as invalid on their territory.

Again thunderous applause. And finally, the transition to the main.

The question of depriving the current President of the Russian Federation of Boris Nikolayevich Yeltsin of the powers of the current President of the Russian Federation, who encroached on the Constitution of the country and representative authorities, is being put to a vote.

A tense silence is established in the hall, corresponding to the importance of the moment, exploded by a thunder of almost hysterical applause.

By 144 votes, with six abstentions, President Yeltsin is declared deposed.

Immediately, the new president of Russia, Rutskoi Alexander Vladimirovich, is introduced to the deputies.

After waiting for deafening applause, Rutskoi takes the podium.

"Dear fellow citizens! I bring to your attention that from today, in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the Russian Federation, I, Alexander Rutskoi, assume the duties of the President of Russia ... "

Rutskoi already made this statement two hours ago. The statement was recorded on a cassette, which was to be duplicated and then sent to all parts of the country and the world.

Holding a brochure with the Constitution of the RSFSR in his hand, Rutskoi, trying (in vain) to give his voice some semblance of solemnity, takes the presidential oath.

If Baburin was able to do something professionally (or, at least, much better than others), it was to appear at the microphones in the hall, which he demonstrated at all meetings of the Supreme Council and Congress.

And now, the last words of Rutskoi's oath had not yet been pronounced, and Baburin was already standing at the microphone.

Without concealing a certain superiority in tone, Baburin advised the new "president" to immediately appoint his ministers to all key ministries, first of all, of course, to the so-called "power" ministries, that is, his ministers of defense, state security and internal affairs - three pillars, on which, like on three whales, all Russian regimes sat for centuries.

"A very sensible proposal," Khasbulatov agrees.

Rutskoi nods eagerly and writes something down in a little book.

He looks kind of fussy, which is understandable. After long months of persecution and disgrace, one must get used to the role of president. Need time. At least a month.

The next speaker from the microphone is MP Mikhail Chelnokov, also a big

a master of capturing microphones and throwing intra-parliamentary tantrums.

It was Chelnokov who allegedly threw his "vouchers" in the face of Deputy Prime Minister Chubais, although later it turned out that they were sheets of clean cut paper. For the past three months, somewhat unsettled by the results of the March congress and the April referendum, Chelnokov, making his way to the microphone, constantly disturbed the calm in the hall, awakening even the eternally dormant "swamp" with cries of accurate information that armored personnel carriers with special forces, OMON, were being pulled to the White House, alphas and deltas, that lists of deputies have already been signed, subject to execution on the spot, arrest, internment, exile. This happened so often that even his supporters chuckled softly.

No, this power is weak. She is unable to defend herself. Rotten democracy.

Chelnokov proposes to immediately remove Interior Minister Viktor Yerin from his post and appoint his deputy, General Dunaev, who was recently removed from his post by presidential decree, to replace him. This time both Khasbulatov and Rutskoi nodded their heads simultaneously.

01:30

Viktor Anpilov appeared near the White House at the head of a relatively small column of his supporters from the Labor Moscow party organized by him. There was an ongoing rally near the building of the Supreme Council.

From the balcony, one after the other, the constant rally speakers spoke, such as the communist leader Zyuganov and the frantic Umalatova. But as rally speakers, they were no match for Viktor Anpilov.

If it is true that the Almighty creates each person to perform a specific task, then Anpilov can be said with certainty that he was created specifically for rallies. No one better than him knew how to turn the crowd on with simple cries: "Death to the occupying government!", "To the gallows of all who raise their hand against our socialist Constitution!", "We will destroy anyone who ..." and the like.

In the past, a third-rate radio journalist and petty KGB informer provocateur, working with a dictaphone in his pocket and provoking his friends and colleagues to "risky statements", and then passing these tapes "where they should be", Anpilov found the use of his talents only in the era of democracy, having received, Finally, a task worthy of him.

The cries of the "bloody executioner Yeltsin", which the great and small leaders of the National Salvation Front so loved to roar into microphones, did not entail any responsibility, neither legal nor moral, because in the conditions of the Russian version of democracy, it was not protected from slander and insults even the head of state.

In Russia, whenever they stop tearing out tongues for "hooligan words addressed to the supreme power and especially those who represent it," something completely unimaginable begins.

Once, the first secretary of one of the Moscow district committees of the party expressed doubt that Comrade Stalin really suited that jacket in which the "leader of all peoples" constantly appeared in public. The secretary disappeared the same day, has not yet been rehabilitated, and his family does not receive any pension.

A little later, one of the apparatchiks of the Central Committee shared with some friend his impression that "Comrade Brezhnev has been looking unimportant lately." The times were already indecently liberal, so the apparatchik was simply expelled from work for "spreading slanderous fabrications", then they raided with a search

home and at the dacha, they found a rather large amount in dollars, started an investigation and brought them to a heart attack.

Now, no one reacted to these cries about the "bloody executioner". Well, maybe some liberal newspaper asked the question: how is it possible to insult a popularly elected president for the first time in the history of Russia? But this newspaper could only be found in some Central Library.

Everything would be fine, but such indifference got on the nerves of the screamers, and, most importantly, the screams themselves did not bring them the desired satisfaction, and therefore sounded very false

I really wanted the authorities to shoot someone, at least with a machine gun. But who? Those who shouted, of course, did not want to climb under machine guns, but even under police batons.

Even Comrade Zyuganov, who once declared that he would "not spare his life" in the name of bright ideas, could not clearly answer the question of one arrogant journalist: whose life are we talking about - his own or someone else's? He began to stutter and explain something confusingly about "social justice".

Therefore, the task entrusted to Anpilov looked grandiose and laid the foundation for one of the most heinous crimes in post-war history.

In Moscow, as, indeed, in all large cities, there was a huge number of homeless people and vagrants, officially referred to in criminal and sociological reports as persons of the homeless and Z category, which meant Without a specific place of residence and occupation. For the very word "tramp" or "homeless" until recently was strictly forbidden to use, and in our times these words are used through gritted teeth and with reluctance.

In Moscow alone, according to police reports, there were more than a hundred thousand "homeless" people. The collapse of the USSR and the economic crisis that hit Russia nearly doubled their numbers with refugees fleeing the so-called "hot spots" of the former Soviet Union, where the Russian population suddenly turned into either "occupiers" or "undesirable stateless foreigners." Fleeing from the massacre, thousands of families, leaving their homes and property acquired over many years, rushed to Moscow, hoping that the Motherland would provide them with at least some help. And, as always, they were wrong.

Homeless people lived at railway stations, in the basements of houses and in attics, in abandoned "long-term construction" and bomb shelters in tent cities set up right on the central streets of the capital, spinning in numerous markets and flea markets, spontaneously arising in many areas of the giant city, whose population, in which once in history, I thought not about life, but about survival.

Homeless people, like all vagrants in the world, least of all respected any laws, and in today's Moscow, where a wave of criminal crime threatened to crush all law enforcement agencies and flood the city, a huge number of vagrants can be recruited to commit any crimes. Moreover, the main percentage of homeless people were young and strong men. Others would simply not survive such a life.

It was from them that Viktor Anpilov proposed to create a party, which, with his characteristic swashbuckling cynicism, he called Labor Moscow, and later Labor Russia. In fact, the contingent recruited at the train stations and market stalls was very reminiscent of the proletarians in their classical depiction on the canvases of the times of the socialist regime.

But no matter how you approach this issue, it must be recognized that although these people did not represent the working class, in whose new leaders Anpilov was aiming, they were certainly destitute and thrown out of society for a million different reasons.

It was easy enough to work with such people. Homeless people are happy with any earnings and, in principle, are ready for any dirtiest and hardest work, if someone dares to offer this work to them.

Having huge funds, Anpilov could recruit such people for "many thousands of people's demonstrations" under any flags and slogans. At the beginning, everyone was paid from 25 to 50 rubles. As usual, born leaders and "specially intelligent" ones quickly stood out from the crowd, who immediately began to receive more.

With inflation, the "fee" increased, and by May 1993, some activists were already receiving up to 20 thousand rubles for a one-time action. Small but well-trained groups of professional street fighters could be dissolved in the crowd of homeless people, who were specially selected by a special service opened under the National Salvation Front and printed on this occasion even special questionnaires for better selection.

All vagabonds have a penchant for alcohol. Vodka helps to survive in those inhuman conditions in which they had to exist. This required additional expenses, but allowed, if necessary, the use of special drugs that turn people into evil robots programmed to crush.

However, some kind of ideology was also needed. For tramps, their main enemy, and at the same time, the embodiment of the highest power, has always been a district police officer, or even just a police officer.

The sight of the police uniform evoked in them a mixed feeling of fear and rage. The police, as a rule, never stood on ceremony with them, but even they sometimes had to take their souls in hand-to-hand fights, taking place almost daily in the darkness of the web of basements, passages and passage yards of a giant filthy, rat-infested and wildly criminal punks labyrinth, into which was turned "the capital of the world, the heart of all Russia."

In other words, it was a wonderful contingent, genetically tuned to clash with law enforcement agencies.

But this was not enough. It would be both stupid and vulgar to simply set the crowd against the police, and even at their own expense. There was also some political underpinning.

Telling homeless people stories about social justice that reigned everywhere during the years of the communist regime would be suicidal. Someone who, but they then knew this very "communist justice" better than others on their own skins.

Explain to them the futility of a market economy in the real conditions of Russia? Explain to them all the advantages of a parliamentary republic over a presidential one? To prove the uselessness in Russia of the very institution of the presidency? Cry about the transformation of Russia into a raw material appendage of the West? Call them on a trip to the warm waters of the Indian Ocean and explain that Kuwait is a legitimate province of Iraq? To prove that it is the conversion of the military-industrial complex that will destroy Russia?

No. All this was so far from them that it obviously would not have produced the slightest impression.

"With the masses," Lenin taught, "one must speak their back language." That is why the great leader won the debut of his bold game when he ignited the consciousness of the masses with the ingenious slogan "Rob

stolen!"

The new leader of the proletariat, of course, could not come up with anything new, and therefore he put into practice, albeit an old, but completely worked out and rarely misfired method, although somewhat worn out from frequent use.

It was intelligibly explained that at the moment in Russia the power was seized by the Jewish government headed by Benya Eltser. The surname varied in different political activities: Elkin, Eltsman, and the like.

The choice is simple: either you are for the Jews, or you are against it. If against, join our ranks and go beat those who are not with us.

From one hundred to four hundred vagabonds die in Moscow every day for various reasons. Even in the presence of clear signs of violent death and even brutal murder, law enforcement agencies never condescend to conduct any investigation. "Killed in another showdown," and that's it. No one is looking for the missing, no one needs them. And yesterday's drinking buddies will silently remember a friend whose name they often simply did not know. They will remember if they find something to drink.

It was an ideal contingent, which they decided to sacrifice in the name of a brighter future for party functionaries of all stripes left without power.

BUT THE AUTHORITIES STRONGLY REFUSED TO SHOOT.

In June 1992, Anpilov tested his army in conditions as close as possible to combat, to use military language.

He led the crowd to storm the Ostankino television studio under the simple slogan "Beat the Jews!", "Death to the Jews!", "Down with the Jewish television!", "Get out to Israel!" etc.

In this way, the dead party tried to regain lost control over the electronic media.

It should be noted that the vagabonds recruited by Anpilov and their "active" political minimum justified every penny of the CPSU money that Anpilov was forced to spend on them.

The dashing slogans of the Anpilov army coexisted peacefully with a few red flags and portraits of the universally recognized classics of Marxism, Lenin and Stalin. Even Hitler noticed that the best Nazis are obtained from the former reforged communists. And he was absolutely right.

The dashing "Anpilovites" enthusiastically beat with their slogans and plywood portraits of the great leaders of policemen and television workers. They roared in chorus: "Death to the Jews!" They spat in the faces of the announcers and presenters going to work, whose pretty faces the whole country knew. The glass of the studio was shattered under a hail of stones. BUT THE AUTHORITIES DID NOT FIRE.

For several days, an orgy continued at the country's main television studio.

On covered, army-type trucks, vodka was brought to the raging crowd. For this reason, and because of complete impunity, the ranks of the "Anpilovites" grew, forming columns at the Rizhsky railway station and moving in discordant rows to the place of the "battle".

The authorities not only did not shoot, but even started negotiations with Anpilov, next to whom Makashov was in all the brilliance of his uniform as a colonel-general. Holding in front of you

loudspeaker, Anpilov roared simple and clear slogans: "Let the occupying, anti-Russian (he had to somewhat limit himself and epithets in public statements) government hear the mighty voice of the working people!" - "Kill the Jews!" the drunken crowd roared.

During the talks, it became clear that the opposition only requires a fixed time on television in order to convey the thoughts and aspirations of "Labor Moscow" to all of Russia. This required so much air time that the negotiations reached an impasse. Anpilov said that otherwise he would not be able to keep the "proletariat" from destroying the television studio, which his pupils already looked at as a Jewish shop somewhere in Chisinau in the early 90s.

FINALLY, THE AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN OUT OF PATIENCE.

On June 22, 1992, on the 51st anniversary of the German attack on the USSR, also at dawn, the police dispersed the pickets and tent camps of the Anpilovites who surrounded Ostankino. At the Rizhsky railway station, the crowd hurrying to help was dispersed.

Accustomed to impunity, the "proletarians" tried to resist, but the police had a lot of experience in dealing with such an audience.

With a few blows of rubber batons, the crowd was brought to its senses, and the sight of the approaching "funnel" prompted it to leave the battlefield.

Anpilov himself, as usual, was absent at that time, but on the same day he gathered a flying rally at one of the metro stations and announced that during the dispersal of the working people, 7 people were brutally killed, whose corpses were secretly taken away by truck in an unknown direction.

Anpilov could not name either the names of the dead or their place of work. No one from Trudovaya Moskva ever worked, and Anpilov, most likely, did not even know their names. Very many in his army were "one-day". When this gathering was dispersed at Ostankino, a certain tactical novelty was discovered: two dozen old women with the faces of kind grandmothers from folk tales ran up to the policemen, asking: "Son, what are you, for the Jews?"

The militiamen became furious, but did not answer, continuing to carry out the order. In Russia it is very difficult to answer such questions.

But everyone who needed to notice that they were very embarrassed, and took note of this. The old weapon, like an ax, to which Rus' was constantly called "Anpilovites", is reliable in its primitiveness.

Of course, it would be wrong to say that only vagabonds and homeless people gathered in Labor Moscow.

Of course, there was also an "active" in the party, which, in addition to Anpilov himself, included 20 more people, mainly young party workers who were left without work at the level of factory party bureaus, whose idleness of average satiety and the opportunity to spoil everyone in a row within the framework of their native enterprise ended, which was insulting and caused quite backward proletarian fury. It was a wonderful "asset", for which even the gang of Gennady Zyuganov was considered a "nest of opportunists", not to mention everyone else.

When, during the siege of Ostankino, the authorities, in order to avoid unrest and bloodshed, entered into negotiations with Anpilov, the then head of Ostankino, Yegor Yakovlev, asked the fiery fighter for the people's happiness: "You say that the oppositionists are not given time. Yes, look who doesn't leave my screen - Pavlov, Baburin,

Konstantinov.

Interrupting the head of television, Anpilov suddenly yelled: "They are not opposition, but shit!"

No one dared to argue with this definition of these gentlemen, but it was quite obvious that Anpilov really would not spare anyone's life, except, of course, his own, to justify the high confidence that he was so unexpectedly shown.

Meanwhile, in Moscow, leaflets with a portrait of the "people's hero" have already begun to circulate in a huge circulation, under which fiery words were inscribed:

"Comrade Anpilov,

Hand out the ammo

And lead us into battle

General Makashov!

Such appeals demanded a corresponding return, and the indecisive behavior of the authorities, so vividly demonstrated during the great siege of Ostankino, inspired new feats.

Before the May Day holidays of 1993, the Labor Moscow column was mixed with the so-called "officers" from the Terekhov Union of Officers and about a dozen or so well-trained street fighters trained by various groups of the National Salvation Front. It was possible to provoke powerful street riots that have not been seen in the capital for a long time, as a result of which many were injured, and one policeman was killed.

Anpilov himself, of course, did not participate in the "battle" with the police, but at a crowded rally before the procession he hoarsely shouted: "Forward! We'll sweep away... We'll destroy it!" that even the completely indifferent Moscow prosecutor's office had a desire to interrogate him. This was difficult to do, since Anpilov, being a deputy of the Moscow Council, had "parliamentary immunity."

Meanwhile, the celebration of May 9 was approaching, during which Anpilov promised to demonstrate such a show that the May Day events would seem like a "Christmas tree holiday" in kindergarten.

The authorities, twitchy and brutalized by recent events, the enraged police, who lost their fighter killed and many wounded, all promised to take "measures" from which no one would be healthy.

Moscow Mayor Yuri Luzhkov banned all unauthorized rallies and marches on Victory Day, to which Labor Moscow and the Union of Officers replied in unison that they did not care about all the bans. They will carry out the planned activities in any case.

OMON units from the region and neighboring cities began to urgently gather in Moscow. The commanders of the special forces gave short interviews to television programs, where they promised to deal with the troublemakers by some new, not yet used methods.

As a result, the most violent leaders of the "opposition" extras - Prokhanov, Limonov, Astafiev, Pavlov and Filatov, led by General Makashov - unexpectedly drove off to Sevastopol to raise the people to fight against the Ukrainian invaders, leaving Moscow completely at the disposal of Anpilov and Terekhov. And at that moment Anpilov ... disappeared.

On May 8, Anpilov was summoned to the city prosecutor's office, where he was supposed to testify about the bloody riots on May 1. Anpilov argued that the May Day events were provoked by the occupation authorities, which caused spontaneous indignation of the working people. Since it was not possible to convince him, and it was impossible to detain him due to immunity, Anpilov was released. After which he disappeared.

As it turned out later, Anpilov was going to a meeting with his "assets" from the homeless, who, remembering the May Day days, when many of them had to taste police batons and fists, demanded money in advance on May 9, that is, tomorrow.

As a result, Anpilov, having forgotten the main commandment of the leader that the working people should never see their Fuhrer except on the podium, got drunk with the "asset" to such a state that he was found only a day later beaten and in a state of the deepest hangover. The new leader of the world proletariat smelled like a distillery.

Anpilov tried to get rid of the "asset" with vodka, and put the funds allocated for them, three hundred thousand rubles, into his pocket, since the leader always has more expenses than the people.

Once it worked. But, as Lenin pointed out, the consciousness of the proletariat grows very rapidly in the conditions of revolutionary struggle. "Active", not giving up a free drink, forgetting that they were given the great honor to drink with the leader, demanded "bucks". And since the leader tried to object, he quickly got "in the eye", was robbed and thrown out into the street to sober up.

Since Anpilov's failure to appear at the rally was noticed by the whole country and could only be compared with Andropov's failure to appear at the November celebrations in 1983, everyone was waiting for an explanation. Andropov, as you know, was dying (and soon died), so many decided that only death could prevent Anpilov from coming to the rally. It was also noted that many "activists" of "Labor Moscow" likewise ignored the event, which, led by the indecisive Terekhov, was extremely boring and quiet.

Anpilov had to urgently compose a legend, which for a graduate of the Faculty of Journalism of Moscow State University looked pathetic and primitive. However, those who knew Anpilov from his journalistic work claimed that all the publications of the leader were always distinguished by primitivism and were sewn with white thread.

According to Anpilov, when he left the city prosecutor's office, having with him three hundred thousand party money (supposedly membership dues of workers who were in Labor Moscow), he immediately discovered that he was being followed. Therefore, in order to bring down the "tail", he, Anpilov, went from Pushkinskaya Street in the center of Moscow, where the prosecutor's office was located, to wind through the capital's alleys and, as a result, ended up in Butovo - on the far and very suspicious outskirts, which Moscow could not be named. Butovo is known as the area most teeming with homeless people.

According to Anpilov, it was in Butovo that he was seized by unknown persons dressed in "camouflage" without insignia. They put a gag in his mouth, handcuffed him, blindfolded him, and took him somewhere "to a forest near Moscow."

There, the leader of the world proletariat, in his words, was "professionally beaten." To beat professionally means not to leave any traces on the body of the beaten. The "party asset", of course, did not possess such art, and the leader's broken face and a huge purple lantern under his eye said the exact opposite - they beat from the heart, but not professionally. Then Anpilov was "forcibly poured into a bottle of vodka", three hundred thousand party dues were taken away and thrown out of the car into some kind of ditch, as befits insidious class enemies.

Anpilov had a very difficult conversation with the "curator", Colonel Vorobyov. He lied and writhed, but in the end he told everything, as if in spirit.

The colonel sympathized: "You have a hard job, Viktor Ivanovich, with such a contingent you must always keep your eyes open. He also got off well, he could have been killed easily. I am this public I know".

Together they came up with a version in order to blame the "occupation government" for everything. The version was somehow concocted, but for a long time they could not come up with: why the hell did the "Yeltsin clique" need all this?

It was decided this way: the authorities de-decided that the kidnapping of Anpilov "will provoke mass clashes between the working people and the OMON, which will turn into a massacre with the announcement of a state of emergency throughout the country and the establishment of Yeltsin's bloody dictatorship."

True, Anpilov himself did not dare to say such words. It's complicated. So Comrade Zyuganov had to personally pronounce them at the plenum of the Central Committee of his, according to Anpilov, "shitty opportunists." Fortunately, the "curator" was common.

On his own behalf, Zyuganov added that the authorities generally planned to kill Anpilov, and this terrible atrocity was thwarted only by a powerful "three hundred thousandth demonstration of the workers of Moscow", which, of course, never happened. But communists are like that: they think that they will disgrace themselves forever if they tell the truth even once ...

Despite the complete absurdity of Anpilov's version, and perhaps precisely because of this absurdity, Anpilov's associates decided to turn his May adventures into a proletarian feat, very, by the way, reminiscent of Horst Wessel's "feat" with the only difference that Wessel still died in a drunken brawl, and Viktor Ivanovich survived.

Sazhi Umalatova, the only person left in the country who has the right to confer the title of Hero of the Soviet Union, proposed that Anpilov be awarded this title on the proposal of the "working people".

While Anpilov's accomplices were collecting signatures for the performance, events in the country were developing so rapidly that almost all Anpilov's exploits were soon forgotten, and galloping inflation turned 300 thousand missing party rubles into an amount that was even embarrassing to remember ...

Ungrateful vagabonds in "Labor Moscow" were somewhat diluted with pensioners and veterans, believing that they would have a beneficial effect on each other. It was not difficult to get them, because Gaidar's reforms hit pensioners the hardest, actually halving the real standard of living for everyone and turning into dust the savings that people had been collecting all their lives in the hope of a secure old age.

Speaking to the bewildered and knocked out of their usual life, Anpilov, with a soulful face, said in a soft voice: "How was it in the old days, comrades? And a crust of bread - and that in half ... It was fair. The old people listened in silence and nodded.

The communist Anpilov was cunning, but he knew perfectly well that if the late CPSU had not become so indefatigably greedy on the people's blood, which, not only "in half", but even a thousandth, did not want to share with the population and fled, having robbed this population to the skin, causing today's crisis, then the native party would have reigned for another thousand years, keeping Viktor Ivanovich in petty provocateurs.

And now, before his inflamed eyes, the road was opening almost to the leaders. Although those who

sent Viktor Ivanovich, they laughed at his ambitions, because according to one of the plans (if it was successfully implemented), Anpilov himself was to be liquidated in order to turn his image into an educational legend modeled on Pavlik Morozov.

But while his "army" was needed. And not only to destabilize the situation in Moscow (outside the capital, the "Trudorossy", as they were sometimes called, were practically unknown. Even "Labor Leningrad" was no match for Moscow, because they did not contact vagabonds, but tried to recruit people at factories. This was a mistake, because there is a bottomless abyss between a real worker and a lumpen). The main task, unknown even to Anpilov himself to the end, was the desire to expose his "army" to the bullets of the government that had lost patience, and thereby confirm the thesis of bloodiness and inhumanity.

If this could be achieved, then, under certain circumstances, either the authorities, or Anpilov himself, or both of them could be blamed for this, but in any case, such an event could give good political dividends in the current unstable situation to everyone who is used to sucking them out along with the blood...

As soon as he learned about the presidential decree and received a friendly parting word: "Come on, Vitya, don't let us down!" Anpilov began to collect "assets". To his surprise, the "active" met this news without any enthusiasm. Life in extreme conditions, in other words, inhuman life, brought up a sixth sense in tramps, a kind of instinct that shows them the limit, that very "red line" that is better not to cross.

Even the "veterans" of the Ostankino siege, sensing something was wrong, refused, denied, demanding higher pay, promising to come later, but Anpilov saw in their eyes that they would not go to the White House, at least today for any money. Therefore, instead of a huge crowd, which, according to the plan, was supposed to block the central streets of the capital, Anpilov approached the building of the Supreme Council with about a hundred supporters, half of whom were pensioners.

Yelling from the balcony and listening to the chanting in senile voices: "Savetsky Sayyuz! Savetsky Sayyuz!", Anpilov went into the building and went to the dining room. First, we needed to eat. He rushed out of the house right after the president's speech and was already hungry. And secondly, he knew that the emergency session was adjourned, and most of the deputies were in the dining room.

However, entering the dining room, where the people's deputies, sitting in twos, threes at the tables, were animatedly discussing something, chewing "Taganka" sausages and picking with forks in plates with sprats, Anpilov decided not to stand in the buffet line, but immediately get down to business.

Walking between the tables, as skirmishers walked at the Novgorod Veche, Anpilov began to loudly call on the deputies to demand that weapons be handed over to the "people". "Arm the people!" - this is exactly what, according to legend, Lenin once called for. "The people," Anpilov yelled at the entire dining room, "must receive weapons in order to be able to defend themselves from dictatorship to the last drop of blood. Death to the dictator!"

At some tables, they laughed indecently, perceiving the appearance of the communist leader as the appearance of a carpet clown in the arena. Others, concentrating all their attention on food, pretended not to notice Anpilov's appearance at all. Only a few, ready to defend themselves to "the last drop of blood of the Anpilov vagabonds", greeted the appearance of Viktor Ivanovich with shouts of delight and clapping their hands.

General Makashov, who entered the pantry at that moment, grimaced when he saw Anpilov. He did not like this buffoon and shpak, who was always waving his arms, and did not hide it, although he

often lately had to work together. In addition, having been on the balcony, Makashov could make sure that no more than one and a half thousand people came to the defense of the White House, mostly "professionals", for whom rallies and shouts have recently become not only a way of life, but also the only source of income (except for pensions, who had them). The general wanted to have a quick bite to eat, but the revived broadcast called on all the deputies to urgently gather in the hall.

02:15

Alexander Rutskoi, standing on the podium, waited out the storm of applause, urging those present to calm down by raising their hands. He gathered everyone in the hall to announce his first decrees signed by him as president of the country. The hall is silent.

According to the representation of the elected representatives of the people (a nod towards Sergei Baburin), he, using the power of the President of the Russian Federation, by his order dismisses the current Minister of Defense General Grachev and Minister of State Security General Golushko. In their place were appointed: Minister of Defense - General Achalov, Minister of Security - General (Rutskoi paused) Barannikov.

A slight noise swept over the hall. Everyone turned towards the new ministers sitting in hall.

General Achalov bowed smilingly to the representatives of the people. His round face breathed, so to speak, dashing optimism.

General Barannikov, on the other hand, sat with an imperturbable look, even a little sad. Most recently, in March, when the President addressed the crowd of people on Vasilyevsky Spusk, clearly making it clear that he did not intend to obey any decisions of the Supreme Council that put the question of "impeachment" to a vote, Barannikov, along with other power ministers Grachev and Yerin, stood next to Yeltsin, demonstrating unconditional loyalty.

His behavior in those days even provoked an irritated remark from Khasbulatov: "Who is Barannikov? Minister or Adjutant? But in less than a few months, the president kicked him out as inappropriate for the position, and immediately they began to hang all the dogs on him. He was silent, because he knew that the president had every reason to do so. The department, which he was appointed to head, did not accept him as a stranger and rejected him because of the absolute incompatibility of the elite monster with the former district inspector. In the short period of his activity, the KGB officers, grinning, began to call themselves "checkmen". And this is in the ministry, where they paid with their heads and for less sarcastic things addressed to the leadership.

If climbing the career ladder requires only excitement and arrogance, combined with sharp egocentrism, then quietly leaving big politics, bypassing a prison cell, in Russia has always required great courage and intelligence.

Barannikov had courage and intelligence, too, but lately he had become so confused in his affairs with Rutskoi that he understood that the fall, the final fall of the vice president would lead to such revelations of their joint commercial activities that he would forever have to forget about calm old age in a privatized country house. That he will break the life of himself and his family, whom he dearly loved.

Seeing that the political scale suddenly swung sharply in favor of Rutskoi, he himself came to the White House and offered his services. It must be said that there were many candidates for the position of the "parallel" Minister of State Security, especially from among the former KGB generals who were expelled from the system after the "August putsch", but Rutskoi, having retained the mentality of an ordinary colonel, like every Soviet person, was mortally afraid of them.

And after all, he knew Barannikov well and knew something about him, which allowed him to hope that the former district inspector would not betray him, Rutskoy, if only out of love for himself. Still, Rutskoi's experience was not enough to understand that despite the seeming reliability of mutual responsibility, this is the most unreliable of the foundations of any fundamental construction.

As for Barannikov himself, believing in the lucky star of the dashing vice-president, who reminds many of the movie image of Chapaev, he saw with the logic of a lawyer that President Yeltsin, by his last decree, put himself in a hopeless position from the point of view of law.

Therefore, the former minister, to whom, among other things, the strings were suddenly pulled about the recent murder of Viktor Polyanichko in the North Caucasus, simply had no other choice but to come to the White House, trying in one fell swoop to throw off all the old sins and "punctures".

Barannikov did not like Khasbulatov, considering him an upstart. In addition, like so many who were educated in the spirit of communist "internationalism", which in fact always existed, and at the end of its existence and openly turned into one of the forms of racism, Barannikov was very wary of all representatives of the so-called "nationalists", especially after a long service in Baku under the leadership of the famous Heydar Aliyev.

Khasbulatov himself, like any upstart, and also for well-known reasons, was also afraid of everything connected with the KGB, and even more so of the minister himself, no matter who he was and no matter how his department was now called. Therefore, he tried in every possible way to establish the best possible relations with him. On behalf of the Supreme Council, he even presented Barannikov with a symbol of his profession for his birthday - a pistol with a name inscription.

In fairness, it must be said that Viktor Barannikov was devoted to President Yeltsin, if only because his long service in senior positions in Soviet law enforcement agencies taught him that the path to the top and, most importantly, service at the top depend solely on the manifestation of devotion to one or another ruler personally. The main thing is to bet correctly, that is, to choose such a ruler.

At one time he bet on Aliev, then on Yeltsin. Yeltsin liked him so much that, contrary to logic, the president sent him to reform the KGB for himself, hoping that a person who had not boiled in the insides of a monster before would be able to teach him. This was not the first and not the last mistake of President Yeltsin. Yes, Barannikov knew nothing about the Barnaul conspiracy. Because they didn't tell him. But a number of other charges were also brought against him.

Recently, the Ministry of Security has actually begun to merge with the most rabid and irreconcilable wing of the Supreme Council and the Prosecutor General's Office, trying with all its might to disrupt the transformations in the country and turn it onto the old proven path of a military-feudal empire. Barannikov was not personally to blame for this.

The old KGB, which had no brains, but had the instinct of self-preservation, it was thanks to this instinct that it was drawn to anything that could prolong its existence. And no ministers could force him to do otherwise. At best, the monster could be made to sit still by tucking most of its tentacles under it. But this was clearly beyond Barannikov's strength.

Rejecting him as a foreign body in his own body, the monster forced him to work for himself. Barannikov's signature flaunted on secret orders to initiate criminal prosecution of the last handful of people's deputies who do not share the position of the enraged Supreme Council: Lev Ponomarev, Gleb Yakunin and Viktor Mironov,

whom they wanted to take into custody under the infamous 70th article of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR, which many considered already abolished. And in vain. It was not abolished, but was only suspended. It was such a purely Soviet legal trick - the suspension of the most odious articles of the criminal code. It was a matter of six seconds to set them in motion.

And, of course, the monster wanted to continue doing his favorite thing - political investigation, and since Barannikov was a minister, he was obliged to set an example in this. Then he would have a chance to become his own.

This suited Barannikov, but did not suit the president, who understood that the monster, give him free rein, would swallow him and his entire entourage in one sitting.

He ousted Barannikov, and the press got it right, announcing the news under the amusing headline: "Minister Barannikov stepped on a rake."

The bet on Yeltsin turned out to be a bat. Before that, all the desires of the monster coincided with the desires of the lords, and it was easier to work.

All that was left of his former capital-authority, General Barannikov decided to bet on Rutskoi, estimating the gain as 60 against 40.

It was piquant that he, being the Minister of Security for about two years, did not really manage to find out what the Security Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow Region, headed by the bearded dissident General Savostyanov, was doing.

It is almost impossible for an alien who got inside a monster, and did not grow up in it, to understand all the intricacies of the monster's nervous system, from where signals go to thousands of tentacles in conditions of super-conspiracy and completely confusing, especially lately, subordination.

Savostyanov, an even more alien stranger than he, nevertheless, fit into the most monstrous and predatory Administration as if he had not crawled out of it since the time of Lavrenty Pavlovich. He was exceptionally polite, smiling and full of old-fashioned deference. But what he was doing in the conditions of the prohibition of political investigation, the minister himself did not really know. Drug dealers, arms dealers, dealers in state secrets, and so on - victoriously fit into the summaries and reports, ate almost all the time at the operational meetings of the board, but left a feeling of some kind of dissatisfaction.

Barannikov knew how many people from the Moscow Office deal with these issues, and what do the rest, that is, 70%? What is the huge army of metropolitan informers doing, brought together by Andropov as an appendage to the Moscow Administration and continuing to receive salaries?

Everything that is happening now in the White House did not delight Barannikov at all. He was gloomy and silent, like a gambler who came to the casino to make the last bet, knowing full well that he was now at the mercy of fate. And the work ahead of him did not inspire him at all.

A short conversation with Rutskoi showed him what was expected of him, at least at the first stage: a large number of arrest warrants had to be signed. It was impossible to talk about it, and I didn't want to. Therefore, there was no joy on the general's face from the new appointment ... The people's deputies, who were quiet, were waiting: who would Rutskoi appoint as the Minister of Internal Affairs? It turns out that the new president has not yet decided, since he has two main candidates: the former Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR, Vlasov, and the former Deputy Minister, General Dunaev,

expelled from office along with Barannikov by presidential decree on the proposal of Colonel-General Yerin, the current Minister of Internal Affairs.

A whole era has passed since the time of the Vlasov ministry, and it is unlikely that he now, with his leadership methods, will be able to properly control the situation. And in the Ministry of Internal Affairs itself, there are almost no people left on whom the former first secretary of the Rostov Regional Committee of the CPSU, promoted by Andropov to the post of minister, could really put pressure on.

Another thing is Andrei Dunaev, a 53-year-old general who recently held the post of First Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs, who, after his removal from office, left a whole army of his supporters at 6 Ogareva Street. Dunaev also managed to visit the Minister of Internal Affairs appointed to this post for several months Yeltsin in September 1991 in gratitude for the help provided during the days of the "August coup".

Then Dunaev, holding the post of Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs of the RSFSR, took the side of Yeltsin, alerted the cadets of police schools and brought them to Moscow to protect the White House. For this, the late Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR Pugo promised to shoot Dunaev first, but did not have time to fulfill his threat, becoming the only one of the "putschists" who had the courage to shoot himself after the failure of the adventure. The same Dunaev led a group of officers during the release of Mikhail Gorbachev from the "Foros captivity." But even here he was pushed into the background by the more photogenic and impudent Rutskoi.

But in gratitude, Dunaev received the post of minister - the first minister of the interior of a free and sovereign Russia.

A regular officer, who by that time had served in the police for 34 years, having passed all the posts through the ranks, starting with the detective, Dunaev conceived a complete reorganization of the structure of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, considering plans for the creation of a municipal police, as well as a mobile and well-equipped criminal police, ready to fight against crime in the conditions, as it was then thought, of a rapid entry into the market economy.

Everything was fine, but in January 1992, President Yeltsin signed a decree according to which the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Russia and the former USSR, as well as the two departments formed during the first attempt to eliminate the KGB - the Federal Security Agency and the Inter-Republican Security Service - merged into one monstrous department, called MBVD (Ministry of Security and Internal Affairs). General Barannikov, who had previously been Minister of the Interior, was placed at the head of this fabulous monster.

Even if the disciplined Dunaev then said very carefully that in such a merger "there are nuances that do not allow us to say today that an ideal option has been found," then the KGB was simply horrified by such a decision by the president and raised one of those the famous "Chekist laments" which, if not heeded in time, lead either to another coup or to events like the invasion of Afghanistan.

However, the merging of all punitive bodies into one department did not delight anyone, because the creation of such a powerful repressive body was very reminiscent of the times of Stalin and his unsurpassed punitive system.

The "Chekists" quickly dragged their old friend, who had once taught them a course in Soviet law at the KGB Academy and now held the permanent post of chairman of the Constitutional Court, Valery Zorkin, into the case, and he quickly recognized the presidential decree as "unconstitutional."

As a result, the monster was again divided in half: the MGB and the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Head the MGB

Barannikov was left, and General Viktor Yerin, whom Yeltsin knew when he was a candidate member of the Politburo of the CPSU Central Committee, was unexpectedly appointed to the post of Minister of the Interior.

In well-known circles in Moscow, there was even a rumor that all this merger and subsequent disengagement were done precisely in order to remove Dunaev from the post of minister and make room for Erin.

There was also a rumor that Dunaev was ruined by the idea of creating a municipal police, as well as the prohibition of personnel from working part-time in commercial structures.

Be that as it may, it is clear to everyone that yesterday's minister is a bad deputy for the new minister, his yesterday's subordinate. In such a situation, it is difficult to find a place on earth where the most merciless intrigues would not immediately begin. Intrigues and intradepartmental struggle began to literally tear the Ministry of the Interior apart.

At the same time, the new minister appealed to the president, and the former minister, of course, to Khasbulatov. And to whom else could one appeal, if the old unified apparatus suddenly, thanks to an absurd bourgeois invention about the democratic separation of powers, was divided into two parts?

As a result, two very sad things happened: crime in Moscow and throughout Russia reached a level unprecedented since the Time of Troubles in the 17th century, and Dunaev's reputation as "Khasbulatov's man" was firmly established. Therefore, when the crisis between the "two branches of government" began to approach its peak, Dunaev was expelled from his post and fired from his service. Where was he to go? Naturally, to the Supreme Soviet, where the disgraced general immediately told a fascinating story about how his boss, General Erin, ordered him, Dunaev, to "neutralize Anpilov," which he allegedly refused due to the latter's parliamentary immunity.

However, no matter what the conversation turned to, Dunaev stubbornly translated it to his boss, Colonel-General Yerin, telling such funny stories about him, half of which were enough at one time to arrange a car accident for Dunaev. He was sincerely sure that at least half of the leadership of the Ministry adhered to his, Dunaev's, views, and the other half simply kept quiet, but was ready to support him. In this he convinced not only himself, but also Rutskoi and Khasbulatov.

04:00

The newly appointed Minister of Defense, General Vladislav Achalov, was also confident in the support of the army. Evil tongues said that Achalov owed his entire fast career to a successful marriage to the daughter of the head of the Academy of Armored Forces, where he had once studied.

Of course, the efforts of the father-in-law influenced Achalov's promotion, but not to the extent that his many enemies would like to see. Especially after the failure of the "August coup".

Well, what is the head of the academy, and what is he capable of for the sake of his beloved son-in-law? Yes, the biggest thing is to leave him in some academic department as an adjunct, help in writing and defending a dissertation, and then get him a place as an associate professor and introduce him to professorship.

There was nothing like this in Achalov's career. All his service was in the ranks. If everyone is now admiring the dashing and technical equipment of the elite airborne units,

famous "blue berets", few people know that the actual creator of these units was General Vladislav Achalov.

A brave and risky officer, an aggressive and talented general, he personally tested all the new parachute systems for both people and military equipment, repeatedly risking his life and setting an example for his subordinates.

It was he who made the airborne units, small in number, poorly equipped, not having even one common method of combat training, a powerful and formidable branch of the armed forces, aimed in line with the state policy of the USSR to the West.

It was Achalov who achieved the creation of special landing equipment from a shortened machine gun to an amphibious tank, which could be confidently dropped by parachute along with the crew, and therefore immediately put into battle. Interacting with the famous GRU special forces, the paratroopers knew every dugout, every command post in Western Europe, and NATO troops would have had a bad time in the event of a non-nuclear conflict if the winged infantry of General Achalov had fallen on their heads.

No one in the world knew how to land people and equipment from a height not exceeding one hundred meters. Powerful transport aviation formations were ready to deliver troops even to the roof of the European Parliament in Luxembourg.

Of course, Achalov was harsh, demanding, and cursed, but let someone find a landing general who speaks the language of high-society salons. He also liked to drink, hunt, take a steam bath. The harsh life involves simple entertainment.

Alas, the first-class troops he created were not destined to test themselves in that theater of military operations, for which they had been trained for two decades. Thrown instead into the wild mountains and gorges of Afghanistan, not prepared for this senseless war either morally or materially, the paratroopers turned out to be, nevertheless, the only branch of the army that did not allow the inevitable defeat to develop into a crushing defeat with completely unpredictable consequences.

Achalov, who was transferred to the Ministry of Defense, saw everything he dedicated to collapse own life.

First, the Warsaw Pact collapsed. Parts aimed at the heart of Europe had to be urgently withdrawn to the territory of the Union, where there was no housing, no training centers and, most importantly, there was no incentive for the existence of any combat unit - a clearly defined combat mission. All this in itself was tantamount to a severe military defeat that breaks the heart of any professional. But that was only
Start.

Following the army, the last of the great military empires began to crack and break. Achalov, who by this time had become the Deputy Minister of Defense for Emergencies, rushed about with an incomplete airborne brigade around the outskirts of the Union, trying to prevent an impending catastrophe.

Like any military man who was not privy to the plans of the top party leadership, and who did not understand anything that became known to him, he strove for one thing: not to allow the separatists to destroy the country. He walked along a huge bloody arc from Baku to Vilnius, failing everywhere, no longer knowing who gave him orders, and whether he should carry out anyone's orders at all, since, as he correctly understood, there were no longer people who would have the right to give any orders.

The logic of events turned a fiery and bloody arc to Moscow, destroying the hidden hope for

that nothing like this can happen in the capital of a nuclear superpower.

Happened. Seeing the armored vehicles clogging the streets of Moscow, Achalov broke down. He realized that everything had already gone to dust. All landmarks of life were swept away.

He refused then to storm the White House, although, according to him, there was "work for 10 minutes." He went home and indulged in what he had long had urges to drink - he drank bitter, trying to extinguish the fire raging in his soul.

However, they wanted to arrest him. And they would definitely have shoved him into the so-called "GKChP case" as one of the accused, but they would have been saved by fellow deputies, they would not have been sold, like Anatoly Lukyanov. But they still pushed him out of the army. He didn't get particularly upset. What should he do in the current army, even if the Minister of Defense and almost all of his deputies at different times were his, Achalov's, subordinates?

He went to the hospital, and not at all because he wanted to avoid arrest in this way (and what hospital in our country can save from arrest?), But because of all the stresses of recent times, aggravated by sometimes unrestrained drunkenness, hypertension has worsened.

The newspapers slandered him as best they could. He, a paratrooper general, who for the first time demonstrated a jump from a height of 100 meters, the first to jump inside an airborne tank with a theoretical chance of 30 to 70 that he would crash, began to be presented in the media as a parquet intriguer who made a name for himself solely because he was lucky to marry a general daughter. And capable, of course, only of intrigue. Mainly, on political intrigues. "General for coups," the press labeled him.

Of course, when people like Achalov, like army general Moiseev, like army general Varennikov and many others are expelled from the army in one fell swoop, not only not destroying them, but also providing a very large freedom of a democratic society, then, without even wanting to, all conditions are created for a military conspiracy.

It begins to form itself, sometimes even against the wishes of its participants. It is impossible to cut off the ties of such people with the army. The military establishment bears the typical signs of caste, just like any other. And within the caste there have always existed and will exist relationships that are weakly amenable to any external influences.

Therefore, as Comrade Stalin understood perfectly well, a major military leader removed from his post should be shot on the same day so that his head would not hurt about anything later.

The heirs of Stalin were not up to the simple technique of the leader of all peoples (no man - no problem), but science that stepped forward made it possible to arrange heart attacks and strokes for disgraced generals almost immediately after being removed from office, and sometimes instead of this event.

Now, the simple technique of the distant and not very distant past was not only forgotten, but it was simply impossible to turn to the remaining specialists without the risk that all this would not appear in print tomorrow due to the fact that the "specialist" was not given time apart or he is not entirely satisfied with his pension.

And in such conditions, in the conditions of a desperate leap from the Middle Ages to the modern world, it was absolutely impossible to isolate the disgraced military from society, and even more so, from each other and from the army.

And if anyone had the feeling that the army was delighted with what was happening in

country of radical change, he was wrong.

The army, in the figurative expression of Colonel Urazhtsev, was at the moment a heap of dry leaves mixed with sawdust, ready to flare up from any spark that fell from the cigarette of any adventurer.

Colonel Urazhtsev, as always, exaggerated somewhat, forgetting to add that this very adventurer had to wear general's epaulettes, because the army looked at all current politicians with a mixed feeling of bewilderment and frank contempt. At the same time, it was completely indifferent whether this politician advocated for the army or against it.

The main thing was that the turn in state policy and the collapse of the USSR actually inflicted such a crushing defeat on the army, in comparison with which all the catastrophes of the first and second World Wars taken together could seem like child's play.

And no politician, no matter how "nightingale of the General Staff" he may be, could no longer restore everything that collapsed, swept away and ceased to exist.

And they were all to blame for what happened. And last but not least, those who now made up the leadership of the rebellious Supreme Soviet, which almost unanimously ratified the so-called Belovezhskaya agreements, which hit the army most painfully.

Similar sentiments reigned in the Armed Forces, penetrating them both vertically and horizontally. From a conscript who does not want to serve in the army and prefers a prison zone to an army barracks, to a commander who sells military property (and weapons, of course) right and left according to the principle "damn it all to hell," everything bore traces of an unprecedented military catastrophe in history.

Achalov was well aware of the mood in the army. Quite a bit of time has passed since the "August putsch", and he has already got the opportunity to travel almost freely to parts and military educational institutions, to talk sincerely and cordially with many of his former colleagues and subordinates.

No one thought to hide their moods from him. Everyone wanted to howl at the unheard of humiliation suffered by the Armed Forces, which until recently kept the whole world in fear.

But what to do? Taking the Kremlin and crushing all these Judeo-Democrats with caterpillars is a matter of five minutes. What's next? Next - to restore the USSR, Achalov argued. This is a matter of two weeks, taking into account the most remote corners of the country. What are all these independent idiotic states, starting with Ukraine? The army is ours, the Soviet one, which will remain Soviet for another hundred years.

Just send them the appropriate orders by teletype of the Ministry of Defense or the General Staff, and that's it. Everyone was afraid of civil war. With whom is the civil war, Achalov wondered. With whom to wage this war, if the army is one! It is only necessary that no one goes against each other, but that everyone unites. Or, in extreme cases, they would not interfere with us, if they are so scared.

In addition to all the humiliations and catastrophes that the army had been continuously subjected to since the Afghan adventure, which entailed a whole series of irreversible events, including the collapse of the Warsaw Pact and the defeat of Comrade Hussein's army in the Persian Gulf, she was threatened with another catastrophe - by and large, no less humiliating, than all the previous ones.

In government circles, the question of a sharp reduction in

armed forces, which any army always perceives extremely painfully, and the former Soviet army, given its specifics and tradition of fighting "in numbers and inability," even more so. In other words, the army would not say a word if someone found a magical way to restore the "status quo" that existed in 1978.

However, as much as everyone would like this, many understood that this was no longer possible. Unless, of course, some miracle happens. Let's say the United States will fall into the ocean in an instant or something like that. Of course, one can agree, in principle, with many commanders who retained their posts on the ruins of the lost empire. Upon receiving a prearranged signal, they can, in principle, quite easily arrest or disperse sovereign governments of various kinds and announce the re-establishment of the USSR with the temporary introduction of martial law on its territory.

But then a lot of questions arose. And who in Moscow will take on the burden of a military dictator? There are no personalities. Everyone is too small for such a responsibility. Ruts koy? Not serious. Varennikov? Judging by his last statements, he already has a place in the almshouse.

Here, recently speaking to high school students, the general, released from prison pending trial, told them about the Afghan war, again repeating word for word the idiotic version compiled by the once wise men from GLAVPUR for information

population.

The "limited contingent", according to the general, did nothing but plant trees in Kabul, and sometimes, at the request of local residents, assisted in agricultural work. Having finished planting trees and having established agriculture in the country, the "limited contingent" returned to their homeland.

It was clear that the general lives outside of time and space, because when asked by one of the schoolchildren, how, while performing these tasks, the "contingent" managed to lose 15 thousand people killed and 60 thousand maimed, while exterminating about a million local residents, the general said that this is all imperialist propaganda.

And, it would seem, a military general, a participant in the famous victory parade of 1945, who was most recently the commander-in-chief of the ground forces. Only two years have passed, and how quickly all the military (yes, and not only the military) figures of the era of "developed socialism" turned into dinosaurs from some kind of already seemingly prehistoric past.

Achalov modestly, with hints, offered himself to future dictators. Everyone pretended not to understand the hints, evaded, but no one said: "Yes, Slava. No one can do this post except you! It was a shame. But no one wanted to see Achalov as a dictator, just as no one wanted to become one himself. For one such careless word, you can pay with your head at the next "disassembly".

For 70 years of building a communist society, it was the military who became the smartest. The biggest thing that the most risky ones decided on was the words: "Come on, Slava! Take action! If anything, we will help, of course. But nothing concrete. And the generals began to get involved in the delights of the market, and in the past it seemed to be good too, but not so freely.

"At least," the commander of the ground forces, General Semenov, assured Achalov, "you can be sure that we will not oppose. Just don't be stupid." The Commander-in-Chief did not specify what he meant when he spoke of "nonsense", and Achalov did not ask questions either.

Meanwhile, he began to appear in the Supreme Council, to which he had every right as

people's deputy. And when Khasbulatov offered him the post of his personal military adviser, he, hating the speaker with every fiber of his wounded soul, did not refuse and was even glad. Having become close to the leadership of the Supreme Council, Achalov realized that they, in essence, were planning the same thing as he was, except for small details.

A little time passed, and Khasbulatov appointed the disgraced general as the head of the analytical group of the Supreme Council for "forecasting and studying the situation in the regions of the Russian Federation."

Now Achalov could legally travel around Russia, inciting his former colleagues and subordinates to revolt. However, with the same success as before.

However, for some reason, he had the opinion that as soon as he started, the whole army, in unison, would stand under his banner immediately upon receipt of the prearranged signal. Psychologically, this can be easily explained.

The fact that no one tried to detain him at numerous checkpoints, and the generals not only did not shy away from meeting with him, but, on the contrary, received him with sincere cordiality, talking with him over cognac in saunas, hunting and in some other places, known only to the military leadership, gave Achalov the illusion that they all share not only his views, but also his conviction in the need for forceful actions.

Frankly speaking, it was disgusting for him to work with Rutskoi and Khasbulatov, whom he sincerely considered almost the main culprits of the collapse of the country, who, although they came to their senses with some delay and are ready to partially atone for their guilt, nevertheless, they fully deserve to victory, their heinous actions in 90 and 91 were assessed by a military tribunal. And if it were his will, Achalov, he would have shot them right now, interrupting their mouse intrigues, which they continue to engage in instead of acting quickly and decisively.

Achalov himself was always ready for action and immediately, after his appointment as Minister of Defense, he tried to move on to these actions, which turned out to be no easy task. The government communications were cut off, and the emergency hotline too. Teletypes of news agencies were still working in the press center, but they did not want to transmit their orders and plans through the press at all.

As for the simple telephones of the Moscow automatic network, they worked, but all attempts by Achalov to get through to the key departments of the Ministry of Defense were in vain: either no one picked up the phone, or it was tightly busy. In several academies, I managed to get through to those on duty. They silently listened to the order: all listeners and command personnel with service weapons should go to the defense of the White House, they answered that everyone would report to the command and hung up. Achalov served in the army for too long not to know that they are reacting in the wrong way to an order given personally by the Minister of Defense.

Having received such an order, the officer on duty has every right to raise the academy "in the gun", and the head of the academy, wherever he is, is obliged to report directly to the Minister of Defense on the implementation of the order within 15 minutes. But no one reported anything and no one marched to the White House with an orchestra and service weapons. It was annoying, because Achalov had his own plan, which he even in principle did not want to coordinate with "president" Rutskoi, whom he despised no less than Khasbulatov.

The plan was to quickly take over the Kremlin, the General Staff, the GRU and state television. This was to be followed by the arrest of Rutskoy and Khasbulatov, the passage through the remnants of the Supreme Council (or without it) of the law on the state of emergency with the "temporary" transfer to him, Achalov, of dictatorial powers. And then, as it seemed to him, everything would already be a matter of technology. Everything, up to the reconstruction of the Warsaw Pact and the Berlin Steppe.

Achalov's activities as head of the analytical group for "forecasting and studying the situation in the regions of the Russian Federation" were not limited to the territory of Russia. He visited almost all the countries of the former Warsaw Pact and spoke with the right people, who, although they were not destiny and without pensions, and sometimes under investigation, nevertheless assured the general that as soon as Russia started, the former satellites would detonate instantly and return power to the "working people", as they poetically liked to call the one-party totalitarian dictatorship.

In March, Achalov also visited his old acquaintance, Saddam Hussein. After Desert Storm, where Saddam was framed in the dark by Soviet cronies, the Iraqi dictator listened to Achalov's plans gloomily and coldly. Achalov again asked for help from an old friend. A real trifle: after the start of events in Russia, could not he invade somewhere again in order to divert the attention of the West (primarily, of course, the Americans) from the events in the territory of the former USSR? Where to invade? Let's say again to Kuwait. Or to Jordan, ostensibly to reach the Israeli border. Or, as a last resort, once again fuse with a couple of Scuds in Tel Aviv?

Hussein listened benevolently, as it should be in a conversation with a guest according to Islamic tradition, even if after the conversation the guest had to be slaughtered. Nodding. But he no longer wanted to get into any business with the Russians. Perhaps the general does not know what it cost him, Hussein, to stop American tanks halfway to Baghdad? No, it's all. Attack Kuwait yourself and anyone you like, and he will look at it from Baghdad and, if everything ends well, he will order this operation to be dismantled at a scientific conference at the Military Academy.

Help with money? This is please. Weapons? Have you run out of weapons? Is it safer to transport it from Iraq than, say, from Teply Stan, where Saddam's presidential guard was trained? We agreed on \$10 million.

Achalov himself, we must give him his due, had no particular predilection for big money and, unlike many of his colleagues, did not engage in embezzlement. For which, by the way, many did not like him. He handed over the money received from Hussein to Khasbulatov. He raised his intelligent eyes to the general. "An emergency fund," Achalov explained. "Hold until the occasion."

Khasbulatov loved money, and very much. He received his salary in fifteen places and with great pleasure, but he did not even touch this money. In the blue-gray eyes of the landing general, such ice floes gleamed that Ruslan Imranovich understood with the sixth sense of a hardened adventurer: if something happened, Achalov would shoot him, and he would not say a word.

Now, having made sure that no one is in any hurry to fulfill his orders and his promises, Achalov, striving for active actions with all his dynamic nature, decided to start these actions with the help of those insignificant forces that were already at his disposal. True, purely theoretically, since he did not even know their exact composition, as well as how much one could rely on these "forces".

It was about the "Union of Officers" of Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, but there was no way to really find out from him what the composition of this "Union" was, at least in Moscow. Terekhov skillfully obfuscated, letting it be known that almost an entire army had gathered under his banner, but at numerous meetings of the Soyuz, Achalov saw only elderly veterans sitting, leaning on old men's canes, in baggy old-fashioned uniforms. The last participants in the Great War, who were hit by another national, in their opinion, catastrophe, ready for anything in the name of the return of old times. They were ready for anything, but, alas, they could do very little. They spoke, and even then with difficulty, symbolizing the forever passing era of great madness.

And there were almost no young people. "They are in the service," the lieutenant colonel said pointedly.

Terekhov. They don't want to "shine". What are the orders now? They'll kick you out of the army in six seconds."

05:30

Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov knew what he was talking about. He himself had already been kicked out of the army once. But the times were such that the lieutenant colonel sued the Minister of Defense, General of the Army Pavel Grachev ... and won the process. The case for Russia is incredible, even if you look at the entire thousand years of its fixed history. Such were the times during the period of the "dictatorship" of President Yeltsin.

Slightly out of breath, the lieutenant colonel flew into Achalov's office. He was brought from home by a specially sent messenger. The leader of the "Union of Officers" was burdened with his wife and three daughters, but in spite of this, and maybe that's why, he was eager to fight like no one else. He called on everyone to take decisive action, fiercely criticizing all the movements and groups that merged into the National Salvation Front for their love of talking shops and indecisiveness in action.

He despised Makashov for devoting too much time to his dacha. He did not like the former KGB general Sterligov, believing that he, rather clumsily and reluctantly playing the role of the all-Russian leader imposed on him by the "office", was simply doing his deeds under the guise. Even to the "Fiery Tribune of the Opposition", the former General Filatov, who, in an atmosphere of complete impunity, openly demanded the assassination of the president from the pages of The Day, Terekhov treated without due respect.

It's easy to write in a newspaper, but you yourself take a machine gun and slap the president. Then you will be a man of action. "We need not to rant, but to act," Terekhov remarked gloomily after reading Filatov's article.

Terekhov respected only General Achalov, from whom came a powerful energy of action, although, for the sake of justice, it should be noted that General Achalov still "acted" no more than the rest. But he was also a member of the Union of Officers, something like an honorary chairman.

There was no reason for Achalov to "shine" too much: after all, he was a people's deputy. At any of his careless actions, the press raised a wild howl, asking the same academic question: is the paratrooper general acting on his own initiative or is he following the order of Khasbulatov, whose subordinate he is now?

And with Terekhov everything was like water off a duck's back. He was a swift and irresponsible person, and quarrelsome, besides, with a penchant for primitive intrigue, as befits a former political worker. If anyone, seeing the dashing appearance and prowess of Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, decided that he had earned two lieutenant colonel stars in some cool "special forces" in the wild and gloomy gorges of Afghanistan or the jungles of Angola, then he would be cruelly mistaken. For the lieutenant colonel, thirsting for action, earned his stars in the field of political work.

In his youth, he graduated from the military-political school, which supplied the air defense forces with political officers and released Komsomol secretaries. Those who served in the Soviet army know very well that political workers made their careers by the methods of reverse natural selection. Crackling demagoguery, the sonorous pronunciation of Marxist-Leninist incantations that no one understands, the ability to lie with a radiant look, and all this, combined with denunciations of combat officers, up to: who said what and who sleeps with whom, predetermined the quick career of political workers, who always quickly overtook in ranks of combat workers.

Apparently, Terekhov had all these qualities in abundance, since he was fabulously quickly able to

enter the Lenin Military-Political Academy and even graduate with honors. For a knowledgeable person, this means that his brains were already completely dislocated inside out so much that they were even afraid to send him to some part, but left him in full-time adjuncture at the department of military law.

In a lawless society, departments of law were everywhere. The topic of Terekhov's dissertation could be the envy of Aramis himself, who, being a Jesuit, turned out to be in fact the progenitor of all the political rubbish of the communist armed forces.

In 1989, with the support of the Main Political Directorate of the Armed Forces, Terekhov even tried to run for the Supreme Council, but since he forgot how to speak human language long ago, and Marxist spells were already working poorly that year, he lost the election.

In the meantime, the Soviet Union collapsed, the army was divided into republics, political bodies were abolished, and someone, not without a sense of humor, renamed the Military-Political Academy into the Humanitarian Academy. In other words, the familiar world was pulled out from under the 38-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov and the non-dusty work of duping personnel was taken away, which was unbearable for a person whose whole life was clearly scheduled up to the receipt of the third general star of Colonel General.

Academic activity lost all meaning, and the makings of a former "political instructor" were very useful in the sweet poison of rallies, where it was possible to pronounce any inflammatory and provocative slogans with pathos to the heady roar of supporters.

In 1991, Terekhov registered the "Union of Officers" he created as "a public club engaged in the social protection of military personnel." But no club, of course, did not work out, and no one was going to create it.

The idea of \u200b\u200bcreating the "Union" was that through it Terekhov undertook to supply the "National Salvation Front" with professional militants, mainly from officers who were dissatisfied with the collapse of the communist regime and the changes taking place in the country. From this idea, perhaps, something would have happened if Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov had really been a military man. But a political worker, and even with an academic education, the only thing he is capable of in the real conditions of our current existence is either to bask in the shadow of Zyuganov, or to become a professional provocateur, since such a person is simply not capable of anything else.

This was seen by the command. As a result, in November 1992, Terekhov, by order of the Minister of Defense, was transferred to the reserve due to "complete service inconsistency", although no one explained to him what he, with his education and training, should do in order to "correspond"? Teach soldiers the basics of Orthodoxy? To instill in them a love for the so-called "universal values", which he did not know and did not want to know? From this one word with a clear Zionist odor, it was tempting to puke ...

It would seem that Terekhov should have spit on the ministerial order and become professional people's leaders. Moreover, the former structures of GLAVPUR did not sit without money, having received a solid jackpot from the late CPSU and readily financing any instability in the country.

An, no. The dashing political instructor did not want to leave the service. Yearning for the old days, when he would have been rotting away in some remote area with his family for even lesser pranks, Terekhov, knowing full well that the old days were gone, simply showing off his impudence and impunity, sued Minister of Defense Grachev with a lawsuit for "illegality of his order", dismissing him, Terekhov, from the army. Terekhov appealed to the court of the Moscow garrison and, since the wording of the minister's order was, as usual, vague and

unconvincing, the court, in a democracy, found Terekhov's dismissal illegal, and in April 1993 Army General Grachev was forced to cancel his order.

The victory over the Minister of Defense brought Terekhov a new wave of scandalous fame and an excess of self-confidence. He immediately filed a new lawsuit against the Minister of Defense, demanding to reimburse him for the moral and material costs associated with the dismissal, which the dashing political instructor determined to be a million rubles in cash at 1992 prices, as well as vouchers for himself and his family to a government sanatorium "in order to restore health."

If the legal attack on the military department, intimidated by democracy, was generally successful, then things were going poorly with the "Union of Officers". The contingent consisted of pensioners (which, in principle, is nice, but not in such numbers!) and, as one would expect, of the same former political workers as Terekhov himself. Even worse.

Basically, these were graduates of the Lvov Political School, famous throughout the army, forging cadres of political enlightenment work in units: heads of clubs and editors of army newspapers. All were dashing talkers, but the "militants", of course, were useless among them. There were, of course, others who were ready for street fighting and seemed to know how to conduct them, but there were ridiculously few of them.

In order to consolidate forces, Terekhov, as a true political worker, came up with a badge for the members of his "Union", in the design of which tribute to new trends was paid: an eagle sat in the foreground, and a five-pointed star of an incomprehensible color was erased into the background. Moreover, the eagle was not imperial-Orthodox, two-headed, but single-headed, surprisingly reminiscent of the American white-tailed eagle, importantly perched on all the symbols of the United States.

So the "Eagle and Star" of the Terekhov "Union of Officers" surprisingly resembled the badge of American volunteers during the war between the United States and Spain. It is not known which agent of international Zionism slipped this sketch to a not very literate political worker, because Terekhov, as he was taught at the school and academy, naturally could not endure, seeing, perhaps, and not without reason, that it was in him the source of all troubles, so unexpectedly fallen on the USSR and their native party.

Wishing to show international imperialism, so that it does not imagine itself, that there is still someone to fight it, Terekhov, having gathered the All-Army Officers' Meeting in January 1993, announced the creation of "control structures of the People's Salvation Army" along with "a warning to the governments of unfriendly countries and aspirants to world domination. To make everything look clearer and more concrete, Terekhov, blushing like a girl (apparently from his insignificant rank), cheered up the retired generals sitting in the hall (who, of course, did not serve) with a combat tirade: "We will not put up with those who pull their hands to our riches. We will beat these hands! We know about your plans. The entire aviation of the world is not enough to take out the corpses of your soldiers from our land.

The picture of a string of huge American transport planes, which, having delivered humanitarian aid to Russia, actively consumed by almost all the retirees sitting in the hall, loads the corpses of their soldiers on the return flight, piled up near the runways, was so grandiose and had such an effect on the well-fed old men that they gave Terekhov a stormy ovation, which was replaced by the solemn chords of the anthem of the Soviet Union. "In battles we decided the fate of generations, we will sweep the vile invaders out of the way!" Naturally, the participants in the All-Army Assembly accused General Grachev of treason, demanded that he be put on trial under the firing squad, Article 64 of the Criminal Code, and they decided to appoint Colonel General Achalov in his place.

It must be said that Achalov himself looked at all these gatherings with less and less pleasure, although he was listed in the Union of Officers. He saw that with this "Union" you would not go far. Like any military officer, and even more so a paratrooper, Achalov had his own opinion about the huge cohort of former political workers. And this opinion was not very high, to say the least. If he ever had to use the connections of his father-in-law, it was only once, when he, then commanding a division, was seized by the army political department, who saw in the Achalov division a lack of visual agitation on the topic "Lenin lived, Lenin lives, Lenin will live forever!"

The skeptical smirk constantly wandering on the broad handsome face of General Achalov, from which he could not get rid of, sitting at meetings of the "Union of Officers", of which he had the honor to be, did not give Terekhov peace. Generals generally speak little, and junior officers are perfectly able to understand everything that is needed from the movement of the general's lips. In this case, it was quite obvious that Achalov was not very pleased with the Terekhov army, which consisted of pensioners and "balalaika players", as the graduates of the Lvov Political School were called in the army.

In order to slightly raise the combat training of his Soyuz, Achalov handed over to Terekhov his, so to speak, strategic reserve: 15 paratroopers personally devoted to him, which mainly included captains and majors from the experimental unit for testing landing weapons.

Needless to say, how dashing these guys were, despising any danger and death itself. Achalov at one time recruited a team of testers from volunteer cadets and could proudly say that he was practically not mistaken in any candidate. But like any military professionals, and even more so, so young (the oldest was barely 30 years old), they were poorly versed in politics, but they were used to trusting their general and following him wherever he ordered.

This time he ordered to go to the Union of Officers. Being representatives of a very elite part, these officers looked with contempt at the cowardly Lvov "balalaika players", condescendingly at the old men in old-fashioned uniforms, and without any enthusiasm at Terekhov himself.

From their views, Terekhov developed an acute inferiority complex. He really wanted to prove to these silent people that he, too, could do something, except to chatter slogan speeches at patriotic rallies.

The inferiority complex, especially experienced constantly, is a very dangerous thing. At one time, he ruined Hitler - a simple soldier who tried to prove to the swaggering Kaiser generals that he, too, was worth something. How it ended is known. It was just as difficult for Terekhov to prove to the military officers who had gone through both Afghanistan and the damn pipes that he was worthy to lead them ...

May Day 1993 provided Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, "thirsty for action", with the opportunity to demonstrate his prowess. Since the authorities did not react in any way to any words addressed to them, the time has come to "probe this authority with a bayonet," as Lenin liked to say. It was decided to organize street riots, which, according to Terekhov and Anpilov, should cover the entire city, lead to a nationwide uprising, followed by the capture of the Kremlin and the capture of the "occupation government". And his overthrow, of course.

Achalov did not like this plan. He knew well that out of the chaos of street riots, a monster could be born that would devour everyone: both the right and the guilty. He still remembered Vilnius well in January 1991, when his military victory over the local

The teleinformation complex was precisely the pretext that actually snatched the Baltic States forever from two hundred years of relatively calm cohabitation with Russia and threw it into the reluctant embrace of the West.

The general shrugged. Just don't overdo it. But he ordered his paratroopers to stay in the background, behind the backs of the Anpilov homeless and various "ideological" volunteers, and for the time being more to look closely than to act.

As usual, on the eve of the holiday, various "public groups" submitted applications to the Moscow government, how importantly the city hall was called, to hold rallies and processions. The government, already taught by bitter previous experience, when after patriotic rallies and processions it took a month to bring these areas of the city into a residential form, shoveling garbage and broken windows, sawing down trees broken from hatred for the Jews and re-covering the asphalt, desperately tried to allocate places further away for these gatherings. from the center so as not to block traffic. It allowed the May Day meeting of the implacable opposition, clearly indicating the place of assembly and the route of the procession.

On May 1, 1993, the columns, made up of Anpilov's "Trudoviks", Terekhov's "balalaika players" and Ilya Konstantinov's various rabble, warming themselves up at the rally with the exciting speeches of their "leaders", suddenly changed their route and went to the Aeroflot station, where blocks of houses rose so called "improved planning", which served for years as the place of residence of the nomenklatura of the middle class, that is, the most numerous, and therefore powerful.

Since the crowd that blocked the avenue had already been inciting a grandiose Jewish pogrom for several years, and in the absence of a Jewish quarter in the city, they were constantly dragged to the houses of the nomenklatura, on which someone's experienced hand from time to time painted six-pointed stars of David with the unpretentious call "Death to the Jews!" , it is not surprising that after walking several hundred meters in this direction, the crowd stumbled upon a police chain lined up across the avenue.

The police were without weapons, but in full gear: in helmets, body armor, with shields and clubs. In the old days, at the sight of such a formidable display of dissatisfaction by the authorities, the crowd usually stopped, aggressively listened to admonitions poured on them through a loudspeaker by some militia colonel, and in the end dispersed, in the depths of their souls rejoicing that there was no collision.

Even during the famous siege of Ostankino, when vodka and the speeches of the leaders heated the crowd to the limit, they nevertheless avoided open confrontation with the police, and when the latter's patience snapped, they offered only token resistance. In fact, none, except for the obscene language against law enforcement agencies.

This time, without stopping, the crowd ran straight into the police chain. The dump started. Clubs flashed, under which several old veterans had been substituted in advance. It would seem that the crowd, peacefully marching under the red and yellow-black-and-white old imperial banners, immediately bristled with iron bars and sharpeners that pierced police shields. As a result, one policeman was killed, several wounded, hundreds were injured. But the battlefield was left to the police, several dozen "demonstrators" were arrested, and the bloodied faces of veterans were shown on TV. The old men's lips were trembling with shock and indignation. How many May Day demonstrations have been in their lives, but they can imagine nothing like this even in a nightmare

could not.

Meanwhile, the police began to create an identikit of a man who, according to numerous witnesses, led the massacre and drove cars to the place of the "battle", from

which all comers were given iron bars.

If the best portrait painter in the world undertook to paint the image of Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, then he would certainly have less resemblance to the original than on a police identikit.

Almost the entire country recognized Terekhov by the identikit, but the television broadcasting this identikit was broadcasting behind the scenes in Levitan intonations: "In connection with the May Day riots, the internal affairs bodies are looking for a citizen corresponding to the specified identikit. According to the testimony of witnesses: the hair and mustache are fair-haired ...".

While the all-Russian search was buzzing, and the press was speculating about the mysterious disappearance of Anpilov, Terekhov himself applied to the mayor's office for a rally and procession dedicated to Victory Day on May 9th. City Hall immediately responded with a ban.

Then Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov replied that the rally and the procession would take place in any case, whether the mayor's office wanted it or not. And no orders to him - no orders.

Reinforcements of the police and riot police from nearby cities began to arrive in Moscow. High police officials were giving interviews, making it clear that they were ready to most severely avenge the death of their comrade on May 1.

The tension grew. The Anpilov bums, who had become cowardly, understood with their sixth sense that the disappearance of their leader gives them an excellent opportunity to refrain from political activities on May 9th. Other groups and little groups subdued as well. And the wise comrade Zyuganov called on the Communists to refrain from any actions related to the violation of law and order. Although a week ago he himself yelled at a rally that the laws of the occupying government can in no way be binding on the people who are fighting for their liberation.

As a result, the right to march was granted only to Terekhov and his "Union of Officers". Under the banner of the "Union", which received official permission for the rally and march, all the cowardly opposition groups gathered, creating the impression that the "Union of Officers" covers almost the entire officer corps not only in Russia, but also in the CIS.

Terekhov himself, who came to the fore in connection with the disappearance of Anpilov, willingly flaunted in front of the camera, telling, without embarrassment, how he fought with the police on May Day holidays, having received on the day of proletarian solidarity "five blows with a club on the hump and two on the head."

However, it cannot be said that the May Day events went completely unpunished for Terekhov. The head of the academy, General Omelichev, for participating in and provoking street riots, reprimanded the adjunct reinstated in court, apparently hoping to once again get rid of him by the old bureaucratic method - by three reprimands.

Terekhov was offended. Having listened to the "reprimand" of the senior in rank, who could not possibly be declared a democrat or a Zionist, Terekhov, blushing, said not without a challenge: "Do not rush to fire me. I will be awarded with an order!"

But he left the general angry, his heart was seething. Who is General Bronislav Omelichev? One of the top leaders of the former GLAVPUR, a member of the party nomenklatura, who put on a military uniform on the orders of the party!

Without even thinking about the possible consequences for himself, the frustrated Terekhov almost publicly made a statement: "General Omelichev himself used to be a partocrat. And now all of them have changed, attached themselves to the new government ..."

Terekhov's resentment was incomprehensible. It was not clear whether it was good or bad to be listed earlier as a partocrat.

But the frustration quickly passed, as journalists simply did not depart from the new celebrity, inspiring him to new speeches:

"The government will soon leave or be overthrown, all the crimes it has committed will be punished in court. We are in control. If there is a danger of a coup, we will take extreme measures!"

— You and your fighters? the journalist asked cautiously.

"We have no militants," Terekhov replied sharply. We are a peaceful organization. And if we are strong in something, it is in our mass character.

At the celebration of May 9, Terekhov threw out a slogan, enthusiastically picked up by all the wings of the opposition: "We have reached the Reichstag, we will reach the Kremlin!" This would be the slogan, but in 1945!

But times were clearly different. Many, even those who were lucky enough once to sign on the walls of the Reichstag, now itched their hands to sign under similar circumstances on the walls of the Kremlin. But the arms were still short.

Therefore, Terekhov was heard very quickly and after the May events he was immediately made deputy chairman of the "Public Committee for the Protection of the Constitution and the Constitutional Order", headed by the scandalous deputy Vladimir Isakov. To free up such a high place for a beginner, I had to move. But this had a special meaning. The presence in the ranks of the irreconcilable opposition of an active service officer, behind whom, according to him, almost the entire officer corps of the army stands, gave special weight to the opposition, which, as it seemed to her, could now talk to the government, if not from a position of strength, then, at least on an equal footing.

Thus, the political officer-lieutenant colonel was swept by the whirlwind of the dynamic life of the prince-frondeur: rallies, press conferences, showdowns with the police, appearances in court on charges of hooliganism, then of inciting "interethnic strife" along with a well-acquired friend, professional anti-Semite Nikolai Lysenko, or incitement to sedition. The meetings of the "Union of Officers" became closed and intriguingly secret.

On May 29, delegates gathered outside the building of the Proletarian District Council of Moscow, who arrived at the inter-republican meeting of the council of the "Union of Officers", representing, according to them, thirty official Russian branches of the "Union" and one underground, from Transnistria. But even among the delegates, except for the Pridnestrovians, gray-haired elders with remnants of their former military bearing prevailed. Retired commissars.

They were waiting for the bus, which was supposed to take them to a safe house - away from the prying eyes of the "Okhranka" of the occupation regime. The safe house turned out to be the House of Culture of the ZIL plant in another district of the capital. The old people liked to play according to the Marxism and Armed Insurrection method, and Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, it would seem, had no need to play. However, he was the ringleader of the game. This happens only in two cases: when they pay well and when they are given very strict orders. Rarely, but sometimes these two stimulating factors merge into one. Then very often the game turns into a fight ...

And now the time has come. Trying not to look into the cold ice-cold eyes of General Achalov, Lieutenant Colonel Stanislav Terekhov, taking a breath, reported to the new Minister of Defense about his arrival.

"Do nothing without an order," Achalov ordered. "Get your people to the building. Distribute the posts of external and internal guards among them," the general paused and added. - And no initiative.

Before the eyes of Achalov, there was still a procession of many thousands of the "Union of Officers" on Victory Day on May 9th. He already imagined that if at least half came to the White House now, then the case could be considered won. But the general's eyes remained cold and empty.

06:00

The cold and empty eyes of General Achalov stood before the mind's eye of Alexander Rutskoy when he, nervously pressing the buttons of the Italian telephone, tried to get through to the headquarters of the 14th army stationed in Transnistria. The headquarters was in Tiraspol, and Rutskoi urgently needed to talk with the commander of the army, Lieutenant General Alexander Lebed.

If Colonel-General Achalov hated Rutskoi fiercely, then it would be fair to say that Rutskoi did not much like Khasbulatov's adviser on military issues and forecasting regional politics. And not so much disliked as afraid.

Firstly, it was that genetic fear that any colonel, whoever he was, should always experience in front of a colonel general, and one should not forget that when Rutskoi was still an unknown colonel, General Achalov was already deputy minister defense.

Secondly, Rutskoi and Achalov in the memorable August days of 1991 found themselves on opposite sides of the barricades, and if Rutskoi then fell into the clutches of Achalov, one would not even want to think what could have happened to the unfortunate aviation colonel, who decided to play big politics. Forced now to appoint Achalov as Minister of Defense, Rutskoi acted not of his own free will, but, as it were, carried out the will of Khasbulatov and his inner circle, for whom Achalov was his deputy brother.

Rutskoi, however, when the issue of appointment was being decided, drew the attention of the Presidium of the Supreme Council to a number of Comrade Achalov's shortcomings, among which, according to Rutskoi, was the former paratrooper's too strong addiction to strong drinks. This caused wry smiles from everyone, even Ruslan Imranovich himself. In Russia, such weakness has never been considered a disadvantage - whoever is drunk and smart, has two virtues in him. And besides, which was also well known to everyone, the new president himself (as well as the "parallel" president in the Kremlin) was also not at all a fool to drink. To say the least.

But Rutskoi didn't want to talk about that at all. With a heightened adventurer's instinct, he felt that Achalov would deal with everyone, including himself, the presidium, and Ruslan Imranovich himself, if they won. And if they lose, then everything will fall on them. But I didn't want to think about losing at all, and winning, led by Achalov, promised very gloomy prospects. I saw something absolutely terrible, like a shooting in the yard in the light of car headlights ...

Therefore, Rutskoi constantly thought about replacing Achalov with someone who would be closer to him in status and not hate him so fiercely. And, of course, General Lebed was the first to come to mind. It was he who, in August 1991, contrary to the order of Achalov, led his paratroopers not to storm, but to defend the White House. On this occasion, the darkest rumors circulated around the capital, but it was the airborne assault vehicles with which Lebed surrounded the building of the Supreme Council that discouraged General Achalov from storming this building.

Unlike others who actively made their careers in the August events, General

These events did not bring special glory and benefit to Lebed. Moreover, the general was quietly pushed out of Moscow, allegedly with a promotion: to the post of commander of the 14th Army in Moldova. The appointment, frankly, was not a fun one, and, apparently, some in Moscow hoped that General Lebed would either lay down his violent head in Moldova, or be so compromised that he would only have to howl at rallies, like Generals Makashov and Sterligov. However, neither one nor the other happened, but rather the opposite.

Moldova - the former Moldavian Socialist Republic, like many other things in our country, was created by the genius of Comrade Stalin, who, in his usual rude manner, took Bessarabia from Romania in the summer of 1940 and annexed a piece of Ukraine to it. The leader of all peoples did everything for centuries, and it turned out to be extremely difficult to break what he had done, requiring new blood streams. When the Soviet Union collapsed, and its former republics one after another declared their state sovereignty, Moldova immediately started talking openly about reunification with Romania, although neither Bucharest nor Chisinau were ready for such a step.

Moreover, no one took the very idea of uniting relatively wealthy Moldova with Romania, robbed to the skin by the communist regime of Ceausescu, very seriously. However, such conversations, as well as the law on the state language adopted in Chisinau (which concerned only executives and those employed in the service sector, which accounted for less than 3% of the population) served as an excuse for the former party nomenclature and active KGB agents to declare a Russian-speaking strip of land sandwiched between the left bank of the Dniester and the Ukrainian border, an independent state.

All this was created under the unpretentious slogan "Romanization threatens us" and "We don't want to go to Romania!" The adventurers who seized power in Tiraspol, led by the former KGB agent Igor Smirnov, launched, as befits the former communists, a crackling and demagogic campaign to indoctrinate the left-bank population, where people with the intrigues of world Zionism and hints that the Romanians are Italian Jews, exiled to At one time from the country for an addiction to the ritual murders of Christian babies, more sophisticated methods were also used: all those who do not know the Romanian language will be sent to Russia or Ukraine with confiscation of property, or even shot. In Chisinau, the relevant lists have already been prepared.

Protest rallies, strikes, and the organization of self-defense units began. Then parallel authorities appeared, which, in an atmosphere of escalating hysteria, held an illegal referendum on secession from Moldova, creating a territory declared "the first liberated territory of the USSR".

But such stories never end there, because any idea of separatism, especially if behind this idea there is a passionate desire of the communist nomenklatura to preserve its power and privileges in the new conditions, sacrifices are necessary, because, as Lenin also pointed out, "blood and divides forever, and sleeps forever,

Attempts by the Moldovan authorities to restore order on the left bank led to open resistance, which quickly escalated into sporadic hostilities with their daily escalation. The bloody psychopath Kostenko, appointed to command the "self-defense forces", shell-shocked in Afghanistan, having received people and weapons from the new Tiraspol authorities, acting according to the methodology tested in Afghanistan, began by massacring the Moldovans who had the misfortune to live on the left bank of the Dniester. This quickly led to the well-known Bendery tragedy.

Under these conditions, the 14th Army, having fallen into the thick of it, tried to maintain at least a semblance of neutrality. Army military warehouses were besieged by hysterical women led by a certain Andreeva - the owner of a thunderous voice, who appeared in public not

otherwise than with a holster on the side. From the warehouses of the 14th Army, not only machine guns and machine guns disappeared, but also grenade launchers, Alazan rocket launchers, and later infantry fighting vehicles and landing tanks.

Gradually, the neutrality of the 14th Russian army in the internal conflict of Moldova became more and more illusory: groups of people who called themselves Cossacks were equipped with its weapons, although, in most cases, they were adventurers with a criminal past, with a disturbed psyche, obsessed with desires to shoot, rob and kill.

In the midst of these events, Lebed was appointed commander of the 14th Army. He considered his main task to stop the military madness and bloodshed, from which, due to the specifics of such conflicts, almost exclusively the civilian population suffered. And he stopped the war, while making some very harsh statements about the cowardly and spineless Moscow politicians. But protecting the inhabitants of Transnistria from military madness, General Lebed - whether he wanted it or not - together with them defended the self-proclaimed regime in Tiraspol, which he himself, having somewhat understood the situation, would call "bandit".

The essence of the "Tiraspol regime" was exposed in the very first months of calm. The self-proclaimed leaders of Transnistria were in no hurry to negotiate with Chisinau about their status within Moldova. On the other hand, they feverishly created their own border troops, customs offices and ministries, of which seventeen were created. The newly-minted leaders quickly moved into brand new Mercedes, acquired mansions, luxurious offices and bodyguards.

The reconnaissance of the 14th army quickly presented the commander with materials that slightly revealed to Alexander Lebed the behind-the-scenes life of the Tiraspol elite. It turned out that they were by no means sure of victory and prepared their retreat in advance - foreign currency accounts in foreign banks, foreign passports and warm places in various "dark" companies in Europe, most interestingly - in Romania! The source of their income was speculation in weapons and gasoline, which they resold at crazy prices ... to right-bank nationalists in Chisinau! And all this was done in the course of hostilities. It quickly became clear that everything started by a gang of adventurers led by Igor Smirnov under the slogans of protecting the Russian people, independence and human rights was done solely for the sake of personal enrichment.

Moreover, some time later, General Lebed unexpectedly held a press conference, at which journalists learned something absolutely stunning: the "power" ministries of the self-proclaimed republic are led by people who pretend not to be who they really are. Minister of State Security V. Shevtsov is in fact Antyufeev, and Minister of Internal Affairs N. Matveev is the famous Baltic Chekist Goncharenko. Both at one time barely got their feet out of Latvia, where criminal cases were opened against them. There are about fifty of them in Transnistria, hiding under false names, the commander explained. All of them occupy leadership positions and all are tied to a dark and bloody past, sometimes purely criminal.

"Should we be surprised," the general asked the journalists, "the rampant crime and arbitrariness on this long-suffering piece of land, declared an independent state?"

"Crooks and criminals of all stripes," General Lebed summed up the press conferences, "always run to where they have the least chance of being caught ... Intelligence subordinate to me does not sleep, and on the basis of the data obtained by it, I dare to assert: Pridnestrovie and its capital Tiraspol today is one of the main "raspberries" of the inveterate criminal fraternity. Why the prosecutor and the Minister of Security do not deal with them is easy to guess. Such crime is called organized because the criminals are closely intertwined and

intermarried with those whose duties include its disorganization ... "

In response to such a statement by the general, in addition to defamation of Lebed in the local press, the Pridnestrovian "authorities" responded by creating the "Dniester" battalion, which was subordinate to the Minister of Internal Affairs, the fugitive "Baltic" Matveev-Goncharenko. The battalion, made up of outright criminals, was preparing to carry out the main task: to capture the headquarters of the 14th Army and arrest its command. But such a global task was clearly not up to the Dniester battalion yet.

Therefore, the Dniester battalion, openly focused on terrorist activities, began its combat training with an attack on the military personnel of the 14th Army. They were seized on the streets for no reason, beaten, mocked, tearing off their berets. One officer was arrested and sent to the local commandant's office. Raised on alarm, a company of paratroopers surrounded, on the orders of Lebed, the commandant's office and demanded the release of the officer. Released. The general warned that if the authorities did not stop the arbitrariness, he would stop it himself, decisively and cruelly. He was already well known, and therefore they were very frightened, and the Dniester battalion was ordered not to show itself in any way until better times, the onset of which they were looking forward to.

It was at this time that eminent Moscow guests frequented Tiraspol. First Alksnis and Baburin, then Makashov and Pavlov, and then Rutskoi himself. I must say that all this evil-criminal-Chekist punks, who huddled in a flock around "president" Smirnov, did not make a strong impression on Rutskoi. The vice president of Russia was impressed by two people: the local banker Zagryadsky, who once held the post of Smirnov's deputy, but "blundered" in an attempt to neutralize the commandant of Tiraspol, Colonel Bergman with a bribe of 3 million rubles, and therefore "transferred" to the director of the bank.

The second was General Lebed himself. His decisiveness, adherence to principles, ability to call everything in his own words and act far beyond the limits of his authority, and if necessary, even contrary to the instructions received, made a strong impression on Rutskoy back in August 1991, and now even more so. In response to Rutskoi's careful probing that, as a commander, he likes what is happening in Moscow and in the country, the commander, gloomy, angrily said that if it were his will, he would put a lot of people in present-day Moscow up against the wall. Without specifying, however, who exactly.

Rutskoi took note of these words, but did not go further into this topic. By the way, the "president" of Transnistria Smirnov, in a conversation with Rutskoi, spoke very well of Lebed: a wonderful general, why is he vegetating here? He needs a wider field. Smirnov, of course, really wanted Lebed to be transferred somewhere.

After Rutskoy returned to Moscow, the "banker" Zagryadsky transferred 2.5 billion rubles to a Moscow account known to him, because all Pridnestrovians were reminded "how they live". At the same time, from Tiraspol, parcels began to arrive at the White House in canvas bags, in which, gently clinging to each other, Kalashnikov assault rifles were fragrant with grease. Not everyone trades weapons on the side. You also need to take care of the ammo. The parcels to Moscow were accompanied by the Minister of Security Shevtsov-Antyufeev himself, who, continuing the fight against Lebed, announced that the headquarters of the 14th Army in general and the commandant of Tiraspol, Colonel Bergman, in particular, were working for 4 (four) foreign intelligence services at once. No wonder one of the residents of Tiraspol confessed to journalists: "We were overturned in 1937!" and asked not to be named.

The wanted criminal Antyufeev not only arrived in Moscow quite legally, but also did not hesitate to give an interview to the Literaturnaya Gazeta correspondent. When asked if he knows a way to stabilize the situation in Pridnestrovie, he replied that everything is very simple - "it is necessary

just take a certain number of people out of circulation.”

Apparently, Antyufeev arrived in Moscow not only to monitor the "parcels" to the Supreme Council, but also to receive advice from the higher command, since, having returned inspired to Tiraspol, he dealt a seemingly irresistible blow to General Lebed.

It turns out, as leaflets pasted around the city reported, the commander of the 14th Army, in addition to all his shortcomings, is also a Jew, and his real name is Schwanner. The leaflet explained that all surnames that have a semantic meaning are just a reverse translation from Hebrew for the purpose of disguise. Of course, no one in the local security service knew the Jewish language, and therefore they firmly believed that German and Jewish were one and the same. Two of the most sinister names were cited as an example: Sakharov - Zucker, Lebed - Schwanner. Well, there was no need to talk about Colonel Bergman, who had German ancestors. It should have become clear to everyone that the Jewish-Zionist gang of Schwanner-Bergman is stirring up all the water in Transnistria.

A preemptive strike was simply necessary, since it became known that the documents of the former KGB fell into the hands of the intelligence officers of the 14th Army, from which it was clear that all power in Tiraspol was seized by active service officers and officers of the active reserve of this venerable office. In addition, which also did not please anyone, rumors spread that Lebed-Schwanner, a citizen of Russia and a resident of Israel, where, by the way, lumber was shipped from Tiraspol, decided to run for the Supreme Council of an independent state, of which he was not a citizen. But since this state was not recognized by anyone and, as it were, did not exist, no one dared to pay attention to such conventions.

As a result, despite all the efforts of the local offended "government", General Lebed, without conducting any election campaign, without any difficulty collected twice as many votes as necessary, and became a "parliamentarian" of the Transnistrian "republic", which the local authorities did not expect to see and in a bad dream.

The general appeared at meetings of the "parliament" in the camouflage uniform of an ordinary paratrooper and a cap pulled over his eyes. Speaking from the podium, he publicly read out the sensational revelations of his intelligence concerning the present and past of the people's leaders of Tiraspol and their policies. "A sanctuary for criminals... a management busy only lining their own pockets... It disgusts me to guard the sleep and peace of such a crook!" The echo of the general's revelations swept through all the radio waves and the pages of foreign newspapers, tightly closing the criminal gang's already not very open door to the world community, where they tried to get through by hook or by crook ...

It was already October 1993.

In the end, Rutskoi managed to get through to Lebed. Without wasting time on prefaces, the vice-president directly asked the commander: does he want to take the post of defense minister in the "new government"?

"But you have Achalov," objected the all-knowing Swan.

Rutskoi sighed: "Achalov is a retiree, and you are in the service." He paused and added: "Besides, I trust you more."

— And what about Grachev? asked Swan.

With the current Minister of Defense, Grachev, Lebed served in Afghanistan, knowing him from the time of the Ryazan Airborne School.

"I removed Grachev from his post," Rutskoi said.

"And he pulled away?" - continued to find out the details Lebed.

"Step away," Rutskoi said harshly. Or go to court. However, the court will go in any case.

"Comrade Rutskoi," the general answered unexpectedly. I can't accept your offer.

- Why? The vice president was a bit taken aback.

"Because," General Lebed replied, "I don't want when I come to visit my hometown, the women spit in my face and my soldiers too."

"That's how it is," Rutskoi began, but short beeps were already squeaking in the receiver.

The purple-faced Rutskoi sat for several moments, staring blankly at the telephone, and shuddered at the piercing ringing. The number of this phone was known to a very limited number of people, and therefore the device was not connected to the subscriber's identifier. Rutskoy hesitated for a second: should he pick up the phone himself or let them do it in the secretariat. At that moment, the selector on his desk came to life, and the voice of the duty officer said: "Alexander Vladimirovich, Tiraspol is on the wire."

Rutskoy's first thought was that General Lebed, having come to his senses, wanted to apologize for his, to put it mildly, not entirely correct behavior and express his agreement with the "president's" proposal. Rutskoy picked up the phone.

"Comrade Rutskoi, I wish you good health," an unfamiliar voice said, "Colonel Koloskov reports from Tiraspol ..."

Rutskoi remembered. Retired Colonel Koloskov, an old Chekist who was once awarded a signature pistol, was an adviser to the Minister of State Security of Transnistria, Shevtsov-Antyufeev. Colonel Koloskov was a great specialist in the fight against Zionism, fighting with him so zealously that in the end he had to hide in Tiraspol. He had long been known under the surname Koloskov, but no one could vouch for whether this was a real surname or not. The structures of the former KGB had their own little tricks.

Apparently, in Tiraspol they found a way to eavesdrop on the telephone conversations of the 14th Army, since it immediately became clear to Rutskoi that Koloskov was aware of his conversation with Lebed.

"Congratulations on your election to a high position," Koloskov continued. "We are overjoyed, and even the Dniester is ready to overflow its banks with joy."

"Don't drown," Rutskoi muttered in response and hung up.

Strictly speaking, the insolent Pridnestrovians allowed themselves a blatant violation of the protocol. Congratulations to the president on the occasion of his election to office are usually brought by the president, and not by an unknown adviser to the minister, even if it is for state security. Such familiarity is always annoying, not promising anything good in the future. Especially given the specific position in which Vice President Rutskoi found himself. Not without reason, immediately after the coups, kings and presidents usually first of all liquidated their accomplices in a conspiracy. But the opposite happened no less often, which should be considered.

Holding back a sigh and suppressing the irritation that flared up from a conversation with General Lebed and Colonel Koloskov, Rutskoi took a pack of Marlboro from his pocket - already

the second in the last 6 hours - he took out a cigarette and lit it, puffing greedily.

It failed with Lebed, but on the other hand, the Dniester battalion is ready to fly out from Tiraspol in full strength. The Dniester is ready to burst its banks with joy. This phrase has no two interpretations. had.

07:30

Security Minister Nikolai Galushko was sitting in his office on the Lubyanka, thoughtfully stirring cold tea in a glass with a massive glass holder with the emblem of the Cheka-KGB depicting a shield and a sword. The symbol was very eloquent. Throughout its history, the department now headed by Galushko, covering the party nomenclature with a shield, chopped and choked its own people with a sword, not noticing in this inspired struggle the death of the state whose security this department was obliged to protect.

Colonel-General Galushko was born in Omsk in 1937. He got into the KGB after graduating from the local polytechnic institute, and since 1964 he worked in Kemerovo, starting as an operative department of the KGB in the Kemerovo region. Kemerovo is an industrial region, and it logically followed from this that this region should have been swarming with spies and saboteurs. But since they could not be found in any way, then, in order to facilitate the effectiveness of the work of the security agencies, vague formulations about political espionage and ideological sabotage were invented.

And when, after 1967, the fight against Zionism was added to this, everything became just wonderful. The organs turned out to be overwhelmed with work, there was a catastrophic shortage of personnel, and the process of yeast expansion of the department began. Departments turned into departments, departments - into headquarters, stars fell on shoulder straps, as if from a cornucopia. In the open field, Mykola Galushko developed such a fruitful activity that even local newspapers ironically said that "the Zionists choked on dumplings, because they were not used to the national Ukrainian food."

A talented person was noticed, and in 1974 he was transferred to Moscow, which has always been the bright dream of any provincial Chekist. In the capital, Galushko became first deputy, and then head of the 2nd department of the 5th department of the KGB - a huge department that oversees the ideological sterility of the country's three hundred million people. The department headed by Galushko conducted "interethnic relations", that is, continued to fight against Zionism. At the same time, Galushko, promoted to major general by Andropov's own order, was also elected a deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR. And what is most interesting - from the Jewish Autonomous Region. Only those who had little knowledge of Soviet punitive-ideological methods can be surprised at this.

Galushko - Andropov's favorite - was already aiming for the head of the 5th Main Directorate of the KGB, but Ivan Abramov, who was even called "Ivan Palkin" in the KGB, drove him around the curve. Before that, Abramov headed the 1st department in the administration, which fought against the culture that most zealously got out of the control of the authorities, which, of course, was also the fault of the Zionists. So both departments worked in close cooperation, which gave General Abramov the opportunity to bypass General Galushko.

Insulted, Galushko demanded an explanation from the leadership, clearly making it clear that he did not intend to work under Abramov's command. He was transferred to the Secretariat as a lieutenant general, promising the first major vacancy. Meanwhile, Andropov died, and General Chebrikov, who replaced him, who previously headed the personnel department of the KGB, did not forget the promises of his late boss, and in 1985 he transferred Galushko to Kiev to the post of deputy chairman of the KGB of Ukraine.

Two years later, in 1987, Galushko became the chairman of the KGB of Ukraine, holding out for

in such a high position until the August 1991 coup.

During the coup, his best friend Leonid Kravchuk, a member of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine, who was in charge of ideology, having become the chairman of the Supreme Council of Ukraine on the wave of Gorbachev's reforms, ordered the arrest of the KGB chairman Galushko. Kravchuk sought to keep up with Moscow, where Kryuchkov, the chairman of the KGB of the USSR, was arrested. Galushko was accused of active complicity in the State Emergency Committee, which was the holy truth. In addition, Kravchuk, who overnight turned into an "independence activist", accused Galushko of being an "agent of Moscow" and a member of the radical deputy group "Soyuz".

But, unlike Kryuchkov, who had nowhere to run, Galushko did not allow himself to be arrested and fled to Moscow. It would seem that according to the mood prevailing then in Moscow, the fugitive chairman of the KGB of Ukraine should have either been arrested, or, at best, dismissed and into oblivion with a chance to emerge only at some semi-fascist rally in a year and a half.

On Lubyanka Square, there was a forlorn pedestal from which the "Iron Felix" had recently been dragged with a crane, throwing a loop of steel cable around his throat, and the place of the KGB chairman was occupied by the "kindest" Vadim Bakatin, who publicly vowed to cleanse the KGB of everyone, somehow stained in fight against freedom and democracy. But either because Bakatin himself was once the first secretary of the Kemerovo regional committee of the CPSU and knew Galushko from joint battles with international Zionism and ideological saboteurs, or for some other reason, but Galushko was again taken to the Central Office and worked quietly for some time in the Secretariat, first with Bakatin, and then with Barannikov. From the secretariat, he was also imperceptibly transferred to deputy ministers and, like a "professional", skillfully led an intrigue against the "cop" Barannikov, knocking on him to his old Kemerovo friend Viktor Chernomyrdin, and through him to the president.

Moved by Yeltsin, having expelled Barannikov, he appointed Galushko acting Minister of Security, although he himself really wanted to see his next favorite in this post, Stepashin, a former police political worker who made an unheard-of career on the wave of fake democracy, having gone from lieutenant colonel to general in less than two years. - lieutenant. But Chernomyrdin convinced the president that Stepashin "doesn't know the business yet" and that Galushko was a professional.

And in the eyes of the president, when these eyes rested on the new acting minister of security, some kind of silent question sparkled, which could be translated into semantic meaning by the words "will it cope or not?" ...

Galushko really was a "cool" professional. When the journalists came to the Public Relations Center of the Ministry of Security to write something and talk about the new acting minister, they were greeted with the usual wary looks and almost deathly silence. Journalists were asked why they are generally interested in the personality of Galushko? Who do they work for? The identity of the head of the Ministry of Security can only be of interest to the enemy. "But you and I, comrades, are not going to help the enemy in this, as "agents of influence"? Representatives of the press, who had already managed to wean themselves from such dialogues of communist times, became so insolent that they asked for a photograph of Galushko to be published in newspapers. This caused almost hysteria in the Center for Public Relations. Do they understand what they are asking for? A photo of Galushko! Americans would not spare a million dollars for a photo of Galushko. The impression was that the acting minister was going to be thrown into the imperialist rear as an illegal intelligence agent in the very near future.

Tired of such insanity, the journalists went to the archives of the former Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, where they found a whole bunch of photographs of Nikolai Galushko both in front and in profile.

Soon, however, the identity of the new acting officer broke through the information blockade and his smiling face, adorned with thick glasses, began to flicker on the TV screen and in the newspapers. He usually sat at the president's right side, along with other power ministers Erin and Grachev, always smiling modestly and looking devotedly at his father and benefactor Viktor Chernomyrdin, who, as prime minister, was sitting at the president's right hand. Yeltsin also glanced benevolently at the new acting officer, sometimes trying, however, to find out: what is this department doing now?

There was absolutely nothing to brag about. The department went to Galushko in a rather shabby form. Most of all went to the native 5th Directorate, which for the transitional period was renamed the Directorate for the Protection of the Constitutional Order. There were no more favorite departments engaged in the usual fight against Zionism, with the creative intelligentsia, with dissent and many other things that could be fought endlessly, without risking anything, but regularly receiving a salary, and briskly stepping up the career ladder.

The department was liquidated, but its personnel remained available, toiling around the offices and not knowing what to do. The creative pangs of the employees soon led to a new renaming of the department. The name turned out to be sonorous: Office for Combating Terrorism. But the transition from the fight against Jews who study Hebrew and read Solzhenitsyn to the fight against terrorism turned into a very painful process for several reasons at once.

The first of them was that the terrorists, as a rule, were armed and, without hesitation, used their weapons, and no one wanted to get a bullet in the name of any idea, and even more so - without any idea. It was not at all for this that everyone aspired to go to work in the KGB, using their own connections and the pull of their parents.

The second reason was that most of the paramilitary groups, which did not hesitate to declare terrorism as an integral part of their activities, were at one time created by the KGB and were under the auspices of the department as "subsidiaries". In the old days they were fed with money - not so hot, of course, how big. And now everyone was put on self-financing, which in the conditions of the "market economy" allowed these groups not only to exist comfortably, but also to deduct something for their benefactors. Therefore, touching these groups was as unwise as shooting their own children feeding their parent.

Therefore, no one was surprised when the first terrorists caught by the department were two professional chemists from a closed scientific research institute, which is developing new types of chemical warfare agents. The professors appeared on the pages of the Moscow News newspaper with the assertion that the new free Russia inherited all the vile features inherent in the collapsed Soviet Union. This statement was based on the fact that, despite all the signed international agreements and declarations, Russia continues to develop, test and stockpile chemical weapons, regardless of anything, including the ecological catastrophe in the areas of test sites, deployed, of course, in the most densely populated places.

Both scientists were immediately arrested [1], and they were charged with disclosing state and military secrets. However, given the existence of a more or less free press in the country, such methods of combating terrorism could not lead to anything but a loud public scandal. What happened. The changes that had taken place in the country were obvious. They tried, according to the good old tradition, to prevent a lawyer from visiting the arrested scientists, demanding from him "admission", which is not provided for by any law. The lawyer filed a lawsuit, and the court ruled: to release scientists from custody for violating the law on advocacy by state security.

Well, how in such conditions it was possible to fight terrorism!

Galushko caught the reproachful glances of Viktor Chernomyrdin: "You can't entrust a simple task."

Throughout the night, Galushko conferred with Yeltsin, who casually congratulated him on his promotion to colonel general and approval as minister. At about six o'clock in the morning, he flew with the president and his entourage to the Kremlin by helicopter, and from there went to his Lubyanka for the first time in his new capacity: a full-fledged minister of security.

However, he also knew something else. He already knew that by decree of the newly-minted President Rutskoy, he, Galushko, was removed from his post, and Viktor Barannikov was again appointed Minister of Security.

Representatives of the new minister have already tried to penetrate the Lubyanka. It was impossible to guarantee that he himself would not come here any minute, accompanied by a whole battalion of "special forces" called from somewhere near Moscow or from the provinces.

When the presidential helicopter landed on Ivanovskaya Square in the Kremlin, Yeltsin, glancing sullenly at Galushko, asked:

- I hope you understand everything?

Galushko understood even more than the president thought.

Virtually none of his predecessors in this post, since 1917, died a natural death or was expelled from office with a grandiose scandal and with all the ensuing consequences. He was not worried about either the fate of Yeltsin himself, or the fate of the country, or even the fate of the department entrusted to him. He was worried about his own fate. He perfectly understood what would happen to him personally if Barannikov again managed to sit in the chair of the minister, and Rutskoi and Khasbulatov would rule the country. And all the secret documents stored in Yeltsin's archive will be viewed and studied by them.

It was still possible to flee from Kyiv to Moscow. There is nowhere to run from Moscow. Unless to Baghdad, Pyongyang or Havana. And even there, no one will be happy about his appearance, and they will quickly give him out, exchanging them for spare parts for tanks or for a couple of oil tanks.

The minister picked up one of the phones.

"Yevgeny Vadimovich," he asked. - How are things going?

After listening to Savostyanov's answer, Galushko sighed: "It is desirable to hurry."

08:15

Alexander Barkashov, the leader of the Russian National Unity (RNE) party, had only managed to remove the party headquarters building, located in the building of the Sverdlovsk District Council of the capital at 22 Petrovka, from the burglar alarm, when he heard shrill telephone trills coming from his still closed, office.

Like most people, Barkashov did not like early phone calls, rightly believing that they never bring good news, especially on a day like today;

Barkashov was well aware of what had happened in the country over the past 12 hours, and during the night he managed to consult with many leaders of right-wing, ultra-right and openly fascist groups, to which the

RNE. Everyone: Vasiliev's "Memory", Korchagin's "Fatherland", Sterligov's "Russian Party", and Lysenko's "Republicans", and himself - unanimously decided not to get involved in a confrontation between Yeltsin's equally hated "Jews" and Ruskoy's "morons", Khasbulatova. Let them squabble among themselves. Our hour has not yet come! But he's coming.

Entering the office and picking up the phone, Barkashov grimaced. He was waiting for this call, but he hoped that today it would not come ...

Alexander Barkashov was born in Moscow in 1953. His grandfather, a senior official of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party of Bolsheviks, became famous during the struggle against cosmopolitanism. The result of the struggle against cosmopolitanism, which reached its culmination just in the year of Alexander's birth, was the premature death of Stalin, the death of almost the entire leadership of state security, the dispersal of the rest of the staff of the famous Beria MGB, the dismissal, and sometimes the prosecution of many senior officials of the Central Committee and the government. To top it off, the CPSU(b) was abolished and replaced by some new and incomprehensible formation: the CPSU, which the true Leninist party members have not recognized to this day.

Barkashov's grandfather accepted defeat stoically. He did not curry favor with anyone, did not bow to the new authorities, and, of course, did not repent of anything. For him, in the course of this bright and bloody campaign, everything became clear: the Jews are to blame for all the troubles of the country. At the moment they were stronger, but retribution is coming. In other words, Alexander Barkashov's grandfather consoled himself with almost the same words that Hitler consoled himself in his will: the Jews turned out to be stronger at the moment, that is, in 1945, but retribution is coming. Although, of course, grandfather Barkashov did not read the will of the Fuhrer. Then it just wasn't possible. But while raising a grandson who grew up without a father, the grandfather did everything possible to pass on his sword of the Zhidobort to him. "My grandfather," Barkashov himself said in one of his many interviews, "was one of those who organized the fight against cosmopolitan Jews in the late 40s. He talked in detail about the harm that the Jews inflict on the Russian people. The old man was wise: he warned against all contact with the Jews ...".

The old man was really wise, because he called for fighting the enemy without making contact with him, as required by the secret party instructions of his time. This is generally a very interesting fight without any contact. Mystical struggle on some astral level. Only real Bolsheviks of the old school were capable of this. Therefore, no matter how proud Barkashov was of his grandfather and his struggle, he, at a young age, was somewhat disappointed with those slobbering methods with which the CPSU (b) fought the world's evil in a non-contact way. A sharp contrast against the pale background of the Bolshevik-Stalinists was the bright figure of the immortal Adolf Hitler, who, mercilessly fighting the Jews, did not spare either his country or himself, but taught the Jews such a lesson that the whole world Jewry shuddered and trembled!

Of course, it is a pity that Hitler was a German and not a Russian. It is also regrettable that, while chasing the Jews, he destroyed 26 million Russians along the way. But, really, these were trifles that could not be paid much attention to! What are these trifles compared to Treblinka and Auschwitz, where Jews were exterminated around the clock in gas chambers. How can this bright epic, worthy of a Nordic epic, be even remotely compared with the cowardly fabricated "doctors' case" or the execution of several Jewish writers and actors.

Barkashov's craving for Hitler was so strong that he even began to call the late Fuhrer in the Russian manner "Adolf Aloisovich" and even theorized that Hitler was by origin, if not Russian, then certainly a Slav. The age-old Russian inferiority complex and the desire to cling to any glory on a global scale woke up in him, be it the victory of Israel in the six-day war, when it was argued that

all Israeli generals were trained in the Soviet army, whether it was the German general Guderian, who was said to have been born in Yerevan, graduated from an academy in Moscow, and then fled to the Germans under unclear circumstances.

Under such conditions, Hitler may well eventually turn into a purely Russian person with an Orthodox soul, who did not set himself any tasks at all, except to liberate Russia from the Jewish yoke, but got a little excited. It happens to everyone!

But there are no prophets in their own country!

Of course, it must be admitted that the fashion designers of the Third Reich and all others responsible for design and severely mystical paraphernalia were more talented than their colleagues in the USSR, sandwiched between the hammer and sickle of worker-peasant camouflage. But as for everything else, the Nazi Reich looked like a pathetic parody against the backdrop of the military-fascist empire that Stalin created on the territory of the Soviet Union.

The stupid and straightforward behavior of the Fuhrer himself, as well as all the structures of his hysterical propaganda service, only led to the fact that just four years after Hitler, having waited for the death of President Hindenburg, declared himself the Fuhrer of the German nation, Germany was already forced to wage war against all over the world and, of course, was crushed. As a result, the planned thousand-year Reich lasted less than 12 years. "If it weren't for these damned Jews, we would never have lost the war," Alfred Rosenberg (author of the book "The Myth of the 20th Century") shouted hysterically at the Nuremberg Trials, and he was absolutely right, except that if there weren't "these damned Jews", the war, if it did start, would still be lost due to the dead-end futility of the regime.

Unlike Hitler, Stalin, being a zoological anti-Semite, was nevertheless never willing to challenge such a formidable adversary as the Jews. He knew well what retaliatory strikes were. And only when the leader of all peoples fell into complete insanity, his irresponsible accomplices dragged him into a war with the Jews, not so much even in order to show the Jews of Russia the way to Israel (although it was paid for), but in order to quietly liquidate his beloved leader and teacher. Which is what was done.

Apparently, such complex intricacies of the fight against world Zionism were not fully understood by Barkashov's grandfather, despite all his wisdom. That is why he taught his grandson only within the framework of his own understanding, and thus, in addition to hatred for the Jews, along the way inspired him with a strong antipathy for the Communist Party, which is not able to fight the Jews for real.

This was understandable, since the Communist Party itself was a Jewish invention.

But if the Jews, being in pride, came up with the Communist Party to enslave the Russian people, then the Russians, as a response, came up with the NKVD, and the chances were evened out.

By the time Barkashov grew up, the merciless war against cosmopolitanism had already grown into reality, and the NKVD, having gone through several "cleansing measures," as Comrade Stalin liked to say, turned into the KGB. And no matter what evil tongues say about this organization, the "cleansing measures" did not go unnoticed for it. The KGB was no longer the NKVD or even the MGB. It was the KGB with its many complexes, inevitable in any organization, which is periodically almost completely cut out and poured with mud.

Just at this time, the forgotten struggle with cosmopolitanism began to be replaced by

no less, at first glance, a large-scale struggle against Zionism, and the KGB was in dire need of specialists. The war with the cosmopolitans did not last long, representing something like a "blitzkrieg", and therefore during it they did not manage to create any theoretical base. No one managed to defend not only a doctoral or candidate's dissertation, but also to publish any more or less solid monograph on this topic.

The old fighters, remembering the brutal defeat in March-April 1953, preferred to keep quiet and not risk their colonel-general pensions, which were constantly threatened to be taken away from them if they began to chirp loudly enough again. And new fighters still had to be trained.

By this time, Barkashov managed to finish school and serve in the army for military service. He did not want to study and did not like for many reasons, one of which was a large number of Jewish teachers in the system of higher and secondary specialized education, which would inevitably lead to contact, from which his grandfather strictly warned. Therefore, Barkashov chose the most non-Jewish profession: he became a mechanic and worked at CHPP-23. But since he was born, like Stirlitz, from a family of so-called "professional revolutionaries" - after all, his grandfather was an employee of the Central Committee, at the very least, but retained some connections, dashing guys from the 1st department began to curl around him under the 5th Directorate, who specialized in the fight against Zionism in all its diabolical manifestations. A common language was found very easily, but when Barkashov asked to join the ranks of professional fighters against Zionism, he was politely refused. Denied under the pretext that he did not have a higher education. During the creation of the KGB, some idiot decided that all the staff members of this department, as an indispensable conditions must have a higher education of any profile. But higher. And Barkashov had an incomplete secondary. Why higher education is needed to fight Zionism, which in this particular case only interferes, no one even explained to Barkashov, since no one knew. But the rule is the rule, and no one is free to break it.

As an exception, Barkashov was accepted into the underground karate section, where in those days only KGB officers were trained. For what?

Many asked themselves the question: why did the KGB employees of that time need, in addition to the usual training in sambo, also a course in combat karate? Kicking out the books of Solzhenitsyn and Avtorkhanov from the hands of intellectuals trembling with fear? Or effectively break glasses on them? In a slave society, the elite have their own laws, and much of what they do must simply be incomprehensible to the slaves. Not without reason, an article immediately appeared in the Criminal Code of the RSFSR, threatening a prison term and a large fine for anyone who decides to study karate techniques without special permission.

It is said that Barkashov proved to be a very talented karateka and quickly became an instructor, teaching his recent mentors. A little later, on the wave of liberalism that swept the country, he was allowed to create a semi-official karate section, disguised as a club of bodybuilders. Mainly schoolchildren were selected there, of course, only Russians, and in the process of training they tried to instill in them the unpretentious ideology of a warlike robot. About a dozen such clubs were created in Moscow and in the Moscow region in the mid-80s (suffice it to recall the famous "Lubers"), and the KGB stood behind all of them, preparing the future guard of street battles. Of course, even here everything was done rudely, with a mass of "punctures", and as the press was freed from the totalitarian shackles, all these clubs, falling into the beam of the public spotlight, began to disappear one after another. Under the conditions of openness and freedom of the press, the KGB became more and more difficult to work, and simple methods became very obvious.

Back in the early 70s, the Memory Society was created. It was created by a bunch of enthusiasts in defiance of the existing regime in the country. The main goal of the society was

preservation of Russian national history, after its seventy years of continuous rape.

The tasks that the "Memory" society initially set for itself were noble and, at that time, very bold. The Society restored data on destroyed churches, of which there were at least 300 in Moscow alone, and tens of thousands in Russia. Members of the society explored old, abandoned cemeteries, finding the graves of prominent Russian political, military and public figures, whose names were deliberately forgotten, and the graves were destroyed, looted and desecrated.

The society was the first to raise the issue of the heinous crime of the Leninist gang - the murder of the last Russian tsar, along with his wife and children, including a minor Tsarevich Alexei. Society was the first to remember the outstanding Russian statesman Pyotr Stolypin and the circumstances of his vile murder in Kyiv.

For all such research in those days, it was quite possible to get up to 7 years in prison and 5 years of subsequent exile. It was absolutely impossible to legally publish anything on these issues. I had to resort to samizdat, to "xerify" brochures published in the West, to enter into unauthorized contacts with foreigners. In other words, to engage in acts provided for by Article 70 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR, which classifies these acts as especially dangerous state crimes. Therefore, it is not surprising that the KGB kept an eye on this strange organization, quickly labeling it as "nationalist" in its official reports.

Regarding the society "Memory", opinions in the then 5th Directorate of the KGB were polarized. Some believed that for reporting it would be quite good to arrest several people from the leadership of the society and bring them to trial on charges of slanderous fabrications discrediting the Soviet state and social system without signs (or with signs) of treason. Others believed that it was not advisable to touch society yet. On the contrary, it must be filtered by the right people and turned in a different direction, or, more simply, compromised. In the given circumstances, this is much better than making martyrs out of them. Many do not understand that the emergence of the "Memory" society greatly frightened the authorities, who were more than afraid of the unification of the Russian people on some bright and beautiful national idea, since this would immediately create a powerful Russian popular front, similar to the fronts already created in the national republics, against which the authorities would be completely powerless.

Therefore, a decision, remarkable in its simplicity, was made: to turn society onto the path of anti-Semitism - a path proven over the years, leading nowhere, but promising huge dividends. Firstly, all these silly eccentrics who collect information about Russian churches, about the destroyed priests, about Stolypin and the Tsar, will themselves run away from the "Memory" when they see what path this society has embarked on, and secondly, and more importantly, let such a stench come from the very word "Russian national idea" that it will discourage anyone from gathering Russian popular fronts for any other purpose than the fight against the Jews.

It was at this time that Barkashov and the famous Dmitry Vasiliev appeared in the Memory society. It was 1985, exactly the year when the CPSU really understood that it had to leave the political scene. Otherwise, she runs the risk of forever losing her power, power and those untold riches that she managed to squeeze out of a crushed, spat upon and robbed people for seventy years. Such a retreat, according to all the laws of military art, had to be covered with a smoke screen so that no one noticed the touching parting of the party and the people, who, according to the slogans hung all over the country, were always united.

And "Memory" began to smoke with black clubs of anti-Semitism according to the methods of the beginning of the century, which, trying to direct all the energy of popular anger precisely at the Jews, of course, were compiled without taking into account the existence of the state of Israel, which, as you know, did not exist in those years, but exists now. To help the combat detachment, which used similar methods to cover up the flight of their beloved party with loot, the magazine Molodaya Gvardiya, which belonged to the Central Committee of the Komsomol and Nash Sovremennik, which belonged to the ideological department of the Central Committee of the CPSU, was urgently reprofiled in the right direction, which few people remember. A similar task was given to several provincial journals fed by the CPSU, but they had little imagination and experience in the new business, so they were mainly engaged in reprinting from the capital's publications.

While the "Pamyat" society, whose members had already been sewn black uniforms with belts for the KGB money, gathered noisy, albeit not numerous, rallies, stigmatizing Zionism in general and all Jews - in particular, repurposed magazines in the form of support from the rear and flanks launched an unprecedented even in pre-revolutionary Russia an anti-Semitic campaign. Led by the Hero of Socialist Labor, former senior official of the Central Committee Anatoly Ivanov, the magazines, calling themselves the "truly Russian press", quickly surpassed the famous "Sturmer" Julius Streicher, which even Hitler spoke of "as the only form of pornography allowed in the Third Reich."

Everything was brought down on readers: from the ritual murders of Christian babies by Jews and Zionist protocols; sages to the pseudo-scientific articles of Vadim Kozhinov, who claimed that the Khazar yoke was worse than the Tatar-Mongolian, since the Khazars professed Judaism. At rallies and from the pages of former communist magazines, the call to save Russia from the Jews sounded tocsin.

Similar campaigns in such a multinational country as the Soviet Union was, led to the disintegration of the state with much greater speed than in the past in the Russian Empire, which was destroyed by the same methods. Anti-Semitism is inextricably linked with the growth of Russian nationalism, and this nationalism, regardless of its tactical orientation, hurts all national minorities and least of all the Jews, who at present represent almost the only national minority that has a state education outside the former USSR. It is possible that this was how it was intended: those who launched a powerful anti-Semitic campaign in the mid-80s set as their main task to accelerate the collapse of the Union, and now they are working on the collapse of the Russian Federation,

If this is not the case, then there is a striking case of political blindness and inability to discern a real threat against the backdrop of a fictional or imposed mythical danger.

When the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, all the nascent fascist and nationalist groups fell into a state of shock along with their sponsors and curators, and a rumor spread by someone that Jewish Masons and Israeli intelligence stood behind all these groups led to a split in the "all-Union" Memory" and to the first showdown about the true nationality of its leaders.

Indeed, if the Jews are Yeltsin, Kozyrev, Primakov and Sobchak, then why can't they be the same Vasiliev or Barkashov, who performs the role of chief of staff under Vasiliev? As a result, Barkashov, after conferring with the management, left the "Memory", slamming the door loudly.

"We broke up with Vasiliev's Memory," Barkashov himself later said, "when we realized that he really couldn't or didn't want to organize. The same theatrical performances in a narrow circle or in front of journalists, the same speeches ... As I understand it, all this suited him perfectly. What we need is a broad, serious

organization. I, in fact, was the second person in the "Memory", I was engaged in specific work with young people, the protection of our events, the reproduction and distribution of propaganda literature. Draft, hard work, and therefore the most dedicated people to our cause were engaged in this. They left with me..."

However, those who left with Barkashov soon also split. A good half of those who left were taken away by a former friend and colleague of Barkashov, Viktor Yakushev, who founded his own "National Socialist Union" (NSS).

Yakushev, ambitious and captivated by the bold ideas of a future Nazi slave state, where no more than 5% of the population would be recognized as true "Aryans", clearly aimed at the Fuhrers, boasting of his higher economic education in front of the "drop-out" Barkashov and, apparently, forgetting Hitler's well-known words that he thanks fate precisely for the fact that he does not have a higher education. Stalin, by the way, also did not have a higher education. True, he never thanked fate for this. Yakushev's ideas were so delusional that Barkashov broke up with him almost without any regret, even beginning to suspect that his friend was either a hidden Jew or a Freemason.

In addition to ideological motives, there were more weighty ones for the split. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, the KGB drastically reduced subsidies for organizations of this kind, explicitly inviting them all to enter the market in one way or another. Dmitry Vasiliev, prone, like any leader, to some hysteria, frankly accused the sponsors of betrayal and complete Jewishization, and then defiantly went to the Yaroslavl region to lead the Russian Farm, which raises pigs (apparently, to spite the Jews).

Some former members of the Memory Society fled to some kindred groups, which began to multiply rapidly through division due to endless financial and ideological disagreements, betrayal of sponsors, imposing tasks on them that none of them was going to solve.

Coinciding with these events in time, the mysterious death of several major "Zhikoborists", including the main ideologist of "anti-Zionism" Yevseev, as well as the sudden sentence of the court to imprisonment of the famous Smirnov-Ostashvili and his quick death in the zone, filed as suicide, made the others calm down somewhat. , and the leaders - to be surrounded on all sides by bodyguards.

It was at this time that Barkashov created the Russian National Unity party. The structure of the new party organizationally copied the army regiment, dividing into squads, platoons and companies, which have so far been reduced to a battalion. Military discipline was immediately introduced in the party: the junior in rank unquestioningly obeys the senior under pain of the most severe punishment, which does not exclude liquidation. Unquestioning discipline must be combined with absolute devotion to the cause. Naturally, the strictest "table of ranks" was also developed. At the head of the party was, as usual, the leader, to whom the "council of the movement" of several authoritative associates was subordinate. "Companion" - was the highest rank in the party, and there were about 150 people.

According to Barkashov's numerous articles and interviews, "comrades-in-arms" are people for whom there are no words "I can't": neither family, nor work, nor the state of health can affect the readiness of a "comrade-in-arms" to obey an order. Each of them leads a group of "companions" from five to seventy people. "Companions" are also quite reliable and devoted people. "Companion", having gained a certain experience and trust, had a chance to be promoted to "companions". At the lowest rung of the hierarchy - as simple as Plato's ideal socialism - were the "sympathizers", not bound by such cruel discipline and called in only when it was necessary to demonstrate

the mass character of the movement to fear the enemies and to receive appropriations from sponsors.

An impeccable system was developed for alerting and gathering groups, which makes it possible to gather up to several thousand people anywhere in Moscow in a short time. For the first time, a large collection was tested in practice during the August coup, but then the curators let down, confused from fear in the situation. On the eve of the putsch, these same curators asked Barkashov to publish "on behalf of all Russian people" a demand to introduce a state of emergency in the country, to suspend the activities of the highest executive and legislative authorities, while creating "a temporary state body with emergency powers from representatives of the army, the KGB, the Ministry of Internal Affairs and citizens serving in Afghanistan." Then the attempt to turn their own country into Afghanistan failed, but everyone was optimistic about the future.

Of course, such a paramilitary organization needed a uniform, and they sewed it. They were black shirts with belts, black breeches tucked into high cowhide boots. (Chromic relied only on the leader). Equally important was the emblem. The curator from the KGB proposed a simple swastika without any fuss, arguing that no symbol arouses more awe among Jews than the swastika. The "Council of Companions", and Barkashov himself, hesitated greatly. Still, the party of Russian unity, and not the union of former SS men. The symbolism is good, but painfully not national. The Jews are in awe. You can't argue here. But for Russians, this emblem also causes not very positive emotions. In addition, various youngsters from all kinds of fascist "circles" have already run into the swastika: there are various fans of Salazar, Mussolini and the legendary Harbin Fuhrer of the Russian fascists Rodzaevsky. The part of Korchagin also has a swastika, although with eight legs. Some have three.

"Petrovich," the curator said heartily to Barkashov. "That's how it should be."

Barkashov, who instilled iron discipline in his organization, was equally unquestioningly able to obey. If you need it, what can you do!

But still he won the right to slightly stylize the swastika. The cross was made up of four missile warheads, and the transverse legs themselves were slightly lowered down. It seems that it was a swastika, but still not a copy of the canonical German one. Later, a cross of four missile warheads without a twinge of conscience was declared the "Star of the Mother of God", and the swastika itself was the most ancient and revered Russian symbol. However, no one objected. After all, the curator said "it should be so." The curator demanded little, but gave a lot. The "party" received the premises directly in the building of the Sverdlovsk District Council, whose chairman, Alexander Semenov, who held the post of head of the Butyrskaya prison before the popular election to this high post, met the Barkashovites with open arms. In a dedicated room, special communications and a fax worked, weapons were frankly stored.

Naturally, such an organization had to have its own mouthpiece. The curator ensured the regular publication of two newspapers: "Russian Order" and "Our March" with a total circulation of 185,000 copies. Despite the obvious unprofitability, newspapers were published without interruption and were sold for 2 rubles at a cost of 150 rubles per issue. But is it really possible to transfer the resounding tocsin of party newspapers - these "organizers of the masses", as Lenin and Hitler (without saying a word) expressed themselves into some kind of money.

The Russian Order newspaper, in particular, wrote:

"Our black shirts and paramilitary equipment are a national act of will! Today, when all oaths have been destroyed, putting on a black shirt, as it were, swears allegiance to the Fatherland and the nation with the words: "Russia or death!"

"Russian Order" was echoed by "Our March", to which the borders of Russia immediately seemed

close:

"We stand for an orthodox National Socialist organization. We recognize Adolf Hitler as our Fuhrer and strive to continue the work begun by him. Mein Kampf is our ideological base. Our goal is to recreate the National Socialist Reich, and ultimately a new order in Europe, which will provide all white people with a full life. It cannot but be alarming that world Jewry has replaced the less spectacular Jewish tyranny known as "communism" with a more effective one, denoted by the terms "capitalism" and "free market" ..."

From issue to issue of the newspaper they wrote about the need to unite for the sake of saving the white race and the priority of the indigenous nation in Russia.

Their calls were heard. Indigenous nations in Tatarstan, Kazakhstan, Georgia, Azerbaijan and other former "fraternal republics" of the collapsed Soviet Union quickly raised their heads and, declaring Russians a hostile national minority (or even simply "occupiers"), began to create completely intolerable living conditions and normal living conditions for Russian people. activities.

But Barkashov and his "black shirts", as well as their curators, were of little interest. Their very clear goal was to create chaos in the country.

"We will be the only force," Barkashov pointed out, "not counting, of course, the army capable of maintaining order in this territory in the conditions of chaos, which is inevitable. We have special groups to control water-energy-heat supply systems and other vital facilities..."

Thus, while some were preparing chaos, others were preparing to take control of it.

In the meantime, intensive combat and political training was needed. The militants of the organization were trained in karate and other disciplines of hand-to-hand combat right in the Dynamo sports complex, and for shooting exercises they "rented" the shooting range of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. At the same time, they famously threw up their hands in a party greeting, however, saying instead of the famous "heil!" - "Glory to Russia!". And addressing each other with the word "comrade."

Everything was more than frank, and especially the fact that the authorities, knowing full well about the existence of the RNU, did not interfere with its activities in any way and even encouraged it, providing central newspapers so that Barkashov could express his views.

And he spoke them without hesitation.

"In Russia, there is only, and above all, the "Russian question". After 1917, taking advantage of the temporary weakness of the nation and the state, a huge number of people of Jewish nationality rushed to power and seized the highest levers of government and the middle link. After that, they perpetrated mass terror and genocide of the Russian people ... Therefore, it is better for them to leave here before it is too late, "Barkashov used to say to correspondents of the capital's newspapers, repeating word for word what was said by the famous writer Valentin Rasputin. It is not known who repeated whom, but the fact that both regularly read the Young Guard magazine and were instructed in the same office does not require proof.

The global struggle against world Jewry, like any global task, was obscured by everyday worries.

The organization needed money to run it. At first, the KGB spent the money of the CPSU inherited from it with the recklessness inherent in this office, without forgetting any of its

wards. But gradually market sentiments penetrated into the KGB as well, strictly dictating the need to stop such unheard of extravagance. Barkashov was asked to put the money allocated to him into circulation. In other words, the warrior was asked to engage in trade, which clearly posed a danger of Jewishization.

But there was nothing to be done. The money was passed through the Nizhny Novgorod Stock Exchange and several "related" banks, receiving, not so hot, however, what dividends. In addition, a sufficient number of young and trained guys dressed in frightening uniforms, it was simply a sin not to use in such a profitable business as racketeering, and not only earn a living, but also share with someone. Therefore, his militants had to "guard" the hated "Jewish" commercial firms and stalls in their free time from political studies and training, scaring away the wild Moscow racket from them.

The racketeers themselves treated the RNU as a stronger mafia structure, having correctly understood that not a single metropolitan criminal group was so well organized and militarized. Even the Chechen group, which is not afraid of the devil himself, was wary of spoiling relations with the Barkashovites. Therefore, small tents and stalls, scattered mainly in the Kremlin area, paid the established tribute to the future saviors of Russia without reminders.

The chairman of the Sverdlovsk District Council, Alexander Semenov, himself, when correspondents "got him" with endless questions "on what basis is the headquarters of a paramilitary fascist group deployed in the district council building," concluded an agreement with Barkashov to guard the building of the Sverdlovsk district council and began to pay them a salary.

No less important was the consolidation of party cadres. Under the RNE, a security service was created, headed by Alexander Kochetkov, who concurrently served as editor of the Russian Order. To begin with, all the monarchists who came with Barkashov from Memory were expelled from the "party". Then - secret agents of Dmitry Vasilyev, of whom there were many. Hatred towards Vasiliev grew as information began to spread through the RNE that Vasiliev was not only a Jew, but also a homosexual. The next to be ruthlessly persecuted were those who were "arguing" regardless of the topic of reasoning, and the "comrades-in-arms" were divided into two categories - the old and the new guard, as in Napoleon's army. After the purge of the "comrades-in-arms", 250 people remained.

Almost all were tested in a real combat situation.

Groups of Barkashovites were sent to "hot spots", fought in Transnistria, Karabakh, Abkhazia and even Serbia. Barkashovites were assigned combat positions near one of the Serbian villages. They fought on a "shift basis", replaced in a month by squads of 12 people. During the two years of the war, almost all "comrades-in-arms" went through a school of combat training there. Their transfer to Serbia was officially handled by a permanent representative of one of the Yugoslav firms living in Moscow. Serving as a cover, he, as it were, mediates in obtaining foreign passports, draws up militants as tourists and pays each of them three hundred German marks "lifting".

Having thus resolved financial and organizational issues, as well as issues related to combat and political training, the RNE gradually overcame the need for self-isolation and carefully looked for allies. In the world, all processes go the same way: first division, then attempts to merge, and so on ad infinitum.

Although Barkashov considered Ilya Konstantinov a "repainted Jew", he did not disdain to sit on the presidiums at meetings of the Federal Tax Service, and his "comrades-in-arms", with swastikas on their sleeves, stood on guard of honor, creating an appropriate image for all parties included in the Federal Tax Service.

The Federal Tax Service, like any artificial formation, was shocked by internal contradictions, since the most rabid madmen, having gathered together, are immediately divided into radicals and moderates and serve as easy prey for provocateurs of all stripes.

At the last meeting of the Federal Tax Service, Barkashov openly accused everyone present of "complete Jewishization" and the inability to do anything other than verbiage. The disassembly began: what, in fact, does he himself do? Blowing up bridges or derailing trains?

It was clear that international Zionism had already covered the Federal Tax Service with its network, and therefore "staying in it turned out to be incompatible with the lofty ideals of" Russian National Unity ". According to the style of Barkashov's documents, it became obvious that one of his "comrades-in-arms", who wrote statements and appeals, had previously worked in the press and information department somewhere in the press and information department under the Komsomol Central Committee.

More or less relations developed only with Terekhov's Union of Officers. Far-right groups always gravitate towards the army, to "merge in ecstasy", which is constantly prevented by jealous secret services-curators. And this, by the way, is not only in Russia.

The KGB delicately but steadfastly cut off possible contacts between the RNU and the army. The tender brains of our officer corps could not resist the temptation to replace the red star with the "Mother of God", and then there would be no trouble. The KGB cunningly and unobtrusively blocked all channels through which Barkashov tried to establish contacts with the army, leaving him the only possibility of contact with Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov's Union of Officers. Yes, and there was no friction. The entire officer corps of the former Soviet army was brought up on the traditions of the Second World War, and the sight of the swastika, which, according to the ideologists of the RNU, was supposed to awe the Jews, did not inspire them to exploits either. The officer corps was too red from top to bottom, and the Barkashovites were too brown, and the spontaneous creation of a red-brown stable hybrid turned out to be more difficult than many thought.

Representatives of the highest army command at the sight of the swastika simply lost their temper. Many of them were participants in the Second World War, and the very sight of the swastika did not cause them other desires, except for the desire to immediately open fire. The same applied to veterans who staged noisy marches under "hammer-sickle" banners with portraits of Lenin and Stalin, who at first swallowed handfuls of validol when a banner with a swastika suddenly rose in their columns. Barkashov's people patiently explained to everyone who wanted to listen that the swastika is an ancient Slavic symbol, and they don't have a swastika at all on their banner and on their sleeves, but the "Mother of God star". What is the "Mother of God star" was poorly understood not only by veterans, but also by priests. For many, at first it was even a revelation that Barkashov's people were Russians, and not a visiting gang from Germany.

Barkashov himself did not strive for special popularity. "My time has not yet come," he used to say. "But it's not far off."

The phone call that rang out at his headquarters on the morning of October 22 sounded the alarm, and made it clear to Barkashov that his time had come.

However, this did not make him happy. He quickly began to figure out how to explain such a sharp change of plans to the "Council of" associates ". After all, even at night it was decided not to get involved in anything, but to calmly watch how both sides would destroy each other morally and physically.

After some deliberation, a solution was found. "We are given a unique opportunity to get, and, moreover, completely free of charge, as many weapons as we like from the stocks of the White House." This is for advice. And with the rest you can not stand on ceremony. Leader's order long ago

no one dared to discuss it in the RNE.

09:10

Sergey Baburin has never felt such a surge of creative inspiration before. When the continuation of the session of the Supreme Council was announced, he was one of the first to ask for the floor. About 120 people gathered in the hall. Everyone looked excited and energetic, despite the fact that many had spent a sleepless night. Many outsiders gathered in the empty seats and in the gallery, among which stood out a large group of communists headed by Gennady Zyuganov, who, not being a deputy, had recently simply not crawled out of the White House, instinctively feeling the approach of the very chaos in which the communists, as vultures, always arrange a black feast for themselves. Next to him, talking excitedly, was the leader of the communist faction in the Supreme Soviet, Ivan Rybkin, the former 2nd secretary of the Volgograd regional committee of the CPSU, who had taken off at one time on the famous "second secretaries" revolution inspired by Mikhail Gorbachev.

A large number of people in camouflage without insignia were striking. All of them, as a rule, were of middle or even venerable age, and the "camouflage" on them looked somehow strange, like a modern camouflage net on a cannon of the Borodino battle.

The leader of the National Salvation Front, Ilya Konstantinov, sat back in his chair, arms folded across his chest. From time to time he fiddled with his beard, betraying his arousal.

The audience obligated to a strong, in the spirit of the moment, performance, and Baburin did not disappoint the expectations of the listeners.

The topic of his speech was the announcement of a document called "The Law on Amendments and Additions to the Criminal Code of the RSFSR", which fully meets the needs of the day. The new law, submitted by Baburin to the court of people's deputies, provided for liability for actions aimed at violent changes in the "constitutional system", imprisonment for a term of 6 to 12 years, and if the actions had serious consequences or were committed by an official - deprivation of freedom for a term of 10 to 15 years or the death penalty with confiscation of property.

Thus, President Yeltsin was already subject to execution with confiscation of property, which caused an ovation in the hall.

Theatrically tilting his face of the provincial Mephistopheles, Baburin waited out the applause and joyful cries of the people's deputies, and then proceeded to read the second document, which was no less harsh than the first.

It was a draft resolution of the Supreme Council "On urgent measures to overcome the unconstitutional coup d'état." In particular, it was proposed to the prosecutor's office to conduct an investigation and bring to justice all officials and citizens who "contributed to the preparation of a coup d'état." Baburin prepared this document in collaboration with Vladimir Isakov, a law professor from Yekaterinburg, whom Sobchak once, mistaking for a fool, called "a provincial lawyer." In response, Professor Isakov, in collaboration with another "provincial" Baburin, drew up a law allowing the immediate arrest of the professor of jurisprudence Sobchak and shooting him with confiscation of property. As, however, and any other. The broad interpretation of the term "contributing" to the authors of the document was not at all embarrassing, especially since, poisoned by the poison of misanthropic communist ideas, they took this term directly from Lenin, who, in a fit of the same inspiration, called for shooting not only "contributing", but also "contributing to contributing". But up to such heights of right

The "provincials" had not yet risen.

Further, the draft resolution stated that "the actions of citizens and labor collectives to protect the constitutional order" not only should not be prosecuted, but the administration of enterprises is also obliged to pay them absenteeism committed for this reason.

The deputies adopted both documents unanimously to loud applause, both their own and the guests present in the hall.

Tearing off the applause once again, Baburin, without removing his demonic smile from his face, sat down, giving way to the microphone to Khasbulatov himself.

Having cooled down from the applause, the deputies noticed that there was no new president, Rutskoi, in the hall. As if answering a dumb question, the speaker said that Alexander Vladimirovich was busy with important state affairs that prevented him from taking part in the work of the parliament.

Further, Khasbulatov said indignantly that the internal television station of the White House had been turned off, but he had already sent deputy Lisov to Ostankino to remind the television people of their constitutional duty. Especially since, according to him, part of the TV company's employees opposed their corrupt leadership and are ready to cooperate fruitfully with the White House. And those who have not yet made up their minds will be sobered up a little by the newly adopted law and resolution. "Few people want to be shot with confiscation of property," Ruslan Imranovich laughed, causing a healthy animation in the hall.

"Today," Khasbulatov stressed, "the main task of the leaders of the Supreme Council is to convene an extraordinary congress of people's deputies as quickly as possible, at which the president could be removed from office. Registration of deputies has begun in the foyer of the White House."

But no one had a firm confidence that it would be possible to quickly collect the necessary quorum. The Kremlin has already explained that the deputies of the congress will be able to arrive in Moscow only as private individuals, that is, at their own expense. Khasbulatov, who knew his colleagues well, doubted very much that many of them would want to do this. Moreover, he had information about the beginning of the "buy-out" of the deputies of the Supreme Council and Congress, who were promised warm places in the system of presidential power.

The intercom at the White House was off.

Khasbulatov sent his deputy Agafonov to the Communications Ministry to hold a conference call with regional leaders. But there was no certainty that Agafonov would be allowed to do this.

10:00

The main bet that Rutskoi made, taking part in this, to put it mildly, adventure, was the complete confidence that he would be supported by all (or at least most of it) of the world community. On what this confidence was based, it is difficult to say. However, no matter how narrow the horizons of the former pilot, he still knew that all of Europe lives according to the old Roman rule: "Let the world perish, but the law triumphs!" He also knew the almost religious feeling with which Americans regard their constitution. From this it did not follow at all that the Americans would treat any other constitution with the same sacredness, including the Brezhnev one, according to which free Russia continued to live. But Rutskoi was sure that it would be so.

Looking through incoming messages through ITAR-TASS and other information

agencies, Rutskoi could see that his hopes were unrealizable.

It turned out that, unlike in August 1991, when the leaders of most foreign countries took some time to comprehend the turbulent events in Moscow and come up with an unofficial reaction, this time they decided very quickly. This was mainly due to the fact that an hour before Yeltsin's speech on television, Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Kozyrev invited the ambassadors of seven leading Western countries - the United States, Japan, Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy and Canada - and informed them of the president's intention to dissolve congress and the Supreme Soviet with the appointment of new presidential and parliamentary elections for December 12.

The United States was one of the first to respond to the events in Moscow. US President Bill Clinton declared full support for Boris Yeltsin. The decision of the Russian president to dissolve the parliament was approved by France, Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Czech Republic, the Netherlands, Australia, Kazakhstan, Estonia, Moldova and Turkmenistan.

After reading the word "Turkmenistan", Rutskoi for a moment could not figure out which state he was talking about. And then I realized a vile method of presenting information: the CIS countries were thievishly included in the list of states of the world, so that the list seemed more solid and longer.

China has not defined its position. In Beijing, a foreign ministry spokesman declined to say whether Yeltsin or Rutskoi was considered by the Chinese leadership to be Russia's president.

Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church Alexy II, who is in the US, refrained from commenting, citing a lack of information.

All telegraph agencies noted that the only person outside of Russia who came out with an open condemnation of Yeltsin was Mikhail Gorbachev so far. A former Soviet president touring Italy called Yeltsin's actions "reckless and unconstitutional." Gorbachev announced that he was interrupting his Italian tour and urgently returning to Moscow.

Following the first generalized messages, details were already approaching.

Correspondents reported from Washington:

"As new reports emerge about the measures taken by opponents of Boris Yeltsin to eliminate him, the intonation of the American administration is becoming clearer. And after the presidents of the United States and Russia had a 15-minute telephone conversation, the full support of Yeltsin from the United States became a fait accompli political fact.

Strictly speaking, the guarantees that Bill Clinton demanded were contained in the Russian leader's most public statement. It was fundamentally important for the White House to get an unequivocal "yes" to just two questions. First: will parliamentary elections be held soon? Second: will they be honest and democratic? Yeltsin's answers were not only positive, but convincing. According to Secretary of State Warren Christopher, recent developments make the US Senate's decision in favor of prompt economic assistance to Moscow even more urgent. Experts in Washington believe that the international recognition of Alexander Rutskoy as President of Russia is hardly feasible, both in the near future and in the foreseeable future ... "

"Bastards!" - Rutskoi hissed through his teeth, and only by an effort of will forced himself to read

further.

"The official reaction of London to the measures taken by Yeltsin leaves no doubt on whose side the British government is. According to senior officials in Prime Minister John Major's office, "Yeltsin is a reformer, so we support him, and we have no reason to delay in recognizing this." Foreign Minister Douglas Hurd spoke in the same vein. "President Yeltsin is completely right," he said. "His democratic mandate is much more convincing than that of Parliament. The congress constantly tried to interfere with the reforms. It's only the beginning now, but Yeltsin's chances look good."

Through all this accomplishment, the conspiracy of international imperialism against the most healthy forces of Russia was clearly visible. A collusion that began in 1989 and continues to this day.

But that was not all. A TASS correspondent reported from Paris:

"A little more than two hours passed after Boris Yeltsin's speech on Russian television, as the first reaction of Paris followed. In the absence of President Mitterrand, who is in Poland, Foreign Minister Alain Juppe noted that it was Yeltsin who was legally and democratically elected head of state and won the April referendum. Juppe expressed hope for the victory of the Russian reformers, who are ready to hold elections again. However, Prime Minister Eduard Balladur took a more cautious position, declaring the need to wait for developments in Russia."

The report from France also included an interview with the Le Figaro newspaper given by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. At one time, the writer shocked the whole world with his "Gulag Archipelago" and dealt such a blow to the communist system, from which she never managed to fully recover. Exiled from the country on the orders of the elders from the Politburo, Solzhenitsyn has since lived in America and, despite all the changes taking place in Russia, defiantly refused to return to his homeland, from time to time sending advice to Moscow through world news agencies. The day before Yeltsin's speech, it turns out, he said (was he not warned?):

"Yeltsin had to dissolve the parliament, which is not a real parliament, and he inherited from the old regime ... Boris Yeltsin is a sincere and courageous person. He demonstrated these qualities when he was one of the first to leave the Communist Party and during the August coup. But in the future, Yeltsin made many serious mistakes, the main of which was that he did not do away with the then existing political system ... "The writer's words clearly showed the hope that the president would soon correct this mistake.

Not the best news came from the so-called CIS countries. The hysterical calls of Khasbulatov and Rutskoy for the restoration of the USSR, of course, could not but affect the views of the local presidents and chairmen, who now strongly supported Yeltsin.

In Kazakhstan, President Nursultan Nazarbayev has officially stated that "the process of reform in Russia, which is facing serious contradictions, required certain and decisive measures. In this regard, the actions of President Yeltsin are perceived by us as one of the ways out of the political impasse.

In Belarus, the chairman of the Supreme Soviet, Stanislav Shushkevich, praised Boris Yeltsin's decree as a "right step."

In Moldova, President Snegur said that he refers to the actions of President Yeltsin

positively, believing that he acted "wisely and justly."

President of Ukraine Kravchuk, he was simply delighted with Yeltsin's decree, saying that all this had to be done "six months earlier."

Of course, it was hard to expect that Yeltsin's former friends in the Politburo of the Central Committee of the CPSU would act differently and would not unanimously support their friend, with whom they were collapsing the USSR together. But it was still annoying.

Thank God, completely different responses come from different parts of Russia.

A meeting of the Small Regional Council has already been held in Kemerovo. The head of the local administration, M. Kislyuk, assessed the presidential decree and his appeal to the people as going "beyond the legal space." True, he also condemned the Supreme Soviet for hasty actions to remove Yeltsin from office.

But in Chelyabinsk, the Small Council of the Regional Council declared Yeltsin's decree "unconstitutional and unenforceable on the territory of the Chelyabinsk Region. The Chelyabinsk Regional Committee for the Protection of the Constitution and Soviet Power appealed to the local media with an appeal to come out in defense of the constitutional order.

In Vladimir, the Small Council, which met all night, called Yeltsin's decree "anti-constitutional, aimed at usurping power," and urged Yeltsin to refuse to implement the decree.

In Blagoveshchensk, the chairman of the Amur Regional Council, Belonogov, regarded Yeltsin's decree as "contrary to the Constitution."

In Vladivostok, the head of the administration of the Primorsky Territory, E. Nazdratenko, who dreamed of the power of the governor, attacked both branches of power and said, speaking on the radio: "... through the fault of the center, Primorye found itself in a difficult situation. In fact, the government separated the region from Russia. If political bacchanalia continues in the country, we will decide that we must work on our own, while Moscow will figure out who is more important and more important."

And in St. Petersburg, it turns out that only academician Dmitry Likhachev managed to speak out. The aged patriarch of Russian democracy spread the following message: "The war of the authorities cannot serve as a basis for governing the state, and we, the citizens, cannot wait, watching when one of the branches of power will defeat the other in a fight. Therefore, the president did the right thing by taking the initiative into his own hands and calling elections. I'm sure everything will work out in this case. The Lord preserves Russia... We must give the people the right to determine their own destiny. And references to the Brezhnev constitution, at least,

naive."

True, there was already a messenger from St. Petersburg, who arrived in Moscow on a night flight. He said that the Petrograd Soviet, where former communists are in charge (as everywhere, by the way), is almost entirely against the President's decree. The vice-mayor of the northern capital, Vice-Admiral Shcherbakov, who so zealously supported Yeltsin in August 1991, is now ready to personally lead an armed campaign to protect the Supreme Soviet and Rutskoi. True, this should not be taken seriously. The admiral, pampered in the luxurious offices of the Mariinsky Palace and the Smolny, of course, is not so hot a warrior. But his opinion is listened to in the city, and the so-called shadow general staff created by him has already developed several options for seizing power in situations like the current one.

In addition, the fighters of the former Baltic OMON are ready to leave for Moscow almost in full strength, having settled after the withdrawal from the Baltic states at one of the military bases of the Karelian Isthmus. Numerous right-wing volunteers will join them.

groups of the city and, of course, the host of the program "600 seconds" Alexander Nevzorov, who wants to personally announce on the air the overthrow of the usurper Yeltsin and the restoration of our common homeland - the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In principle, the picture was as follows: all near and far abroad support Yeltsin, but Russia is quite the opposite. There is evidence that practically all councils will refuse to recognize Decree No. 1400, signed on 21 September. And advice is power!

A blushing Sazhi Umalatova flew into the office:

- Alexander Vladimirovich, we must go out to the people. There, on the square, several thousand had already gathered. They are ready to defend our cause. No end to volunteers!

It was at this moment that Rutskoi did not want to go out to the people at all, especially since he knew perfectly well what kind of

the people have now been brought to the Anpilov and Urazhtsev square.

Promising to soon go out onto the balcony, Rutskoi, taking out a directory, began to call the United States Embassy, which was right there on Krasnopresnenskaya Square. If not for the thick curtains on the windows, Rutskoi could see the embassy building through the window.

Routine calls were answered by an attendant, usually a Russian, employed and paid by both the embassy and the KGB. But a special directory made it possible to get through directly to embassy workers, including the ambassador himself. As president of Russia, Rutskoi could have phoned the ambassador directly, but he did not do this, but tried to contact the press officer. Someone picked up the phone and answered in English. Rutskoi did not know English, and therefore asked in Russian for Mr. Joseph Kozetsky, whom he knew personally. After the answer, the parallel president turned purple and hung up. "Mr. Rutskoi, we are not authorized to conduct any negotiations with you."

Throwing the reference book into a drawer, Rutskoi stood up and with an elastic gait went to the balcony of the White House to communicate with the people.

11:00

The co-chairman of the National Salvation Front, Ilya Konstantinov, returned to the meeting room of the Supreme Council excited by the speech he had just delivered from the balcony. In general, it was not even a speech, but a set of slogans on the theme "Our cause is just - victory will be ours!" Konstantinov liked the role of the people's tribune very much, but something was always missing in his fiery speeches. There was no riotous dashing in them, characteristic of Viktor Anpilov's speeches, there was no Makashov cast-ironness, confirmed by three-star general epaulettes, there was no exalted hysteria of Sazha Umalatova.

From the outside, it always seemed that Konstantinov was persuading someone, like a schoolboy who really wants to get an A, not really knowing what he was talking about. Both the feigned swagger and the equally feigned bravado, generated by complete impunity, did not help him. Baburin treated him with condescending politeness, General Makashov - as a too talkative upstart from the lower ranks, Khasbulatov - with a certain suspicion, and as for Barkashov, he openly considered Konstantinov a Jew and did not hide it. This was a shame, since Konstantinov himself did not like Jews from birth. However, this did not prove anything. Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovskiy also did not like Jews, but, nevertheless, everyone - up to and including the president - considered him a Jew, and the Barkashovites even defiantly left the hall when Zhirinovskiy appeared in it. They did not treat Konstantinov so cruelly, but Ilya was listed on their secret lists

candidate for internment and subsequent deportation to Israel.

A significant role here was played by the fact that Konstantinov was not a Muscovite, but was a Leningrader. This city, although now renamed St. Petersburg, still remained a hotbed of sedition and an outpost of cosmopolitanism, where everything seemed to be completely clear concepts were turned upside down.

In the old days, Konstantinov made himself felt as an ardent anti-communist. But even then, his anti-communism had a rather obvious anti-Semitic coloring, which gave it a touch of originality. At Leningrad University, where Konstantinov studied at the Faculty of Economics, he gained a reputation among the ever-distorted student environment as an extremist who did not see any possibility of changing things in the country otherwise than by mass executions without trial, calling to fight the communists with their own methods. Otherwise, he emphasized, everything would be mired in verbiage. So that he himself would not be accused of verbiage, Konstantinov put together something like a terrorist organization in the name of the liberation of the Motherland. Of course, the entire "organization" immediately fell into the clutches of the KGB, which never needed the crime itself, but only the intention to commit it, which was absolutely clearly explained by the famous 15th article of the Code of Criminal Procedure. It was through this 15th article that all Konstantinov's friends were imprisoned, but he himself remained free, giving a lot of food for thought to everyone who knew him.

True, he had to part with the work of an economist and get a job as a fireman in the boiler room at the Museum of the Revolution, in the Kshesinskaya mansion. The place is more than strange for a man on a terrorism case. Moreover, the most powerful community of "stokers and watchmen" of the last years of the communist era needed filtering even more than any terrorist organization.

During Gorbachev's great retreat, Konstantinov appeared on the city's political scene, speaking at rallies of "Democratic Russia" under the wing of the famous "Aunt Salie", whom the party transferred to the rearguard of its retreating columns. Thus, Konstantinov entered politics on the "Democratic platform" just like his harsh colleagues in the Supreme Council: Baburin, Pavlov, Isakov and many others, with whom the vigilant KGB managed to stuff the amorphous and slender democratic movement. Everyone simply had to prove with his energy and many other qualities that he was worthy of the high trust placed in him.

In the midst of all these events, Konstantinov unexpectedly defected from Aunt Salie to the Christian Democratic Party of Viktor Aksyuchits. Evil tongues said that he did this not at all out of ideological motives, but out of a desire to quickly and practically free of charge get a car, with which the Christian Democrats of the West, moved to tears, supplied Aksyuchits. Like it or not - in principle, it does not matter much, in fairness it should be noted that the CDU was much closer to Konstantinov in spirit than the intelligent Jewish environment of Marina Salier, whose ideological platform was something like salon anti-communism, if you can express yourself.

As for the Christian Democrats, they, like the liberal democrats of Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovsky, were groups that had nothing in common with their counterparts in the West, from whom at first they did not disdain to receive all types of assistance, including the so-called "humanitarian aid". Both parties were semi-fascist leader formations and, as their activities developed, constantly shifted to the right, merging with the most rabid groupings, which were embarrassed even to call themselves parties, since they were, in essence and in form, bandit formations that flourished thanks to the complete official indifference of the authorities and their unofficial support.

Through these muddy waves, Konstantinov managed to break through in the elections to the Supreme Soviet, using the still well-functioning anti-communist rhetoric and the word "people", worn out from frequent use. The historical idol of Konstantinov was the penultimate Russian Tsar Alexander III, and Konstantinov even outwardly tried to resemble the All-Russian autocrat, although he was almost half as tall as the original, but nevertheless wore a beard that his idol wore while still heir to the throne.

However, if the first rule of Emperor Alexander III was to ensure strict police order in Russia, which, according to him, had only its "army and navy" as its only allies, then Konstantinov, on the contrary, from the very first days of his stay in the Supreme Council did everything possible, in one way or another to destabilize the situation, if not throughout Russia, then at least in Moscow. As for his hometown of St. Petersburg, Konstantinov preferred not to appear there, because his voters had so many questions for him that only the completely inoperative procedure for recalling deputies allowed him to maintain his mandate.

In any case, all talk about future elections, and even more so about early ones, aroused in him a completely understandable feeling of irritation, quickly turning into rage, as always happens with natures prone to hooliganism when they realize their own not only impunity, but also immunity.

Of course, we should not forget that the collapse of the empire plunged many people into a state of shock, forcing them to quickly change their views, formed at a time when it seemed to them that they were fighting the CPSU, although, as it turned out later, the CPSU paid for this struggle from own funds.

Be that as it may, but once in the Supreme Council, Konstantinov immediately joined the ranks of the so-called "sovereigns", whose main occupation at first was to arrange hysterical lamentations for the deceased empire on any occasion. And since the "sovereigns" refused to admit that the USSR had died a natural death, they constantly demanded that the murderers of the worker-peasant kingdom be found and roughly punished. At the same time, the "Belovezhsky conspirators" headed by President Yeltsin suffered most of all, some called for them to be judged almost by an international tribunal, while others (and Konstantinov, of course, was among them) - to be shot without trial or investigation.

Giving an interview on television, Konstantinov, when asked by a correspondent how he understands his own words "shoot the Belovezhskaya Pushcha conspirators without trial or investigation," explained that he would send a company of submachine gunners to Belovezhskaya Pushcha to arrest Yeltsin, Kravchuk and Shushkevich. The company would have an order: if the indicated persons decided to resist, open fire to kill.

True, when all this really happened, Konstantinov, still not recovering from the benefits that fell upon him as a deputy, obediently voted for the ratification of the Belovezhskaya agreements, without even thinking of arresting and shooting anyone. In the same interview, answering the question whether he considers it possible for a Jew to ever become the president of Russia, he answered "Why not?" And he almost ruined his entire future career in the opposition. After that, he had to explain for a long time that he responded in this way only because he was generally against the presidency and was making every effort to achieve the abolition "as unjustified himself." This did not convince everyone, but the ebullient activity of Konstantinov, who became one of the most active representatives of the "irreconcilable opposition" and did not shy away from the blackest work in the name of overthrowing the "occupation regime", could no longer be ignored by other big and small leaders. Moreover, Konstantinov worked hard to unite the "irreconcilables" into a single bloc.

The task was difficult. The "irreconcilables" were also torn apart by irreconcilable contradictions. Some did not want to have anything to do with the communists, others considered everyone except themselves to be Zionists, others demanded to remain within the framework of the parliamentary struggle, while the fourth, more than anything else, wanted to shoot. And only the communists of Gennady Zyuganov, according to tradition, were ready to join anyone, if only to restore their former positions in society, lost due to the betrayal of the CPSU. In the old days, these positions could only be maintained by relying on the punitive apparatus of the KGB. Now the theoretician Zyuganov saw the future of his party in reliance on paramilitary fascist groups.

The truly titanic efforts and endless compromises of Konstantinov (it was much harder for him to sit on the same presidium with Zyuganov than for Zyuganov with him. It didn't matter to him - just to sit on the presidium) led to the fact that on October 24, 1992 he managed to gather for the founding congress of the National Salvation Front, almost all the parties and groups that various departments of the KGB and underground regional committees had managed to create by that time. There was the "Council of Patriotic Forces", and the "Russian National Cathedral", and the "National Republican Party" of Nikolai Lysenko, who at one time was expelled from the "Memory" for "everyday anti-Semitism", and the "Russian Party" of Korchagin, and the "Party Russian national unity", and, of course, communists of all stripes and shades: from bright red to dark brown.

"The color of the nation" called Konstantinov gathered in the hall.

In the presidium, the "color of the nation" was represented by: General Makashov, Sergey Baburin, Gennady Zyuganov, Vladimir Isakov, Alexander Prokhanov, Alexander Sterligov, Sazhi Umalatova, elected chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and fragments of the former Soyuz group: Colonel Alksnis and Svetlana Goryacheva. Lysenko and Barkashov also sat there, and, of course, Konstantinov himself. Guards were gloomy guys in camouflage, but without any insignia. The press was allowed into the hall.

General Makashov began the founding congress in a military way simply and sonorously. Standing in the presidium, the general loudly commanded:

- Who does not support Yeltsin and the government, please stand up!

A joyful smile lit up the general's stern face as the 1,500-strong hall rose at his command. Only a few representatives of the press, which the presidium called "yellow", were left to sit.

"The yellow press and Zionophile television will pay dearly," Nikolai Lysenko threatened, vigilantly watching from the presidium those who did not get up at Makashov's command.

After such a beginning, invented by Makashov, the common platform on which the reds and browns could unite immediately became clear. Therefore, making a speech, Konstantinov spoke directly and harshly:

- It is necessary to create a movement that can change the course of history in our country. We must immediately begin preparing actions that could influence the course of the upcoming Congress of People's Deputies. One of the main tasks is the resignation of the president. Russia must be defended, but there is no one to defend it, because we are Russia!

Having thus expressed a desire to throw himself under the wheel of history, Konstantinov received rather hesitant applause, since his ultimate goal - the resignation of the president - seemed to many, for obvious reasons, pathetic and not very serious. Was it worth gathering at all for the sake of Yeltsin's resignation? Bigger plans needed!

Much greater applause, almost stormy, greeted the words of General Makashov that "the army will not defend the president, who betrayed his people and the Armed Forces!"

Comrade Zyuganov spoke with a mournful face, announcing that "only a little more than a year has passed (since the flight of the CPSU), but during this time we have lost statehood." Having lost the post of secretary of the RCP, Zyuganov believed that this was the end of Russian statehood. He was very pleased with the prospect of creating a powerful coalition of National Bolshevism from fascist and communist groups, the leader of which he saw no one but himself. Not without reason, all the theoretical works of the new Marxist leader boiled down to the fact that Russia is a traditional "leader's state", alien to any democracy - this vile invention of the Zionizing bourgeoisie.

However, there were too many hunters for the post of leader to give way to his comrade Zyuganov so easily.

Konstantinov, out of old habit, said a few "warm" words about the communists, and was warmly supported by the admirers of Adolf Aloisovich, who read the Fuhrer's works only in the part that concerned the Jews. If they had read some of Hitler's reflections on the communists, they would have learned a lot for themselves. In particular, they would have known the Fuhrer's opinion that the most zealous members of National Socialism came to the Hitlerite movement precisely from the Communist Party as the closest in spirit.

Sergei Baburin, speaking at the founding congress of the Federal Tax Service, reminded the audience that "we have gathered in order to implement the idea that the Soyuz group, then the Rossiya faction and, finally, all patriotic organizations, could not implement in their time in the name of the revival of a single multinational Motherland.

Baburin did not name the word USSR, but he gave a recipe for how this unification could be achieved: by restoring the practice of state orders and distribution.

In other words, Baburin offered to return to the good old totalitarian past, when the state ordered tanks and missiles, and distributed food imported from the West in such a way that millions of people rushed overcrowded trains from all over Russia to Moscow for sausage and butter. There was nowhere else to buy them in the whole expanse of great Russia, except for the party special distributors, about which the majority of those gathered in the hall retained the best memories (and some secretly used them to this day).

Baburin's speech, although received positively by the audience, did not evoke any special emotions, since the cautious deputy carefully avoided extremist appeals and militant appeals, to which the hall was psychologically tuned. In addition, he only casually spoke about what, in fact, everyone had gathered here for. In order to create a powerful unified organization, something like a new, but, of course, much stronger "Russian Right". For, as the red leader Zyuganov noted, quoting Lenin, "an organization can only be defeated by an organization."

Alexander Prokhanov, the editor-in-chief of The Day newspaper, a former Zionist, a former "nightingale of the General Staff" who has now lost his mind from the abrupt twists of fate, and therefore has become the ideologist of an incomprehensible idea, which he himself was not able to formulate, was instructed to tell about this.

Having told the audience that "only rats and crows are good in Russia" and having torn off a storm of applause on this occasion, the long-haired ideologist called for the reconciliation of the "red and white ideas", which led to the adoption of a special resolution on overcoming the 1917 split. From now on, when creating Great Russia, the united people will draw from both cups

- "red and white" - and drink from both wells.

The proclamation of such a reconciliation was more of an ideal to strive for than a reality. If all the "white" patriots saw themselves as the heirs of the "White Guards", then the communist "Red" opposition considered themselves the heirs of the "Bolsheviks", who could still come to terms with the distant past, but were not going to concede anything in the present and even more so in the future.

Some groups advocated, for example, free farming as part of the instructions of their idol Stolypin. The "Reds" did everything possible for their part to thwart the land reform and preserve collective-farm slavery. Some supported domestic entrepreneurs, others supported workers in their struggle against entrepreneurs. With such an antagonism that has been tearing apart "reds" and "whites" for decades, the only bridge between them could be brown ideas, and a common point of contact - politics that begins and ends with anti-Semitism. It was a trap from which there was not even a theoretical way out. As a result, no matter how hard Konstantinov and Zyuganov tried to create some semblance of a red-and-white unity, they got what was inevitable: a red-brown bloc.

And speaking in human terms, the communist-fascist union, which almost took shape in the late 30s and early 40s, having collapsed due to the manic blindness of its leaders, then became almost a reality.

Closing the congress, Konstantinov said that the created front should be regarded as a "liberation movement", the main task of which is "a people's liberation revolution against the provisional occupation government and Yeltsin's clique."

Such a dashing resolution, announced by Konstantinov, quite unexpectedly provoked a reaction from the president, who had previously hardly noticed the hysterical cries of the opposition. A decree followed to dissolve the organizing committee of the National Salvation Front and to ban it. The organizers of the "Front", as is usual in a democratic society, which they swore to destroy, did not obey the decree and, after a couple of noisy rallies, filed a protest with the Constitutional Court.

Having considered the protest, the Constitutional Court, headed by Valery Zorkin, who recently brought the Communist Party out of the blow, recognized the decree of the President "unconstitutional", limiting the freedom of citizens to associate on political, religious and other grounds. To Valery Zorkin himself, the ideas of the "Front" were much closer than some incomprehensible arguments about democracy, which he had never seen in his eyes, and therefore did not want to know. He would have done just that even if he had not received any "recommendations", and since there were "recommendations" after all, he pulled the "Front" out of the blow with even greater enthusiasm.

Great days have come for Konstantinov. He did not have his own contingent, like, say, Anpilov or Terekhov, but, as befits a co-chairman, he coordinated all the factions of the Front, gathering them in the squares, forming columns during processions and reserving seats in the hall at meetings.

His puffy face with a disheveled beard flickered now to the left of Anpilov, now to the right of Terekhov, now above Makashov's faded epaulette, now against the backdrop of General Sterligov's Jesuit smile or Khasbulatov's impudent grin.

He worked like a convict to achieve coordination of parties, groups and various fragmented communities, nominally brought together by his energy into a united front, but continuing to consider only himself a preacher of the true "teaching", and all the rest -

heretics.

He fought like a lion at the March convention to impeach President Yeltsin, and when that failed, he did everything in his power to derail the April referendum.

The failures that followed one after another embittered Konstantinov, but had little effect on his energy.

He became one of the initiators of the May Day riots, and then promised to turn Moscow into an arena of street fighting and a disaster zone altogether.

"Let Konstantinov save his own head," one of the riot police chiefs responded to his provocative appeals.

The prosecutor's office also stirred, but Konstantinov was invulnerable to it. Parliamentary immunity not only prevented his arrest, but even did not allow Konstantinov to be summoned anywhere to testify if he did not want to. And even the timid sounding of the investigating authorities about the removal of "parliamentary immunity" from Konstantinov caused a whole storm of protests, as in the case of Anpilov.

At the end of July, Konstantinov gathered the Second Congress of the National Salvation Front. In addition to Baburin, Zyuganov and Isakov, this time Anatoly Lukyanov also sat on the presidium, for whom the humane democratic court changed the preventive measure instead of a prison cell to a written undertaking not to leave.

In his speech at the congress, Konstantinov emphasized that the situation was ripe for a "people's liberation revolution" with the transfer, as in the good old days of 1917, of all power to the Soviets. It is necessary to immediately create a government of national salvation in place of the occupational provisional government. All this requires an immediate transition to action. Not later than August 19 - the second anniversary of the August coup. It is necessary to escalate revolutionary offensive actions with the immediate task of eliminating the presidency.

Provoking loud applause from the audience, Konstantinov noted with joy that in the current situation, Khasbulatov and Rutskoi had actually become members of the National Salvation Front, prompting all doubters on which side they should be on in the escalating conflict of two apparatus monsters, one of which declared itself the legislative branch, and the second - executive.

And there were many doubters. Fascist and Bolshevik groups did not want to take sides. "Churka" Khasbulatov irritated them no less than "Jew Eltsin". Let them devour each other, and on their remains we will build a new great Russia.

On the sidelines of the congress, a rumor spread that "this Jew" - Konstantinov - was specially putting together a "Front" so that it would be easier for the authorities to "slam us all." That is why he so stubbornly, hiding behind his own integrity, provokes everyone to take active steps. Everyone is jailed, and he will "eat caviar and salmon for free in a special buffet." Socialism has always been an ideology of envy, and those gathered in their hearts were all either National Socialists or International Socialists.

Konstantinov was aware of such sentiments and could not ignore them. He had to try, sometimes even too much, to make it clear to his "front-line soldiers" that he was risking no less than the rest.

In Pravda, which, apparently, was especially baked about the "anti-communist" Konstantinov, a warning appeared about the impending assassination attempt on him. And in mid-August, a message was circulated that unknown intruders entered Konstantinov's office in the White House and stole a large number of secret documents related to the activities of the Front. However, this had the opposite effect, since evil tongues immediately spread a rumor that Konstantinov himself handed over these documents to the authorities, so that it would be easier for them to deal with the "front-line soldiers". Konstantinov reasonably replied that he could hand over photocopies, but, according to the defendants, it was impossible to quietly "photocopy" such a number of documents. The accusations and justifications did not sound very convincing, and the dynamics of impending events rather quickly made us forget about small "mistakes" and fatal coincidences.

The step taken by the president initially delighted Konstantinov. Yeltsin himself exposed himself to a powerful blow from his opponents. But after the excitement came apathy. Ilya Konstantinov was well aware that, for at least the last year and a half, he had been rushing somewhere, like on a raft along a mountain river, not knowing where it led, and whether a bottomless waterfall would open at the next turn, capable of absorbing all plans and hopes .

The ultimate goal was seen very vaguely, and he did not know how those who spin the flywheel see this goal, which can no longer be stopped, because it is already spinning the wheel of history. He could not even answer the simplest question: are those who spin the wheel for Yeltsin or not?

12:00

The Minister of Internal Affairs of Russia, Viktor Yerin, right in his office at Ogaryova, 6, without much apparent interest, looked at the TV screen. Two mobile TV sets of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, driving around the perimeter of the White House, covered the situation in the zone of the rebellious parliament. The few militia brought by Anpilov at night warmed themselves by the fires. Some slept right on the pavement. Nervous tension subsided, generated by a manic confidence that at night the building would certainly be stormed with the use of armored vehicles and special chemicals.

From the balcony of the White House, repeatedly amplified by electronics, the voices of people's deputies and politicians "not invested with people's trust" thundered. At least 8,000 people had already gathered on the vast square. Some of them fervently chanted: "Yeltsin is outside the law! Yeltsin is outside the law!" Others sang: "Rutskoy, be bolder - drive Boris in the neck!"

For a while there was an eerie silence. The crowd continued to sway under the shadow of the red, St. Andrew's and imperial flags.

Rutskoi himself appeared on the podium, met with deafening applause. The rebellious "vice" shouted into the microphone with anguish:

"This gang, which has ruined the country, will not just leave! They understand that they will be responsible for the collapse of the country and the economy!"

Further words were drowned in loud cries of approval. Only a few words of Rutskoi were heard, urging the audience to be ready for struggle and sacrifice.

Rutskoy was unexpectedly replaced on the balcony by the Democratic deputy Viktor Sheinis, a professor, and, moreover, also a Jew. It took a lot of courage just to appear in front of the assembled audience-crowd.

He was greeted with a deafening whistle, in which the cries of "Kill the Jews!" drowned.

The monitor camera ran over the famous writer Eduard Limonov, surrounded by a small group of people and clearly giving an interview to some fragile girl holding a small voice recorder in her hand. Once expelled from the USSR as an anti-Soviet dissident, Limonov returned as the most rabid communist sovereign, making it clear to all doubters how often the KGB fired on its own in a blind frenzy.

Limonov's ideal was an allegory of Russia not in the form of a tall, stately woman in a sundress and with a sheaf in her hands, but in the form of a girl in a cap, in boots, a cape and, of course, with a Kalashnikov assault rifle. Limonov himself also, wherever he could, appeared with a Kalashnikov assault rifle, although some writers claimed that the dashing prose writer had never fired a machine gun in his life and it was an impossible task for him to assemble and disassemble this most popular means for killing people in the world.

- Are you also going to fight in the White House to the last bullet, like Vice President Rutskoi? - the girl brought the microphone closer to Eddie.

"Nothing like that," he almost yelled. - I think that we will have to make a second revolution. Now the parliament and Rutskoi will remove the Yeltsin gang and his occupation government, and then we will have to remove both the parliament and Rutskoi. What is happening now is another nomenclature game. Rutskoi leads Russia away from the opposition by stealing the slogans of the "National Salvation Front"...

The figure of General Sterligov in civilian clothes appeared on the screen. The thin lips of the leader of the Russian "National Council" twisted into a sarcastic grin. He clearly did not approve of what was happening. Several people with microphones flew up to him. With a majestic hand gesture, the general made it clear that he did not intend to give any interviews, and went somewhere along the ramp, avoiding heaps of garbage and stepping over cut pipes and rusty steam radiators, which, according to their creators, were supposed to represent barricades capable of stopping tank attack...

At the right wing of the building, several officers were recording volunteers to defend the White House. On each chest, an eagle gleamed against the background of a star - the sign of the Terekhov "Union of Officers". Terekhov himself, on a small platform near one of the entrances leading to the square, was reviewing the volunteers who had already signed up. There were about forty of them - mostly storekeepers and even retirees. Some came in their military uniforms, but few managed to keep their bearings. The formation looked very comical, but Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov was quite serious.

"Comrades," the adjunct of the Humanitarian Academy addressed the ranks. - The army, like the people, can no longer carry out the criminal decrees of Yeltsin. This also applies to the orders of Ministers Grachev and Erin deposed by the Supreme Council. Only the orders of the parliamentary Minister of Defense Achalov and the Minister of the Interior Dunaev are recognized as valid. Active duty officers who violate this will be prosecuted. Special tribunals are now being created for this."

At that moment, Terekhov was approached by his deputy Lieutenant Colonel Kuznetsov and said something. Terekhov nodded his head and continued:

"It is urgent to form platoons, companies and battalions. The units will be equipped with short-barreled Kalashnikov assault rifles. Now this issue is being resolved."

It was evident how a wave of revival passed through the ranks of volunteers. Weapon! They will be given weapons!

The loudspeakers installed on the balcony continued to strain:

"Please sort out dozens, choose commanders and sign up with officers ..."

An exotically discharged Cossack centurion unexpectedly appeared in the cell: a cap twisted on one side, a beksha embroidered with braids, a whip in a boot and a heavy, meter-long saber on its side. There was only a horse, and without a horse it all looked comical too. He led a dozen and a half equally exotic bearded men, dressed in different ways. Not all "Cossacks" had the opportunity to make a real uniform.

Erin had a connection with the monitors, but he was silent, patiently waiting.

And, finally, I saw what I was sitting in front of the screen for.

A huge banner with a stylized swastika waved over the formation of people in camouflage and with a swastika on their sleeves. Hefty, unsmiling guys froze in the ranks, raising their hands in a Nazi salute. No one heard at the same time that they exclaimed: "Glory to Russia!" or "Heil Hitler!".

Yerin leaned towards the microphone, "Seventeenth! Give these shots to the public relations service and to Ostankino.

A woman's voice answered: "Everything will be done, Viktor Fedorovich."

Colonel-General Yerin was born in January 1944. I got into the police according to the Komsomol recruitment. He worked in Kazan as a district police officer, and after graduating from the higher school of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, he switched to the criminal investigation system. In the Andropov times, he tried to fight against the party-mafia gangs, who had made a very warm nest for themselves in Tatarstan. Of course, he did not achieve much success, but he attracted the attention of Andropov in his mortal battle with the then Minister of Internal Affairs Shchelokov. He was transferred to Moscow to the BHSS department of the USSR Ministry of Internal Affairs, where he was first the head of the department, and then the department until 1988, and then became the Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs of Armenia. In 1990, during the creation of the criminal police service, he was again transferred to Moscow, where he met Yeltsin through his old friend Barannikov.

After the August coup, from September to December 1991, he served as First Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR, and after the collapse of the USSR and the creation of a monstrous monster by merging the Ministry of Internal Affairs and the KGB into a single Ministry of Internal Affairs (Security and Internal Affairs), he again became First Deputy Minister, which Viktor Barannikov was appointed.

The giant uncontrollable monster, fortunately, lasted only a month and a half, and then again split into two parts: the Ministry of Security and the Interior. And this time, Yerin became a minister. Along the way, he managed to visit the head of the operational headquarters "to restore law and order in the areas of the Ingush-Ossetian conflict", although many considered him the inspirer of this conflict, because the Ministry of Internal Affairs was entrusted with the task of destabilizing the situation in the North Caucasus and Transcaucasia so that the local peoples and The nationalities, drowning in blood, realized that they had no other choice but to resign themselves under the high patronage of Russia and even in their most blissful dreams not to think of any kind of independence.

Apparently, this was the only task with which the Ministry of the Interior of free Russia somehow coped. The cycle of endless wars and ethnic massacres swept the entire territory of the Caucasus from the Terek to the Iranian border.

But while such global tasks of a "geopolitical" nature were being solved, crime in Russia itself, and especially in Moscow, completely got out of any control of the authorities, overwhelming even the highest levels of power and completely flooding the lives of ordinary people.

the townsfolk. Basically, there was nothing strange about it. All the power ministries of the former Soviet Union were constantly focused on punitive measures against their own people, having as their main task to keep this very people within the strict limits established by the totalitarian system. If the KGB devoted the lion's share of its time to efforts so that the people read what was supposed to be, heard what was supposed to be and talked less, then the main tasks of the Ministry of Internal Affairs were to oversee that the people lived (namely, "lived", and did not live) at the place of registration, not had no "unearned income" and talked less. Both services agreed that the best thing the people can do is to drink deeply, providing both the treasury and the punitive services with additional income.

But to protect this people from anyone - such a question did not arise at all. On the contrary, everyone knew that if there was any threat to the system, this very people, dressed in overcoats, would neutralize this threat with mountains of their corpses.

Therefore, no one seriously thought of protecting the people from the crime of the most cruel kind that had overwhelmed the country in general and the capital, in particular.

Such was the tradition of the relationship between the people and the authorities, in which August 1991 did not introduce nothing new.

And Minister Yerin, brought up in the Shchelokovo-Andropov bodies, was perhaps the least competent person to fight crime in even a rudimentary market economy, but he undoubtedly possessed qualities that were much more important at the moment for those who put forward him to the post of minister and kept him in that post.

This quality was the so-called "clan honesty" or, in the words of Comrade Stalin, "personal devotion."

Like many of his predecessors and current colleagues, Colonel General Yerin did not serve the people, not the country, and, of course, not the Constitution - he served the leader. And he served in such a way that the leader could not doubt his loyalty and that the colonel-general would carry out any order, no matter how cruel and illegal this order was.

The leader, in this case, was President Yeltsin, since Yerin did not see anyone else even remotely resembling a leader, and he was absolutely right.

And today he had to demonstrate his devotion to the president.

13:20

Army General Pavel Grachev also looked with interest at the TV screen, where footage of events flashed on the square near the House of Soviets, and sometimes even inside the giant building. The general was gloomy and preoccupied. Only the appearance on the screen of a huge banner with a swastika put him in a good mood. He leaned back in his chair and laughed out loud, saying to the Chief of the General Staff, General Kolesnikov, who was present in the office: "Well, well done! A?"

However, the sight of the banner with the swastika did not please General Kolesnikov at all. Watching the events with an incomprehensible smile, he turned purple at the sight of the swastika, coughed, took out a large handkerchief and began to carefully wipe his glasses.

Grachev's remark made him shudder and look inquiringly at the minister.

But the minister had already driven the smile off his face and said:

"I have a meeting with the president in an hour. Maybe I'll get a marshal.

And he laughed again, while General Kolesnikov remained grim.

Not only was General Grachev not afraid of the situation that was emerging at the White House, but even, in some respects, it pleased him.

For the army, there is nothing worse than the tedious everyday life of peacetime, especially if this peacetime takes place in the situation that currently exists in Russia, when the army, one might say, was mixed with mud, hanging on it everything: from the defeat in Afghanistan to the accusation that that she does nothing else but forge cadres for the criminal world.

"The army has turned into one huge criminal zone," democratic newspapers wrote in a revealing frenzy, commenting either on a major theft committed by generals or a brutal murder committed by soldiers. The army has become a "whipping boy" for both right-wing and left-wing politicians. The armies almost monthly cut appropriations, "cut" applications, tortured us with conversion, forced to lick with the Americans and NATO members, setting them as an example, although in many respects they are not even a match for us.

It's even good that there will be an opportunity to show some of the screamers that they are without an army. And what is an army!

The career of General Grachev, if it had an analogue, was only in the era of revolutionary wars in France and the civil war in Russia.

After graduating from the Ryazan Airborne School, Pavel Grachev, thanks to his unconditional personal courage and innate qualities of a combatant, quickly made a career in the conditions of the dull Brezhnev stagnation, like thousands of his classmates. The turning point in his career, like many others, was made by the Afghan war, which Grachev began as a lieutenant colonel in the position of deputy chief of staff of the airborne division. By the time our troops left Afghanistan, he was already a major general and a Hero of the Soviet Union, holding the position of deputy army commander and commander of all airborne units in Afghanistan.

After the withdrawal of troops, Major General Grachev was appointed to the post of commander of the airborne troops, for which he was personally recommended by General Achalov, leaving for a raise.

On the eve of the August coup, at the direction of the then Minister of Defense Marshal Yazov, together with other employees of the Ministry of Defense and with colleagues from the KGB, Grachev studied options for introducing a state of emergency throughout the USSR. In the early morning of August 19, at the direction of General Achalov by telephone, he alerted the Tula and Kursk airborne divisions and ordered them to land near Moscow at the famous Kubinka airfield. Achalov ordered Grachev to take under the protection of the State Bank, Gokhran, radio and television. From Marshal Yazov himself, an order was received to prepare a "facility" for the maintenance of a large number of "special contingent" - detainees and internees

politicians.

Grachev, with a special coded message, brought the troops subordinate to him throughout the country into a state of full combat readiness, but unexpectedly, instead of supporting the GKChP, he opposed them. It is said that he did this under the influence of the then Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force, Colonel-General Shaposhnikov, who was shocked by the fact that in the chaos of the coup d'état it was not known to whom control of the country's nuclear weapons had passed. Everyone simply forgot about him ... Grachev's paratroopers quickly and clearly eliminated all the dreams of the State Emergency Committee, capturing or isolating all the command posts of the putschists, including the command post of the then Chief of the General Staff, General of the Army Moiseev.

This determined the further career of Grachev, who in less than a year went from

major general to army general. The path that takes many generals a lifetime, but in most cases, it is clearly not enough. And even a few lives would not be enough, but here in just a year. Yeltsin promoted Grachev to the army general, much to the displeasure of most of the then top leaders of the Armed Forces, who soon had to express their displeasure in retirement. Not without reason, at most opposition rallies, the retirees demanded that Grachev be put on trial with no less zeal than President Yeltsin himself.

Despite his peppy and even cheerful appearance, Grachev was greatly disturbed by the fact that the Supreme Council assigned the post of "parallel" Minister of Defense to Achalov. He knew Achalov well, appreciated his undoubted merits, knew his shortcomings, and heard something about the vices inherent in the former commander of the airborne units. But best of all, Grachev knew Achalov's persistence, which, combined with his volcanic energy, could crush all obstacles in the path of the disgraced colonel general.

And the Chief of the General Staff Mikhail Kolesnikov, and both Grachev's deputies - Colonel Generals Valery Mironov and Boris Gromov, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force Pyotr Deinekin, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Strategic Missile Forces Colonel-General Igor Sergeyev, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy Admiral Felix Gromov - all already reported to the minister that Achalov somehow managed to reach them with a proposal to go over to the side of the Supreme Council. In other words, they were offered to leave Grachev's subordination - this, according to Achalov, "snotty Bonaparte" and go under his subordination, Achalov, whom they all knew from their previous service, when they took a sacred oath, "not sparing life itself" to serve the Union Socialist Republics.

There was information that Achalov found a way to put pressure on the commanders of the districts, got to the heads of academies and schools, persuading, scattering promises and threats, speculating on high feelings of love for the Motherland and on the petty vanity of those who dreamed of a personal career.

It was gratifying that everyone who had already undergone Achalov's processing, themselves initiatively and quickly reported this to Grachev. That's why the Chief of the General Staff was in the minister's office, telling how Achalov worked on him personally, urging him to spit on his opponents and remember his duty to the Motherland, which, once again in its history, fell into the network of world Zionism.

Grachev, examining his own nails, listened to the Chief of the General Staff, trying not to look him in the eye. It was obvious that Kolesnikov was not reporting everything he had heard, and, most importantly, not quite what he thought.

"Well, what did you answer him for all this?" the minister asked, shifting the papers
on your desk.

"I tell him: "Slava, stop fooling around, don't do nonsense," General Kolesnikov blushed forcefully.

- And then? Grachev asked, raising his eyes to the Chief of the General Staff.

"Pasha," Kolesnikov asked. - You don't believe me?

"I believe," Grachev replied and sighed.

- What do you think? Kolesnikov gasped in indignation. - What am I going to stand under this fascist banner? What am I, like this, I will disgrace myself at the end of the service!

"All right, calm down," Grachev ordered. "Let's get together and discuss everything.

Kolesnikov saw a banner with a swastika ten minutes ago on a TV screen in the minister's office. What would he refer to if he had not seen it?

Even earlier, the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force, General Deinekin, reported to Grachev that Rutskoi was pressing on him, "like a tractor." Since the August putsch, thwarted by the joint efforts of Shaposhnikov, Grachev, Deinekin and, of course, Rutskoi, they have all become, as it were, best friends, able, against the background of personal relationships, to cut each other the truth-womb in eyes.

Rutskoi asked Deinekin to announce that the country's air force had gone over to Rutskoi's side and would bomb the Kremlin unless President Yeltsin revoked his Decree No. 1400 and resigned as stipulated by the Constitution. In other words, Rutskoi offered Deinekin practically the same option with which the air force put pressure on the State Emergency Committee in August 1991.

"To this," Deinekin reported to Grachev, "I answered him culturally: Sasha, stop doing this, I have one president and one minister, and our personal relations with you cannot in any way affect this."

As for Colonel-General Boris Gromov, who once, commanding the 40th Army in Afghanistan, was Grachev's chief, and now his first deputy, there was nothing to worry about. In the August days, when Gromov served as Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs of the famous Boris Pugo, Grachev and Shaposhnikov, out of old friendship, brought the former commander out of the fire, talking him literally at the last minute from those irreversible stupidities that he was going to do.

Knowing Gromov well, Grachev understood that he would gladly disperse all this hooligan gang in the White House, and with them those who settled in the Kremlin, establishing a strict order of military dictatorship in the country. If I could. But Grachev understood that neither Gromov nor he himself would be able to ensure the order of military dictatorship in such a vast area in the current state of the country. Not to mention many other things and not taking into account the reaction of the world, any attempt to establish a dictatorship will inevitably lead to a split in the country and to such a break in its territory that the nuclear missiles with which this territory is literally stuffed will take off by themselves, turning non-Americans into ashes. cities, as intended, but their own.

There is nothing worse than Russian civil wars, no matter what sauce they are served with. Whether it was the "Time of Troubles" or the endless peasant wars, or the civil war that broke out after 1917, when Russia, fortunately, did not yet have nuclear weapons. And if it were, there can be no doubt that both sides would have launched it without a moment's hesitation.

And therefore, it irritated the ease with which Rutskoi went to foment a civil war in the country, agitating the commanders in chief with threats and temptations.

In this situation, Grachev would have considered it good not to interfere in anything at all and to protect the army from the encroachments of both warring parties, again clashing in a deadly struggle for power. Not to intervene so as not to set the army up again, as the unfortunate politicians did in August 1991, who tried with the help of the army to do what the police squad should cope with.

The army has not yet fully recovered from the shock of August, and now politicians with the guts of adventurers and adventurers who want to play big politics are again greedily looking at it.

But if at the top of the pyramid of the military hierarchy Grachev could be more or less sure how the commanders-in-chief and senior officials of the apparatus of the Ministry of Defense would behave, then

even he could not vouch for the lower commanders, not only to the president, but also to himself.

Grachev himself could serve as a good example for many major generals and even colonels, how instantly you can fly up to the very top of the pyramid, turning, as if by magic, into an army general, and maybe even a marshal. Although the rank of marshal was abolished for peacetime, they made an exception at one time for General Yazov. They will do it for someone else.

Grachev already knew the opinion of the commanders of the so-called "court" divisions: Kantemirovskaya and Tamanskaya (4th Guards Tank and 2nd Guards Motorized Rifle), who more than once in their post-war history had to ensure palace coups of varying intensity in the capital, depending on fluctuations the general line of the party.

The Praetorians - Guards Major Generals Boris Polyakov and Valery Evnevich - bluntly made it clear to the minister that they would, of course, carry out the order, but it would be better not to interfere with the army in this dirty business. First, these people together broke up the Union and turned the country on its head (the generals avoided naming names, and it was clear that they got all their political news from the Den newspaper), but now they have quarreled among themselves and are pulling the army over to their side. There are police, there is a whole army of loafers from the Lubyanka - let them put things in order. In his heart, Grachev was in complete agreement with them. And I would agree completely, if not for one circumstance.

During his stay at the highest military post of the country - the post of Minister of Defense - he already really got into the taste and he really did not want to leave this post. It was President Yeltsin who, bypassing many more experienced and senior generals, made him the Minister of Defense, providing him with an unthinkable military career even in his dreams, turning him from an unknown major general into army generals and promoting him to one of the highest and most prestigious positions in the state. Grachev was a realist, and he understood well that his further activities and personal fate were tightly connected with the life and fate of President Yeltsin.

In Russia, titles and positions are selected with much greater ease than they are given. Not so long ago, with one stroke of the pen, he himself turned the adventurer-general Dmitry Yakubovsky into a lieutenant, and he perfectly understood that they could (and would do!) The same thing with him if something happened to his patron. He did not forget for a moment that "President" Rutskoi had already removed him from office and appointed Achalov to this position. This is just the first step. This will be followed by dismissal from the army, deprivation of military rank, the appointment of all kinds of investigations, the end of a career, when all his service will be crossed out and even the Golden Star received in Afghanistan will be forgotten.

Already, articles by some fugitive ensigns are appearing in the opposition press about how they traded Mercedes on behalf of the Minister of Defense and supplied him with girls. It is already intriguing to show footage taken from behind a blank fence by television operators, multi-storey general's dachas with underground garages and tennis courts, saunas and golf courses (in order to keep up with world fashion). The revelations of the former State Comptroller Yuri Boldyrev about those horrific cases of corruption and embezzlement that he discovered in the Western Group of Forces, Colonel General Burlakov, where the name of the Minister of Defense popped up almost on every page, are still fresh. Boldyrev managed to be driven from his post, and the post itself was liquidated as unnecessary. But for the time being, there is a "charismatic leader" - President Yeltsin, who is able to protect the people who are needed and loyal to him from all attacks. This means that we must protect him from everyone who, by hook or by crook, wants to make Yeltsin's post vacant or simply destroy it.

14:30

The President of Russia and the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of its Armed Forces, Boris Nikolaevich Yeltsin, in his own words, did not know how to live without risk. Routine work bored him and forced his brain to feverishly look for ways to aggravate the situation. The habits are very strange for the president of the country, although being the first secretary of the Sverdlovsk regional committee of the CPSU for a long time, Yeltsin did not have this habit, but, on the contrary, did everything possible so as not to aggravate relations with the Kremlin elders in any way, and even on their command he demolished the world-famous The Ipatiev House is the last refuge of the unfortunate family of Emperor Nicholas II, where this family and the emperor himself were mercilessly shot on the personal orders of Lenin. "I still regret this," Yeltsin admitted in private conversations, although it was not entirely clear what he regretted: the execution of the royal family or the demolition of the house of engineer Ipatiev.

At the same time, a huge twenty-story skyscraper was built in Sverdlovsk, where the local regional committee of the CPSU was located. The building, which towered over the entire city and received the apt name of the "member of the CPSU" among the people, was more pompous than any other shelter of the regional committee throughout the USSR, surpassing them both in size and in bad taste of execution. Evil tongues said that Yeltsin, being a builder by profession, built the regional committee building according to his own design. The huge building of the local regional committee was supposed to symbolize the special importance of Sverdlovsk and the Sverdlovsk region, where about 40% of the military industry of the former USSR was concentrated. The city and region produced everything from strategic missiles and combat aircraft to bacteriological weapons. It was during the Yeltsin era that a dog that escaped from the stand of one of the top-secret institutes initiated an anthrax outbreak in the city.

In addition, the region was filled with secret and underground cities, either without names at all, or hiding under indexes, like Sverdlovsk-42 (and there were more than two hundred such "Sverdlovsk" cities).

If, in the purely feudal structure of the administrative division of the RSFSR, each region could well be considered a duchy (or "patrimony of the first secretary", as Mikhail Gorbachev once thoughtfully noted), then the Sverdlovsk region could well be considered a "Grand Duchy" or, in Russian, a grand ducal territory, and her first secretary - the Grand Duke. However, due to some remoteness of the Grand Duchy from the center, the Sverdlovsk ruler remained in some way in the shadow against the background of the Grand Duke of Moscow or Leningrad. He was not even a member or a candidate member of the Politburo. However, he was allowed to build the largest regional committee building in the country, which in an absurdly hierarchical totalitarian communist kingdom could not be a mere accident. The Center closely monitored the first secretaries of the regional committees, endowed with unlimited power, not allowing them to demonstrate their greatness and the brilliance of their court, which could at least slightly outshine the radiance of the Kremlin stars.

In addition to all of the above, Yeltsin had at his disposal a gigantic, so-called "Volga-Urals Military District" and a specially well-trained KGB contingent, accustomed to operating in a regime that the pampered and decomposed "chekists" of Moscow and Leningrad had long forgotten about.

Thus, Boris Yeltsin occupied a position that fully allowed him to rise to the next step of the party pyramid, that is, to become general secretary and gain power that no sultans and emirs from Scheherazade's fairy tales dreamed of.

Both his rebellious spirit and his love of risk did not manifest themselves in any way until 1987, when he was transferred to Moscow to the post of First Secretary of the CPSU MGK and included as

candidate member of the Politburo, Yeltsin suddenly began to demonstrate militant dissent, never seen at such transcendental party tops. And although today Yeltsin's speech at that October plenum of the Central Committee of the CPSU, dedicated to the 70th anniversary of the October Revolution, reads like an innocent Christmas sermon, then because of it he flew out of the Politburo and from the secretaries of the Moscow city committee. Circles first went through the swamp overgrown with mud, turning into such swift whirlpools that eventually swallowed up the CPSU, then the Soviet Union, and now threatened to swallow both Russia and Yeltsin himself.

In communist times, one could become a regional committee secretary only if one had a number of certain qualities that ordinary people not only do not possess, but do not even assume that such qualities can exist in people who outwardly do not differ from other God's creatures. A random person could break into the secretaries of some shop "primary organization", but never higher. And there is nothing to say about the first secretary of the regional committee. It is enough to recall at least a few other regional committee secretaries of that time: Grishin in Moscow, Romanov in Leningrad, Medunov in Krasnodar, Ligachev in Omsk, to understand in what line and in what school Yeltsin prepared himself for the post of the first freely elected president of Russia.

But the unbending position of the listed and other colleagues of Yeltsin in the regional committees in the Central Committee and the Politburo turned out to be a simple paralysis that seized both them and the whole country, led by paralytics to a dead end, where it began to fall apart before our eyes. The huge, weaned to think and work, the mass of the party nomenklatura, accustomed to follow the leader, in horror from the impending catastrophe, began to rush about in search of a new leader among the paralyzed leaders of the CPSU, so that this leader would show them the way to salvation. This mass has already become disillusioned with Gorbachev, not to mention everyone else. It was at this moment that Yeltsin, like Gorky's Danko, who tore out his own heart in order to show the way to the others with his flame, tore out the party card from his heart right at the last, XXVIII-th Congress of the CPSU, and threw it on the table, showing the way to the others. The collapse began in the party, which ended in August 1991.

Overtaking each other, everyone was in a hurry to leave the party. The swamp dried up, leaving only mud at the bottom, which, although it stank, was already practically safe, since everyone who needed it quickly figured out that in order to remain in the party of the new leader, they needed to quickly leave the CPSU. Now they will require data in the questionnaires not when you joined the CPSU, but when you left the CPSU. The sooner, the more honor and chances to get on a warm place.

Yeltsin's charisma, therefore, was formed not only from his "grand princely past", which gave him the right, like the Prince of Orange, to lead one of the territories of the collapsing empire, but also because of a clear desire to take power into his own hands in a period of unprecedented collapse, to which great courage is needed. There is nothing more gratifying than in a period of defeat and almost complete chaos to hear the commanding voice "Listen to my command" and group around the one who found the composure and courage to give this command.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine Ligachev, Romanov, Ryzhkov, or even Kryuchkov and Yazov, standing on the turret of a tank and, despite the seeming hopelessness of their own position, enthusiastically reading decrees outlawing your opponents.

It was no less difficult for the first secretary of the regional committee to "go to the people" with such ease, as they used to say in the old days, or to become a "populist", as they like to say now. And then from a populist to turn into the first popularly elected president in the thousand-year history of Russia, who did not leave a single chance to his numerous rivals.

It can be said with certainty that if at that moment Russia had not had such a leader as Yeltsin, Russia itself would hardly have existed, agonizing in countless conflicts unleashed by vain and stupid petty party princes and khans. But the fear that remained in them, forged by former party discipline, forced them to recognize Yeltsin as head of state. Among former

Russian rulers, no one had greater rights to the "Moscow table" than he. And this is an objective truth, because the party nomenclature has long ceased to be even a privileged bureaucratic elite, but has turned into an estate with all the prejudices characteristic of the estate. And from the point of view of class, Yeltsin had the right because of his nobility. This stabilized the situation at the top.

As for the people, who for the first time were allowed to practically freely express their will in elections, although usually they were not at all interested in the opinion of the people in such matters, for him Yeltsin became a kind of mixture of a rebel and a martyr, something like Ivan Tsarevich, who was not afraid (unlike others) to jump into a boiling cauldron in order to get out of it even stronger and more beautiful, and most importantly, more legitimate.

History, at all its sharpest turns, conducts a natural selection of national leaders who save their countries at a time when it seemed that no one and nothing could save them. And to deploy such a huge country, driven into a deadly dead end by delusional Marxist-Leninist spells and not only deploy, but also force, albeit with a clang and gnash, to follow a new path - no one except Yeltsin could fulfill this task. He would have either been stabbed to death the next day, or quietly removed to a mental hospital, or he would have died in the "Kremlevka" from a "cold."

"Who else could have turned this semi-religious country that mixes fear with anger and hypocrisy with self-respect?" - Gennady Burbulis, a former teacher of scientific communism, and now one of Yeltsin's closest advisers, whom he dragged to Moscow from the Sverdlovsk regional and city committees of the CPSU, once asked reasonably.

Yeltsin managed to turn Russia around at the very last moment, when it already seemed inevitable that she would share the fate of the Soviet Union. And it was possible to do this, unlike, say, Peter the Great, in fact, without bloodshed, without mass executions, without the usual for Russia merciless vindictiveness of the authorities of the current authorities to the previous ones. Even the arrested members of the so-called GKChP were soon released from prison, and their trial turned into some kind of lazy show, in no way reminiscent of that iron tread military tribunals when the arrested were themselves in power.

However, no one—neither President Yeltsin himself, nor his closest associates who helped him deploy a gigantic country on the edge of the abyss—knew exactly where to steer further. The fairway along which Western civilization passed seemed too narrow and dangerous for Russia, which had other dimensions. No one knew whether the country would run aground at the next turn, whether it would blow up on a mine that someone helpfully placed on its way, whether it would throw it ashore, falling to pieces. And there was no other fairway, dug especially for Russia, for its "special path", and it was not possible to dig it

possible.

The greater was the temptation to turn back. Back to the good old days of partocracy, Gosplan and total distribution, forgetting where those glorious times led the Soviet Union. By and large, those who were afraid or simply did not want to move forward, and merged into an irreconcilable opposition, wanting to slow down at all costs, or even completely stop the movement forward.

And the president wanted to continue moving along the chosen path, knowing full well that there is nothing more terrible than stopping at a minefield when part of it has already been passed.

This made the fight inevitable, and in such a situation, no laws written (especially not by him) could stop President Yeltsin.

One can recall how on August 23, 1991, when Gorbachev, returned from Foros captivity, tried to explain something indistinctly to the Russian deputies, Yeltsin announced the dissolution of the CPSU by his decree "as a detente". Was the dissolution of the CPSU constitutional?

But society had been waiting for this for a long time, because the abscess had long matured and a slight prick with a scalpel was required to burst it and save the body from the danger of general gangrene.

Was the Belavezha Agreement constitutional? But if this agreement had been delayed by a month, the republics of the USSR would have clashed with Russia in a war that could not be called civil.

No one remembers how relieved those who, just a year later, began to yell about the "Belovezhskaya conspiracy" that ruined the USSR, breathed a sigh of relief.

Was the introduction of the presidency in Russia directly under Yeltsin constitutional? But everyone wanted it, and it became a reality.

Yeltsin always knew when and under what circumstances, with the least losses, he could cross the line, regardless of the laws.

And now he knew that the Supreme Council under the leadership of Khasbulatov, formally protected by impregnable articles of the Constitution, was tired of everyone and irritated everyone. Moreover, the Supreme Soviet has rallied around itself all the forces ready to do anything to drag the country back again into the very impasse from which it was led.

It was a great opportunity to slam everyone with one blow. And at the same time, to show in detail that in Russia there is a government capable of restoring order in any conditions. Even in conditions of democratic lawlessness.

The weakness of President Yeltsin's position lay in the fact that, sincerely not wanting the country to return to a totalitarian planned yesterday, he and his advisers had a poor idea of the course to follow, for it was already becoming clear that for that vicious circle in which the a huge country convulsed, there are no keys, and none of the Western prescriptions can work.

What else President Yeltsin apparently did not understand was that the country, which the communists kept frozen for 70 years, did not thaw at all, as the bold economists had hoped when projecting reforms.

The dependent psychology of professional beggars, instilled in the people by the monstrous method of mass murder, forced every cell of the huge Russian organism to generate totalitarianism again and again in its most diverse manifestations.

And despite the fact that Yeltsin, for the first time in Russian history, laughed at his caricatures in the press, tried to carefully understand the claims against him from right and left, did not pay attention to dirty attacks and insults, trying to maintain complete freedom of the press, assembly and unions - the foundation of any democracy, he remained a totalitarian leader, although he did not understand this. He will understand this later, but at a higher price...

On Ivanovskaya Square in the Kremlin, smiling into the camera lens of a special brigade under the presidential administration, the security ministers shook hands with

President and each other. Grachev and Yerin were in general uniform, Galushko and the president were in civilian clothes.

The ministers demonstrated their loyalty to the president, making it clear to Rutskoi how recklessly and stupidly he acted by appointing his own ministers.

— What future do you see for the Supreme Council? asked President Yeltsin's voice behind the scenes.

As usual, slowly minting words (so that it would reach everyone), with a stony expression on his face, on which only his lips moved, Yeltsin replied:

“The Supreme Council no longer exists. He is disbanded. Elections for a new parliament in December, along with a referendum on a new constitution. The people will make their own choice.

— What can you say about the fact that the Supreme Soviet declared Alexander Rutskoy the President of Russia? a voice-over asked.

Yeltsin's lips twitched in a smile:

- This is not serious.

The power ministers were respectfully silent.

“If the High Council disobeys your decree, do you intend to take any specific measures to force them to do so?” asked the voice-over.

“No forceful measures will be taken against the Supreme Council,” the president assured. I think they will understand everything. Of course, if the leadership of the Supreme Council provokes any violations of law and order, we will take appropriate measures. But I hope for their mind.

15:40

Watching Yeltsin's flying interview on TV, Alexander Rutskoi noticed that Yeltsin had said nothing about the forthcoming simultaneous presidential and parliamentary elections in December. It was only about re-elections of parliament and a referendum on a new Constitution.

Khasbulatov, lighting his pipe, remarked on this occasion that it was necessary to take the initiative and make a decision: re-elections of the parliament and a referendum on the Constitution should be held only after the new presidential elections. To carry out all these events, citizen Yeltsin must leave the Kremlin, transfer his powers to the legitimate President Rutskoi before the elections ...

At that moment, the TV screen went out, then lit up again, blinked, and went out again.

Following an old Soviet habit, Rutskoi hit the TV cover with his fist. There was no effect. And then only both noticed that the fluorescent lamps on the ceiling.

Khasbulatov pressed the switch on the desk lamp.

There was no light.

Quickly connecting with the economic support service, the leaders of the rebellion

realized that the huge building of the White House was de-energized.

After some time, a message came that the hot water was also turned off in the building.

Basically, there was nothing wrong with that. The White House, like most government buildings of the former USSR, always subconsciously preparing for a siege, had its own power plant and an autonomous emergency lighting system. The emergency system was powered by batteries, and therefore could not operate for a long time. As for the power plant, it was, firstly, mothballed, and secondly, it had no reserves of diesel fuel. But all this was, as they say, not fatal. It was worse with the very fact of turning off the light and hot water. This meant that the authorities, headed by former President Yeltsin, were deliberately aggravating the situation.

They think of using such methods to break the resistance, as if it were a question of forced eviction of tenants from a house going for major repairs. Yeltsin and his company will only dishonor themselves with such kitchen tricks and hasten their inglorious end.

At this time, Rutskoi was informed that a television group from the American company CNN had arrived to interview him for an American and Western European audience. Rutskoi himself asked Western correspondents to visit the White House more often and show the world true democracy against the background of the crude and vulgar dictatorship of Boris Yeltsin. Correspondents behaved somehow incomprehensibly. Without much enthusiasm. Not at all how Western correspondents should behave when they report from the camp of the rebels for democracy against the dictatorship. So, rather, they interview the defendants - dangerous criminals, breaking through the police cordon during a break in the court session and sticking a microphone into the cage, so that no one, God forbid, would think that the television or news agency you represent sympathizes with this criminal.

To the best of Rutskoi's knowledge, none of the cassettes he recorded with foreign journalists was shown in full in the West. Deliberately demonstrated his not the most successful, taken out of context, expressions, while providing them with either ironic or openly mocking comments. He was already beginning to understand that a big game was being played against him, where President Yeltsin was just the tip of a spear, while the shaft was in whose hands it was unknown.

CNN host Claire Shifman, a pretty woman in her thirties who spoke Russian with a slight but decent accent, was very welcoming.

"How can your president," Rutskoi attacked her with reproaches, "support Yeltsin after he rudely trampled on the Russian Constitution, the very Constitution on which he swore."

"That is precisely why we came to you, Mr. Rutskoi," Claire smiled, "in order to bring to the attention of the Americans, including the President of the United States, your point of view on the ongoing events."

"And then you will cut everything out again and present everything in such a way that I will look like a complete fool or a petty hooligan?" - the "parallel" president of Russia asked with resentment in his voice.

"Mr. Rutskoi," said Shifman. We are now reporting live to America. Therefore, you can say whatever you want. Millions of Americans who are going to work or are already in their offices, including Mr. Clinton, will hear your every word."

Rutskoi looked incredulously at the American TV crew.

Apart from Shifman, three people with portable equipment are clearly self-powered, since the electricity is turned off. Lies again!

Direct reporting to America! Tell stories. They would take the note to Poltoranin, and he would indicate what to cut out and what to leave.

Therefore, Rutskoi began in a displeased and offended tone:

"There are no gangs inside the White House, as Yeltsin's supporters claim, and no one is going to organize provocations."

"No one plotted against Yeltsin," Rutskoi continued, encouraged by nods from Claire Shifman. — On the contrary, it was the desire to please the president that led to what we have today. There are laws and the Constitution that simply must be observed. The rejection of this principle leads to complete chaos and will become the basis for further violations of law, order and democracy."

Rutskoi took a breath and continued:

"It is necessary to announce from today that the smallest violation of laws and democracy by officials will be severely punished. Only then will there be order in the state. Russia is not just in a delicate position - it is a shame when a drunken president and his entourage brought the country to such a position. Yeltsin has already tried to play such tricks three times, disgraced Russia, and he got away with it all.

"But is there a way out of the situation?" Claire asked.

"Yes," answered Rutskoi. - For this, it is necessary to completely cancel yesterday's decree of Yeltsin, the implementation of the articles of the Constitution, the simultaneous parliamentary and presidential elections in the period January-March 1994. The Supreme Council is developing a new law on parliamentary elections, which is approved by the congress of people's deputies. A control supervisory council of the constituent entities of the Federation should be created, which, in cooperation with the Constitutional Court, will exercise control over the conduct of elections. The past days have already clearly shown who is who. I am convinced that the supporters of the Constitution and the law will win. We are actively supported by the provinces, they know me there. I always say what I think and call a spade a spade ... I believe that Russia should wake up, but I do not want this to be accompanied by bloodshed, a senseless and merciless rebellion.

Rutskoi was silent for a while and added:

"See what is happening. The lights and heating were turned off. And these are civilized methods?"

As if in response to these words, the light lit up again.

Either the authorities changed their mind, or they managed to establish an autonomous energy system.

"Thank you, Mr. Rutskoi," Shifman said. "We are switching to an outdoor camera."

"Are you filming outside as well?" the former vice president asked.

"Yes," Shifman explained. "We deployed a 24-hour monitor on the roof of one of the skyscrapers opposite the White House."

"Yes, yes," Rutskoi perked up. - Shoot. Show your people there what is going on in our country through the fault of the Kremlin gang. Let them see who the people are for."

The Americans are gone. Rutskoi turned on the TV again and again saw the hated face of Boris Yeltsin walking along Tverskaya, surrounded by guards and three ministers of power. From time to time correspondents approached the president with questions. One of them asked Yeltsin if he would guarantee simultaneous parliamentary and presidential elections in December?

"I think," the President replied, "these elections should be spaced out in time. In December, hold elections to a new parliament, and presidential elections, say, in June."

He smiled and added, "June 12 is my lucky day."

Rutskoi angrily turned off the TV.

On June 12, 1990, Yeltsin became president of Russia, and he became vice president, giving his word of honor as an officer that he would never let his boss down.

16:30

Before the Americans left, Rutskoy was warned that General Achalov had begun distributing machine guns to volunteers who had signed up for the militia with representatives of the Union of Officers who were standing at the entrances of the White House.

The "President" found the "Minister of Defense" in one of the corridors on the first floor. Surrounded by a group of people in military and paramilitary uniforms, the general, from whom a "bouquet" of expensive cognacs was a mile away, supervised the unpacking of neat green boxes with metal handles and steel locks. In open boxes lined with foam rubber, brand new Kalashnikov assault rifles gleamed dully - beautiful, like everything potentially bringing death.

Rutskoi asked Achalov who ordered the distribution of weapons?

- I ordered! the general replied cheerfully.

Next to him stood Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, on whose chest hung a machine gun with a shortened barrel and a folding butt, designed to arm airborne sabotage groups.

Rutskoi was dumbfounded with surprise.

"Alexander Vladimirovich," Achalov asked as if nothing had happened. - Did you hear the news? Rostropovich has arrived. So there will be shooting.

- To us? Rutskoi asked dully.

In August 1991, the great cellist, having interrupted his tour in Germany, also unexpectedly appeared in the White House, and Rutskoi was well aware that he did this not only to show off in front of the lenses with a Kalashnikov assault rifle in his hands. Therefore, Rutskoi, with hidden hope, asked: "To us?"

Achalov laughed evilly:

- Well, yes, to us! Hold your pocket wider! Will now please this alkane and spin around him. They say they will give a concert right on Red Square.

In fact, the connection between the arrival of Mstislav Rostropovich and the distribution of machine guns was very vague, and, apparently, it looked distinctly only in the dashing head of General Achalov. Therefore, Rutskoi again insistently asked who allowed the Minister of Defense to arm the half-drunk militias with lethal weapons.

"Look at what's going on," said Achalov, dragging Rutskoi to the exit to the balcony. The guards of the "vice-president" barely had time to take the necessary positions so that someone's cold-blooded bullet fired through the window did not interrupt such a rapid dynamics of the Russian Vendée.

At least 8 thousand people have already gathered on the square in front of the White House. Replacing each other, Baburin, Anpilov, Konstantinov, Makashov, Urazhtsev and Umalatova called them to arms, to rebellion, to overthrow the occupation government of the traitor Yeltsin. Speakers with lesser known names were even less embarrassed in their choice of expressions, colorfully speaking about the Jewish yoke, which must be put to an end right now. So to call to arms and not give it is to ruin the whole thing in the bud. People must finally feel that the transition from words to deeds has already begun.

"But this does not mean that weapons should be issued to anyone," Rutskoi objected again. - Don't you understand, Slava, how many ordinary criminals and other rabble are in this crowd?

"Savetsky Sayuz! Savetsky Sayuz! the crowd chanted, excited by the battle speeches of the orators.

"We don't give them out to anyone," Achalov said. - Only to officers who signed up for Terekhov in the Soyuz. We need to establish some kind of defense. The regular guards have already been withdrawn from the subordination of the Supreme Council, and Yerin demanded that they leave the building and arrive at the Ministry of Internal Affairs. How they behave is unknown.

The general laughed again.

"And what kind of president are you if you don't have a guard." We have already formed a presidential regiment. You can make a review.

While talking, they approached the 20th entrance, near which there was a distribution of weapons and combat detachments were formed. The guys from the "Union of Officers" with a starry eagle on their chests were all already hung with weapons. At the entrance crowded a variety of people. Recruiters asked: "Which detachment will you sign up for?" And, having received consent, they were interested in military rank. All presented themselves as reserve officers, some assured that they were retirees. Many seemed to be seeing each other for the first time in their lives, but some came already in close-knit groups. The lists, scribbled on some crumpled sheets of paper in illegible handwriting, were handed over to arms distributors. Officers in uniform were given machine guns even without checking their documents. Some showed military cards. When they were not there, student ID cards and factory passes went off.

Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov himself, with the air of an experienced barker, shouted to those passing by: "Sign up as volunteers. Get an automatic like mine." And with pleasure he clapped his hand on his short-barreled blued handsome [2]. It was clear that the lieutenant colonel himself was happy with the machine gun, like a schoolboy. Apparently, over the years of service, he rarely had to see a weapon, and not what to use them.

Past, minting a step, marched a detachment of Barkashovites with brand new machine guns on their chests. The leader, as always, was right. It was possible without any hassle and "for free" to get as many weapons as I never dreamed of. On a short command, the detachment stopped, turned "to the right!" and raised his hands in a Nazi salute. A new detachment with swastikas on their sleeves was already marching to the 20th entrance, still without weapons.

A large group of people of a clearly southern type, usually referred to in the reports as "persons of Caucasian nationality", making joyful guttural sounds like the scream of the eagles of their native mountains, loaded machine guns and one machine gun into the trunks of several Volvos in front of all the honest people and a rare chain of police cordon. The latter were ordered not to interfere in anything, which they gladly did.

Rutskoi, who, whatever you say, was fairly new to the White House, deserting there from Yeltsin's team quite late, was surprised by the amount of weapons that turned out to be stockpiled in a building occupied by a peaceful law-making body of the Russian Federation. Moreover, the volunteers were given not only pistols and machine guns, but machine guns and even grenade launchers. He was told that this was a regular service weapon for the protection of the Supreme Council. However, a small police unit guarding the White House could not possibly need such a quantity and such a range of weapons. One of the crates, to Rutskoy's great surprise, even contained Strela anti-aircraft missiles, which, although less effective than the Stingers, could well discourage anyone from flying closer than five miles to the luxurious building of the Russian parliament.

Apparently, here for a long time and thoroughly prepared for the current events.

For the first time, Rutskoi had the idea that he was just a pawn in someone's big game with a very complex scenario, far beyond the squabble that ensued between the Kremlin and the House of Soviets.

But this thought immediately flew off somewhere at the sight of General Makashov, excitedly walking along the corridor in the company of some fellows in paramilitary uniforms, but (fortunately or unfortunately) without weapons.

Another surprise awaited Rutskoi. It turns out that Makashov wanted to seize the building of the State Committee for Emergency Situations, where special communications equipment was deployed. Makashov's group managed to get into the building, open several rooms, after which they were detained by the previously dormant guards. One of the rooms turned out to be on a burglar alarm, the call of which woke up the guards, although it was not yet four in the afternoon. Makashov thought that now they were all dead - they would be arrested. But the guards, apparently paralyzed by the sight of Makashov's three generals' stars, only respectfully escorted them out of the building. "Actually," Makashov reported to his president and minister of defense, "taking the State Emergency Committee is not a fucking thing to do. Give me, Slava, two submachine gunners, and I will provide you with communication with the whole world.

Achalov promised to think about it, and Rutskoi realized that Makashov, as always, showed personal initiative, which was always noted in his official characteristics. It was the same in August 1991, when his troops took Samara and were ready to advance further, all the way to Moscow.

"These generals can really set us up," Rutskoi confessed to Khasbulatov, describing what was happening in the White House and around it.

Khasbulatov, busy preparing his speech, which he was going to deliver at tomorrow's Congress of People's Deputies, reacted without undue nervousness:

"The main thing is that the people are for us. It is reported from the regions that the local Soviets are collectively preparing an ultimatum to Yeltsin. Either he rescinds his decree of the 21st, or they call for a large-scale civil disobedience until he steps down from his post.

Khasbulatov's deputies Yuri Voronin and Ramazan Abdulatipov were present in the cabinet.

Voronin, a former party apparatchik from Kazan, asked Rutskoi:

- Alexander Vladimirovich, you say that these generals can put us all in a stupid imposition. I agree with you. But you have been assuring us for almost half a year that the army and even the Afghan veterans are for you. Where is the army? Why has not a single military unit come to the White House yet? Where are the generals who promised you assistance? If it is not quite convenient for you to go to them, then tell me their names, I will go to them myself and bring them here along with their units.

"There is no need to disturb the generals for now," Abdulatipov intervened with a slight Caucasian accent. - It is right to first arm the people so that the authorities understand that the people intend to defend their rights to freedom and democracy. An armed people is the best warning to the authorities.

An Avar by origin, a doctor by education, a party nomenklatura by profession, Ramazan Abdulatipov, who once headed the department of interethnic relations in the Central Committee of the CPSU, knew what he was talking about.

With his light hand, the entire North Caucasus and Transcaucasia have already been turned into one zone of bloody conflict precisely on interethnic grounds, the detonator from which has always been in the department of interethnic relations of the Central Committee. The methodology was simple and clear in Leninist fashion: the main thing was to arm the people first. And each people separately: Ingush, Ossetians, Dagestanis, Chechens, Abkhazians and so on. And the people themselves will understand how to fight for their rights.

Abdulatipov, not hiding his ties with the old party structures of the former Union and loyalty to communist ideals, even now being a member of the Socialist Party of Workers of Roy Medvedev, in spite of this, and perhaps precisely for this reason, showed everyone an example of unsinkability, calmly and elegantly flowing from one destroyed structure to another. From the Supreme Soviet of the abolished USSR, he flowed into the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, where, naturally, he was a member of the "Communists of Russia" bloc and, as you know, was even offered by the bloc to the very position that Khasbulatov now occupied. From the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, Abdulatipov flowed into the deputies, first Yeltsin, and then Khasbulatov, and even turned out to be one of the famous "six" who spoke out against Yeltsin in early 1991, who completely got away with it and allowed them to maintain their post and authority in the eyes of the government. Such unsinkability served as a good example. For others who thought, looking at Abdulatipov, that they could just as easily perform the "Giant Slalom" on the bumps of current Russian politics.

It was a mistake, like, according to Bismarck, tuberculosis, invisible in its initial stage.

18:00

Returning after a walk with the president in the center of the capital, Nikolai Galushko immediately called Yevgeny Savostyanov. The head of the Department of the Ministry of Security for Moscow and the Moscow Region was not present.

It turns out that he received correspondence at the public relations center of the Ministry, telling what measures were being taken at the Lubyanka to maintain law and order in Moscow in general and in the White House area in particular. When asked by one of the journalists whether he knew that the distribution of weapons had begun in the White House, Savostyanov, smiling softly into his beard, replied that there was no need to fan the rumors. "We are monitoring the situation," he reassured the press, who looked at him with alarmed eyes. It was at this moment that one of the center's employees approached him and handed Savostyanov a note saying that the minister was urgently summoning him.

Savostyanov apologized, interrupted the meeting with the journalists, leaving them in anxious bewilderment, and went to Galushko.

The Minister sat without a jacket, with an expression on his face that could well be called depressed.

"The president wants everything to be over quickly," Galushko reminded him with a weary look, when Savostyanov sat down at the conference table, which stood perpendicular to the minister's table.

"I spoke with the president," Savostyanov replied, "and confirmed to him that at least a week and a half is needed to complete ..."

Galushko made an impatient gesture with his hand:

- Yes Yes. But a number of activities need to start today.

"Today or tomorrow," Savostyanov corrected. "I don't think it's a good idea to be in too much of a hurry.

"Nevertheless," the minister disagreed, "one should not put off until tomorrow what can be done today, because the president is waiting.

"Events dedicated to a specific date or to the whim of a specific person were considered one of the main shortcomings of the previous regime," Savostyanov smiled.

A semblance of a smile appeared on Galushko's face:

- You just tell the president, Yevgeny Vadimovich.

"I already told him that," Savostyanov confirmed.

And what about the president? Galushko asked.

"You know as well as I do," laughed Moscow's chief Chekist, "that the president always agrees with everyone he honors with a conversation.

"Apparently, he spoke to me a little later than to you," Galushko frowned. "Because he emphasized the importance of a quick decision.

- And what did you answer? asked Savostyanov.

"I assured the president that it would be so," the minister sighed.

- Silence? Savostyanov smiled again.

No matter how hard Galushko tried to keep up with the times, he was subconsciously irritated by Savostyanov's manner of carrying on a conversation in such a spirit as if they were both colonel generals and had served in state security all their lives.

Of course, we should not forget that Savostyanov is Yeltsin's personal creature and, in general, no one knows who he is, but still, he should not forget, as it should be in the KGB system: to receive instructions not just from the authorities, but from the minister himself. True, Galushko should not have forgotten that before he was approved for such a high, in fact, the highest Russian post, Yeltsin called Savostyanov and asked his opinion. Otherwise, anyone could have been in the place of Galushko: Savostyanov himself, and Stepashin, and even Galina Starovoitova.

And it is still unknown whether it is good or bad: at such a time to be in the post of minister

security, when in addition to you, at least a dozen of your subordinates have direct access to the head of state and do not even report about it. And this is under conditions when Viktor Barannikov is sitting in the White House, constantly reminding of his existence by calling the Secretariat. "Whether or not Galushko thinks to obey the decree of the legitimate President of Russia Rutskoy and hand over the affairs to him, Barannikov. Is he aware of his personal responsibility for non-compliance with the presidential decree? Is he familiar with the latest law adopted by the Supreme Council, which provides for execution by shooting just for such cases? Judging by the recording of the conversation, it was not Barannikov himself who called, but one of his people. But it was hard to imagine that Barannikov himself did not know about this.

And although the professional "chekist", mindful of the glorious history of his service, never forgets the execution as a logical end to his own career, Galushko, like all others, naturally did not want such an end to his own career. But he felt that he had been placed in the most stupid position.

Never before in Russia have there been two ministers of state security at once, pitted against each other in an incomprehensible game where the head of one of them, or maybe both, may be at stake.

The new thinking did not touch any of the heads in the security system, which Mikhail Gorbachev lamented about.

"I'll ask you," Galushko said after a pause, "to personally control all the events, both at the preparation stage and ...

The minister sighed again and added:

- You understand?

Savostyanov nodded his head and asked permission to go.

"Wait a minute," said Galushko. - What about the cargo?

"It's all right," Savostyanov raised his eyes to him. "The one sent by the shortcut has already arrived. And the one that was sent by a long way is expected in two or three days by special flight.

"So why is there such a glitch in the schedule today?" - the minister put some kind of pill into his mouth and washed it down with water from an old-fashioned decanter from the time of Viktor Abakumov.

Savostyanov looked attentively at his boss, choosing his words to make his answer clearer. The old building on the Lubyanka was bugged through and through. Even unknown by whom. Everyone. The price of a word has always been very expensive here, but today there is nothing to say.

"First, ambitions," said Savostyanov, as if in thought. "You know our army. She considers herself very cunning and smart, when planning, she calculates options on computers up to the fifth digit, and always behaves like an elephant catching a mouse in a china shop. The shop is destroyed, and the mouse, of course, ran away. It's not their fault, it's a way of life.

The consignee knows this as well as anyone else. Still, Colonel General. Everything must be subordinated to the logic of war. These are his words. And the logic of war suggests that in a specific situation, the one who fires the first shot will lose. This shot will be very loud - the whole world will hear it. And, of course, he does not want to do it, and therefore even wanted to refuse humanitarian aid, so to speak. And he would have refused, I'm sure, if not for some weaknesses of his character, which he is unable to overcome ...

"It's all very clever," the Minister grumbled. - Don't overplay. However, you are personally responsible to the president and will answer if ...

"If this is all you care about," Savostyanov replied calmly, without a shadow of a challenge, "then, of course, all the responsibility lies with me, and I am not going to hide behind anyone. And I only ask that you don't disturb me.

"Excuse me," Galushko, who had previously been looking at the polished surface of his desk, raised his eyes to his impudent subordinate, "but this is not the only thing that worries me.

The Minister fell silent and began to nervously wipe his glasses.

"I'm listening to you," Savostyanov replied respectfully.

"Yevgeny Vadimovich," Golushko said softly, but very clearly. "I don't know and I don't care what instructions you got through my head, or even about my head. But I beg you, do not put our department under attack. I won't be at all surprised if I find out that all this mess is started mainly in order to destroy us as one of the state institutions. Regardless of who wins, we will be the losers. And our liquidation is another mistake that the current government department will make in a series of so many mistakes already. Do you understand me?

Savostyanov replied with a soft smile:

- I work here too. And, I confess to you, I also don't want to go anywhere from here, and even more so - on trial for violating the fundamental foundations of state law. Although, as you know, any law in our country is serfdom.

"I don't know that," the minister responded harshly. - You can go.

Returning to his room, Savostyanov found that one of the telephones standing on his desk was straining from calls. There would hardly have been two dozen people in Moscow who knew the number of this phone, connecting the head of the department of the Moscow Security Ministry with the city automatic telephone exchange. All the rest were required to use special communications or through the duty officer. So Savostyanov could have guessed who was calling him, without even listening to the voice of the machine that announced the death of the caller's phone.

He picked up the phone and, as expected, heard on the other end of the wire the excited voice of Lev Ponomarev, a deputy from the Democrats, his comrade in the democratic movement, which at one time was grouped around Gavriil Popov, the former mayor of Moscow.

"Zhenya," Ponomarev asked. - How are you?

"It doesn't matter," Savostyanov replied.

- Do you know that Achalov and Makashov are already handing out machine guns in the White House?

It was evident from his voice that Ponomarev was trying his best to look calm.

- Indeed? asked Savostyanov.

"I'm telling you for sure," Ponomarev shouted. "Everyone is already marching with weapons. Everyone: the Barkashovites, the Cossacks, and anyone else.

"Interesting," said Savostyanov. Where do they get so many weapons from?

- Are you asking me? Ponomarev exploded. "I wanted to ask you about it. Are you thinking of doing something? Or will you sit back as usual?"

"Leva," Savostyanov sighed. - I'll honestly tell you that Makashov's automatic weapons are the last thing that worries me now. It's even worse than you imagine.

— What is it? Ponomarev's voice trembled.

- The invincible and legendary really wants to say her weighty word and not in our favor, - Savostyanov answered. - Excuse me. I don't want to discuss such things over the phone. Yes, and I have no right. But I can advise you to go somewhere out of town. In any case, send the family somewhere far away. You understood me? All, sorry, business.

Savostyanov looked at his watch. It was 19:25. He stretched out his hand to the selector button and ordered the car to be brought to the entrance by eight o'clock.

19:45

General Grachev differed from all his predecessors as Minister of Defense in the rich facial expressions of his face. All his great predecessors - from Marshal Voroshilov to Marshal Ustinov and Marshal Yazov - were famous for the fact that it was impossible to read anything on their faces except haughty complacency. General Grachev did not go through the Stalinist-Brezhnev nomenclatura hardening, when the people needed to look at the nomenclature authorities only as celestials, and therefore smiles and displeased grimaces always flashed on the face of the Minister of Defense. In a word, the general's mood was always written on his face. The new elite was just beginning to take shape, and its habits were much simpler than those of the celestials of a bygone era, although the contemptuous and contemptuous attitude towards its own people that was innate in Russia was preserved. But there was absolutely nothing to be done about it.

"The authorities in Russia have always been good - they were not lucky with the people," one cynical historian once remarked, and he was probably right.

Now, on the face of General of the Army Grachev, one could read deep thought, combined with discontent. The general was silent. Colonel-General Gromov, sitting opposite him, Grachev's former boss, and now his first deputy, one of the few officers whom Grachev could still trust, was also silent, although with some reservations. The fact that many senior officers fooled the head of poor Rutskoi, and then with the same zeal reported to Grachev about it, so that, God forbid, what they didn't think, it was rather not scary, but disgusting. Any of them could, having heard any careless word from Grachev himself, immediately report it to the president himself, not forgetting to add something from himself. Whistleblowing has been taught for seventy years, and the number of tragedies that have befallen the army cannot be counted. Now the tragedies have turned into a farce, further fueling the desire to denounce each other. Fortunately, no one is arrested or shot. The conscience is clear, but you need to signal.

Grachev, returning after a walk with the president, held talks on cipher-special communications with the commanders of the districts and fleets, both on the territory of present-day Russia and the former USSR. Not everywhere, of course, but in most of the so-called "near abroad" it was possible to maintain the structure of a single army subordination. Some commanders did not really understand what happened again in Moscow. What appointment did Achalov receive? Some believed that Yeltsin removed Grachev from office and appointed Achalov. True, no one asked Moscow for clarifications, believing that the center would provide them itself. I had to explain long and disgustingly what was happening in the capital. District commanders have always been part of the local party and state elites, being, as a rule, members of the bureau of regional committees and deputies of the Supreme Soviets of various levels. As the party orders.

Now the first secretaries of the regional committees have flowed into the regional councils, retaining, for the most part, their former influence on the commanders. And all of them, and this was already clear, reared up when they learned about Presidential Decree No. 1400.

Some commanders were quite aware of the matter. True, they did not receive any directives from Achalov, apparently because he had no connection. But they were very annoyed by what was happening. They advised Grachev to take a position of the most rigid neutrality and make it clear to both warring parties that they leave the army alone and do not count on it in any way in impending events.

To be honest, Grachev would have done just that if he had not promised Yeltsin the full support of the Armed Forces just a couple of hours ago. In any case, all the commanders of the districts confirmed that they would not even move without an order signed by Grachev personally. By their mood, one could understand that they would not move, and having received such an order. On the one hand, it seemed to be good. In any case, all of them will do exactly the same with Achalov's orders, if he finds a way to send this order to them. It was good, but it wasn't enough. It remained, as always, to hope for the Moscow military district and for the garrison of the capital, in many parts of which the Achalov orders had already been delivered. The commanders called the Ministry of Defense, demanding clarification.

"Without my personal order," Grachev shouted in a hoarse voice into the phone, "confirmed verbally and in writing, do not take any action, even if bombs fall on you!"

The collegium of the Ministry, which, in addition to the chief of the General Staff, deputy ministers of defense and several senior officers of the apparatus of the Ministry, included the commanders-in-chief of the branches of the Armed Forces, looked as gloomy and gloomy as in August 1991, when Marshal Yazov tried to inspire the generals with calls to save socialism and THE USSR. Even worse, since the August events were still fresh in everyone's memory. In addition, although not much time has passed since then, the army has degraded at such a rate that it can no longer be compared even with the army of 1991.

Formed according to the archaic principle of universal military service, huge to the point of absurdity, it has turned into an ugly cross-section of the entire Russian society, which, according to the apt expression of one American newspaper, has fallen into a "state of social brutality." The gigantic mass of armed people, reduced to companies, squadrons, divisions and squadrons, like the entire population of the country, fought for their own survival, having traveled in three years along the thorny ideological path "from the Third Rome to the Third World." Hazing, which became the scourge of the army, gave rise to an unprecedented mass desertion for the Russian and Soviet army. Any soldier who escaped from the unit, being caught, referred to "hazing", regardless of whether it took place in the unit or not.

And the official statistics - 4,500 soldiers and sailors killed in their units during the still unfinished year 1993 - created an extremely favorable background for desertion in the eyes of the growing public opinion.

In addition to desertion, the last two drafts into the army were literally failed. Conscripts preferred to go to jail or run away rather than appear at the draft board. They were caught almost on the streets, trying to plug the gaping holes of shortages, at least in strategic units. Entire categories of chronically ill people who were deemed fit for service poured into the army, multiplying the number of grim tragedies.

The officer corps was hardly in the best position. Unlike their own soldiers, who join the army for a ridiculously short period of two years, where, according to all the rules of Russian absurdity, the first year was considered "young", and the second

- "grandfathers", the officers went into the army virtually for life.

The indicator of officer mortality in peacetime, although considered officially secret, was known to everyone and was approximately equal to soldier mortality, although there were, of course, more than an order of magnitude fewer officers. And although the causes of death, with the exception of suicide, were fundamentally different than those of the soldiers, this did not make it any easier. The global withdrawal of troops from Eastern Europe and the Baltic States actually created problems with the placement and training of at least officers and extra-conscripts, which, as everyone perfectly understood, was completely impossible to solve with all the good intentions of their own government and the West.

The officers were practically faced with the question of where to get their daily bread. The monetary allowance, although it rose from time to time, could not at all compete with the galloping inflation, leading the officer corps, accustomed to a different life, into a state of fury at those who "ruined the country and started these damned reforms."

If we add to this the age-old housing problem and the fact that the money savings of the officers turned into dust during their service, then one does not need much imagination to imagine with what enthusiasm the officers and soldiers would like to defend the president in his struggle with the Supreme Council and vice versa .

The inevitable major reduction in the officer corps, including generals, of which there were almost more accumulated in the Soviet army than in the rest of the armies of the world put together, gave rise to apathy, under the cover of which a dashing thought was ripening: is it not too late to disperse both branches of power and independently act as a healer of ailments that torment the country.

For all his loyalty to the president, General Grachev several times, even in public speeches, called on politicians of various stripes to leave the army alone and not provoke it to restore the order in the country that it sees fit.

But the army was not left in the mowing. Taking advantage of the general decline and degradation of society, she was constantly disturbed either by figures like Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, then by the unfading Marxists of Comrade Zyuganov, then by the Memory Society, then by priests from catacomb churches with fanatical eyes burning with fire, then by adventurers like the Devi Maria Christos. And only the Democrats actually did no work in the Armed Forces, letting the declared military reforms take their course and choosing from all types of influence on the army only cutting its budget, not counting vague threats to disperse it altogether. The President-Democrat, who is also the Supreme Commander-in-Chief, was supposed to serve as the only guarantor of the army's commitment to the bright ideas of democracy. The only thing the government could console the army with was a constant reminder of its exploits during the Patriotic War. But this worn-out record, which has been playing continuously for 50 years, has become less and less effective every year, especially in the realities of today.

From the August coup, the army, in the words of the then Chief of the General Staff, General of the Army Moiseyev, jumped out "scalded", and for no benefits, orders and ranks did not want to be dipped headlong into the cesspool of the political struggle of conceited adventurers, warmed up by molten metal." social savagery."

The board expressed its support for the president, but with a bunch of reservations.

Obtain from the president clear social guarantees and well-known privileges for the personnel of the Armed Forces. Clearly and clearly formulate the military doctrine, taking into account the fact that Russia, as the legal successor of the USSR, retains the status of a superpower. Cease all attempts to cut the military budget and ensure conscription by swift legislative means

army. And, finally, and most importantly, to take urgent economic measures to save the precious military-industrial complex from destruction.

Not to send a single soldier to the streets of the capital unless the president gives his consent to all points of their demands.

And the fulfillment of these requirements meant a sharp turn in the opposite direction from all attempts to reform the economic and political life of the agonizing country.

But this was absolutely of no interest to anyone from the collegium of the Ministry.

Everyone knew the promises that Rutskoi gave to the army if it supported him. But they were afraid to bet on the dashing "colonel". From the stream of his promises, it became clear that most of them could be realized only as a result of many years of hostilities, the outcome of which was, frankly, problematic. Nobody wanted to fight, but by and large, there was nothing to do. Many, if not with their heads, then instinctively understood: if the country were now involved in any military adventures, even with the so-called "near abroad" under the banner of the restoration of the USSR, and the country would perish completely along with generals' dachas, baths, Mercedes, "privatized" and "incorporated" property and hunting grounds.

Yeltsin's support also meant a well-fed and measured life, protected by a high fence from the country and its problems.

In the future, of course.

In conclusion, we outlined which parts can be quickly used if the current situation so requires. For the time being, they decided not to touch the Taman and Kantemirovskaya divisions, having put the 16th special forces brigade of Colonel Tishin and the 218th separate special forces battalion of Lieutenant Colonel Kolygin on high alert.

There was another circumstance that all those present could not but take into account. The events that followed the August coup regarding the personal fate of the top military leadership resembled fragments of an exploding shell, hitting anyone blindly. Marshal Yazov and General Varennikov were imprisoned. But Marshal Akhromeev was eliminated, forcing everyone to believe that an old soldier and veteran of several wars is able to hang himself like a tenth grader who has become pregnant. Chief of the General Staff Moiseev - in fact the main conspirator - was released with peace and honors.

It was not Colonel General Kobets, who constantly flashed on the TV screen as the commander of the defense of the White House, whom everyone had already predicted for this post, especially after he was promoted to general of the army, but then Major General Grachev, who was not even listed in the secret reference book of the CIA "Military leadership of the USSR".

The current events, whether they call it a putsch or not, could also hit very hard on everyone who took the initiative or waited for an order, who acted decisively and who decisively did nothing. Only the old, "soviet" principle was suitable here: "keep your head down", at least until guarantees are received.

But there were no guarantees, and no one thought to give them. In any case, Grachev has already several times tried to get through to the president after returning from a walk. There was no president, and none of his staff knew where Yeltsin was.

There was obvious confusion on Grachev's face.

20:35

Rutskoi's security minister, General Barannikov, sat in the spacious office assigned to him, signing arrest warrants. On the side of his table, Sergei Baburin was attached with lists of persons to be arrested and interned "for an attempted anti-constitutional coup."

The lists were partly printed, partly written by hand with a lot of blots and corrections. Some of the names were crossed out, and new ones were written above them. Deputy Iona Andronov made several phone calls asking if they had forgotten to include Burbulis and Kozyrev on the list. He was reassured, assuring that these two were on all lists, but the stubborn Andronov had information that although these names were included in the list, they somehow miraculously disappear from all lists. Even now, while dictating Barannikov's last names, Baburin, to his great surprise, discovered that the name of Burbulis had been crossed out in bold red ink on his list, and some Fridman had been written over it. The surname Fridman was considered the real surname of the Minister of Foreign Affairs Andrey Kozyrev, and it was Burbulis who was considered the real surname of Burbulis, because you couldn't imagine better and on purpose. Baburin wanted to consult with the highly experienced Barannikov what all this meant, but looking up from the lists, he saw that the Minister of Security was looking at the door of his office, turning pale as if he had seen a ghost.

Without knocking and without a report, the head of the Security Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow Region, Yevgeny Savostyanov, entered the door, as always, smiling intelligently into his neatly trimmed beard. Baburin also felt strong discomfort and even listened to see if there was some kind of struggle going on in the reception room, during which Savostyanov's people were eliminating General Barannikov's guards with silent guns.

But everything was quiet. Through the open door, only the muffled chirping of courageous voices was heard, and the click of a typewriter typing Barannikov's orders.

- Zhenya? Yevgeny Vadimovich, what are you doing? Barannikov asked in a hoarse voice, fearing that Savostyanov would now shoot him right at his desk.

Did you come to give up? asked the less impressionable and more impudent Baburin.

The piquancy of the situation also lay in the fact that just half an hour ago Barannikov, by his order, appointed Baburin head of the Security Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow Region. The order had to be formalized accordingly, approved by Rutskoy, and then Baburin was going to go with him to Lubyanka and take up a new position, from which it would be much easier to implement that very wonderful law on executions, adopted by the Supreme Council at the suggestion of Baburin. He himself made the law - and carry it out yourself, energetically putting it into practice. Everything was correct and logical.

"Seryozha," Savostyanov smiled, sitting down in an armchair across from Barannikov, "go somewhere for a walk, get some air." The people there are worried at the entrance, tell them something, cheer them up. And then the weather deteriorates, they will still disperse.

Baburin blushed, but obeyed, and, biting his lip, left the office.

Going up to the typist, he took the lists from her desk, looked through them, crossed out the name of Burbulis and wrote "Savostyanov E.V." Then he followed the advice he received and went to the balcony, from which at that moment Comrade Zyuganov was speaking to the frozen crowd:

"Comrades," shouted the chairman of the Russian Communist Party and

co-chairman of the Duma of the Russian National Cathedral. — Comrades, take a look at the inspired faces of Sergei Baburin, Albert Makashov, Alexander Prokhanov, Viktor Anpilov. Can't you see that these are people with a real state mind and pure thoughts!

Hearing his last name, Baburin, whose mood was already spoiled, irritably bit his lip, giving his face of a provincial Mephistopheles a completely sinister expression. He did not like Zyuganov, just as people with the same skills acquired in different departments of the same department do not like each other. Zyuganov, still in the CPSU system, managed to go a glorious path from an instructor to deputy head of the ideological department of the CPSU Central Committee. I already had an apartment in a nomenklatura building, a car with a driver, the right to enter high offices, to decide other people's destinies. Even members of the Politburo already knew him by sight.

It was Zyuganov who was one of the first to guess that Gorbachev and Yakovlev were CIA agents who were destroying the party on orders from across the ocean. Sensing something was wrong, in fear of losing the privileges he had won, Zyuganov became one of the initiators of the creation of the Russian Communist Party, hoping, among other things, to fulfill the dream common to all petty officials from the Central Committee: to become a member of the Politburo. And Zyuganov became one. While the RCP Zyuganov was getting on her feet, feverishly writing off the gold and property of the dying parent of the CPSU [3], the August putsch arrived in time, which Zyuganov met with enthusiasm, as evidenced by the mass of documents from the secretariat of the RCP and personally from Comrade Zyuganov, sent to the GKChP and to the grassroots structures of his party. After the failure of the August coup, Yeltsin banned the RCP, but after some time, thanks to the energetic efforts of the Chairman of the Constitutional Court Valery Zorkin, this criminal organization was again legalized, allowing Zyuganov to emerge from the political whirlpool that was dragging him and his ideology into the sewers of history.

An impudent but stupid demagogue, if he differed from Baburin in any way, it was only by the instinct of cunning caution acquired in the corridors of the Central Committee of the CPSU. This instinct, very similar to that of a rat, told Zyuganov almost unmistakably when he needed to slip into some crack in order to reappear from there with loud cries about the violation of freedom and the strangulation of democracy. These cries from the lips of the professional party apparatchik Zyuganov, whose party for almost a century has been strangling freedom and democracy by all means, up to the mass murder of millions of innocent people, looked even more caricatured than from the lips of Baburin, who, in the end, was just a Siberian boy crippled by the communist system with a somewhat elevated inferiority complex, which can in no way be considered a disadvantage.

Meanwhile, Zyuganov finished his speech from the balcony, giving way to the next speaker, who spoke continuously. Baburin approached him and said quietly: "Savostyanov is in the building."

Fear flickered in Zyuganov's eyes: did he stay in the White House, not being a deputy, longer than necessary. But today is only September 22, while...

He asked Baburin in a hoarse whisper: "Why? Do not you know?"

"I came to Barannikov. I don't know why," Baburin replied.

"One?" Zyuganov asked, looking around with an expression of alarm on his square face of a party ideologist, to whom he constantly, but in vain, tried to give a mine of important profundity.

Baburin did not answer, but only shot his eyes to the side. Zyuganov looked in that direction and saw Savostyanov coming out onto the balcony, accompanied by two men in

identical black coats. The chief of the capital's KGB was obviously looking for someone, slowly walking along the balcony behind the people's tribunes screaming into the microphones. Those who recognized him, like Zyuganov, began to look around fearfully or press against the walls. Almost everyone remembered that the presidential decree removed their parliamentary immunity, and those who never had it had even greater reason to worry.

Savostyanov left the balcony and stepped onto the ramp of a huge building.

It was drizzling with snow, and a cold wind was picking up. Bonfires were lit in several places on Krasnopresnenskaya Square. Behind the veil of rain, crowds of people cast black shadows. A loudspeaker blared from the balcony. Somewhere they played the anthem of the USSR: "Stalin raised us to be loyal to the people!"

Savostyanov looked around and finally saw the one he was looking for.

In the company of several officers, Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov stood on the ramp. Savostyanov went to him and, gently taking his arm, dragged him away. Several officers from the "Union" rushed after him, but the two accompanying Savostyanov blocked their path: "Calm down, guys, it's okay."

Savostyanov and Terekhov stopped about ten paces from them, talking about something. Terekhov signaled to his men not to worry. The conversation lasted no more than three minutes.

Shaking his finger at Terekhov, to which he made a gesture like "everything is in order," Savostyanov and the people accompanying him, stepping over the cut water pipes, boards and knots of trees, went to the car. Terekhov's closest associates jumped up to Terekhov: Lieutenant Colonel Fedoseenko and Major Nikitin: "What did he want from you?" There was more irritation in the voice of the officers than alarm.

"I came to surrender," Terekhov replied mockingly. "They're all running around like cockroaches now. He asked if there was any position for him. He already came to Barannikov, but he sent him to ... sent."

"And what did you say to him?" Lieutenant Colonel Fedoseenko asked his leader.

"I also sent him to ... sent!" - cut off the chairman of the "Union of Officers"

Terekhov wanted to say something else about this, but some captain ran up and reported that General Achalov was calling him.

The Minister of Defense was drunk and gloomy. He sat with his elbows on the table, looking off into space. Terekhov, over the years of service, has learned well to understand the mood of his superiors, and therefore officially reported: "Comrade General, Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov has arrived on your orders!" [4]

"That's what you are," Achalov said slowly. — No improvisations! Understood? Without an order, so no gu-gu. All clear?

But not everything was clear to Terekhov.

"So are we going to sit here?" he growled. "People are eager to fight, Comrade General. What a situation, look! If we start, the whole army will detonate and the people will rise. Lenin only dreamed of such a situation! So what's the point of sitting? There is no contact with districts. With no one. Sit and wait until crushed?"

- Said everything? the general asked. "Now listen to me. Communication and all

anything else is none of your concern. I'll figure it out myself. But if your people take even a step without my order, you will be held accountable for it. Understood, Lieutenant Colonel? You can go.

When Terekhov returned to his officers, they surrounded him, asking what had happened.

"Communication is needed," Terekhov said thoughtfully. We'll be out of touch. Something needs to be done."

Various proposals poured in - from the capture of Ostankino to the assault on the communications center of the General Staff. However, no one knew what forces to carry out these actions.

"All right," Terekhov said. - We'll come up with something".

And he announced that he was going home. Nobody objected. Everyone knew that the lieutenant colonel had a wife and three daughters, whom he sincerely and dearly loved. He had already been sitting in the White House for almost a day, causing natural anxiety at home.

Both President Rutskoi and Speaker Khasbulatov went home in personal Mercedes, only to return later for the emergency night Congress of People's Deputies, although it was already clear that a quorum could not be gathered.

General Achalov took a nap on the sofa in the office assigned to him. Like any officer in the airborne troops, the general knew how to drink. But today's cognac was something special. He confused his thoughts and fell down like an unrefined "chacha". Although the cognac itself was excellent.

Immediately after the departure of Rutskoy and Khasbulatov, the lights in the White House went out again. Failed to start standalone station. Flashlights and candles flickered, a supply of which was found in one of the warehouses.

Bonfires continued to burn in the square, around which people dozed under the piercing wind and flying snow and rain.

The loudspeakers on the balcony of the monster building, broadcasting almost around the clock, fell silent.

The day ended on September 22, 1993, which seemed to bring no particularly interesting events. But it was only at first glance.

The SWORD OF THE PRESIDENT was already whistling through the air. But no one then noticed this. Even the president himself.

The ancient art of swordsmanship was never available to anyone who had the right or privilege to carry a sword.

Sword virtuosos, who were equally few in the West and in the East (although in the East, of course, a little more), were able to strike in such a way that neither the enemy nor the witnesses present could notice either the flight or the blow of the sword, and sometimes - and the sword itself. Only the victim of the blow began to sink to the ground, and those who ran up to the fallen one with horror (or with joy) were convinced that his head had been cut off, although it still held in place - the cut was so thin and elegant. And the virtuoso, who demonstrated his highest art, either quietly disappeared from the scene, holding a sword under his arm, which everyone mistakenly took for the wanderer's staff, or, on the contrary, noisily ordered wine to all those present who looked at him with admiration and mystical fear. And the dead were quietly buried, sewing his head to his body with harsh threads, so that he could appear before the Creator in a more or less decent form.

The art of swordsmanship depended to a great extent on the sword itself. Legends have preserved for us the names of several masters who knew how to forge truly magical swords, providing their owners with invincibility and immortality. But not in all hands. The compatibility of a hand and a sword is already an area of \u200b\u200ba completely deep mysticism that requires careful study ...

The "Proletarian Sword" forged by Lenin was a real magic sword - he cut down so many heads that scientists still cannot calculate the exact number. Those who disrespect Lenin speak of 60 million heads, those who respect the leader assure that there were 120 million heads. While there was an academic dispute about the achievements of the sword, the Sword from the Proletarian became the Party, and from August 1991 it turned into the SWORD OF THE PRESIDENT.

So, at least, the President himself thought, although in reality he did not wield a sword, but was just its hilt ...

The State Sword, which still flaunts on the business card of a well-known department, is, of course, a generalized concept.

The Great State Sword is made up of thousands of small swords, the handles of which are squeezed by hands, directed by completely different heads that do not have hands.

For 70 years, the Great State Sword furiously cut down his own country, and tens of thousands of small swords - blind, like any tool, helped him in this hard work, eventually dismembering the country like a beef carcass. And then the cutting of the cut pieces began, and in the first place - Russia.

Of course, in our time of general degradation, the heroes of this book can be called "swords" with a big stretch. These are no longer "swords" and not even "stiletos", but rather "sharpening". Moreover, the hands that held them were more accustomed to "sharpening" than to archaic "swords", in the very name of which a certain nobility was preserved. But you must admit that it would be rude and not very literary to call this book "Sharpenings of the President", if only because the "sharpenings" put together still amounted to something between a "sword" and a "crowbar". This is half "crowbar", half "sword". "Crowbar of the President"? It doesn't sound either. Let the SWORD OF THE PRESIDENT remain, because in the hands of the state any scrap turns into a sword, be it the Proletarian Sword or the Scrap of Justice.

September 23, all "sharp swords" came into action.

While an emergency congress of people's deputies was held in the White House by candlelight and battery lamps, at which Rutskoi and Khasbulatov made big speeches, keeping their speeches in the best traditions of past party congresses, while General Achalov received medical assistance from yesterday's cognac, in which, as he showed analysis, someone's "kind" hand mixed in the strongest drug, while, returning to the White House, General Barannikov (who declared his meeting with Stepashin a "vile slander") coordinated the arrest lists with the people's deputies (Iona Andronov jumped up and yelled: "Don't forget to turn Burbulis on!"), in a word, while all this routine "party and economic" work was going on, the crowd in front of the White House grew, and the "sharp swords" continued to heat up the situation, trying to bring it to a state of uncontrollable hysteria.

Late in the evening, General Makashov spoke to the crowd from the balcony, once again calling on the audience for exploits in the name of our Motherland - the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The crowd obediently chanted "Savetsky Sayyuz! Savetsky Sayuz! At that moment, Viktor Anpilov, who suddenly appeared, impudently pushed the general away from the microphone and said that Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov with his "Union of Officers" had stormed the headquarters building of the CIS combined Armed Forces, where the battle was taking place. An

urged all those present to go to the headquarters of the Joint Forces of the Commonwealth of Independent States and cover the valiant officers of Terekhov with their bodies so that no one could block this "the first liberation by the people of a government institution."

It is possible that according to some scenario of the "Anpilovsky" homeless people, it was decided to chop up from machine guns precisely in a similar situation, and then deal with the rest.

At first, General Makashov was taken aback. He was so dumbfounded that he publicly called Anpilov a "provocateur" to the whole square and urged the audience not to budge. The strategic mind of the colonel-general immediately grasped the situation: Anpilov was leading the crowd from the square to Leningradsky Prospekt into a trap set in advance. The White House is exposed, and it (along with all the inhabitants) is taken with bare hands.

General Grachev has already announced that it only takes an hour of work for his people to clear the building of the Supreme Council "of all evil spirits."

But Anpilov was not one of those people who could easily be gagged. He continued to call on the people to storm, and it is not known how the matter would have ended if one of Makashov's voluntary adjutants had not appeared, reporting that the headquarters of the CIS Allied Armed Forces had been taken, and no one needed help.

Makashov and Achalov are asked to come there and use the communication center to transmit messages to the districts and garrisons from the "legitimate" president and his defense minister.

I must say that this message puzzled General Makashov even more, since the colonel-general knew very well that there was no communication center at the headquarters of the CIS Joint Forces and, in fact, it was not even a headquarters at all, but a hotel where high military ranks stayed when they arrived. to Moscow from distant districts and the so-called "near abroad". [5]

Why the hell did Terekhov need to storm this particular building? And who ordered him?

The assembled crowd, urging them not to leave the square anywhere, was told the good news that the headquarters of the CIS Allied Forces had been taken. Loud cries of delight and "Hurrah!" followed. Inspired by the victory, the square burst out: "Get up, huge country, get up for a mortal battle!".

Colonel Terekhov, alas, did not hear such an enthusiastic assessment of his heroic actions. When his officers in two minibuses drove up to the headquarters of the Allied Armed Forces and began to disarm the guards, which consisted of soldiers who had five pistols for 15 people (of which only two carried cartridges), they were intercepted by a squad of patrol police, who all had the same two pistols. Armed with assault rifles, Terekhov's men, demonstrating the "highest" combat training characteristic of all political officers, in the ensuing shootout killed patrol policeman Captain Valery Sviridenko and a 63-year-old pensioner-housewife Vera Malysheva, who jumped to the window of her own apartment in house No. 54-a at the sound of gunshots along Leningradsky Prospekt, which was opposite the headquarters. After that, they fled, but were soon caught, all, of course, blaming Terekhov.

Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov himself, leading the battle, managed to give only one command: "Come on, take them!", Meaning the policemen who appeared. However, the lack of military experience did not allow Terekhov to use the advantage of a surprise attack. Having abandoned his army to the mercy of the riot police, the lieutenant colonel left the battlefield. Although, according to a preliminary agreement, his entire group, in case of loss of contact with each other, was to meet again at the White House, Terekhov, for obvious reasons, did not appear at the White House, and soon the chairman of the "Union of Officers" was found by sentries in a completely depressed state ... on the territory of the GRU. Territory of the Main

The Intelligence Directorate of the Ministry of Defense is not a cultural park, on the territory of which a person can get, even without remembering himself from frustration. And not every park of culture can be entered at night, and even more so - on the territory of the GRU. An outsider found on the territory of the GRU is an emergency of a huge scale, requiring a special thorough investigation.

However, to all the questions: how he ended up on the territory of the Main Intelligence Directorate - Terekhov claimed that he got there by accident, but he does not remember how. "I was very upset and ran."

He was asked why he organized an attack on the headquarters building, which does not represent any strategic value from any point of view. At first, Terekhov stubbornly answered: "So General Achalov ordered." Ask, they say, from him [6]. Achalov was asked. The special investigator of the General Prosecutor's Office had the opportunity to ask this question to the general the next morning. The investigator was not only allowed into the White House, but also admitted to the Minister of Defense.

Achalov was furious with Terekhov's actions, using the name of the dashing lieutenant colonel only in long lines of obscene curses. He flatly denied his involvement in this "completely idiotic and senseless act," which the investigator qualified as "robbery that caused human casualties." The general did not agree with this assessment at all and added that "this asshole" (Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov) acted solely on his own initiative. However, no one heard Achalov's excuses. "I recognize Achalov," Army General Grachev commented on the incident. "It's typical of his handwriting!"

The first combat operation carried out by lieutenant colonels Terekhov and his "Union of Officers", as a result of which a patrol policeman and an elderly housewife were killed (after all, someone was not too lazy to shoot at the silhouette of a woman in the window of a house on the opposite side of the rather wide Leningradsky Prospekt), led to a whole waterfall of irreversible events.

The results of these events, when the Ostankino television studio was on fire, and the Guards tank divisions and the legendary Dzerzhinsky division, which shortly before that were blessed with a personal visit from the President, again burst into the center of Moscow, are well known, and there is no need to chronicle as we did before. so far.

The burning White House, the roar of tank artillery shooting at this house with direct fire, the corpses of people in the square, the corpses in the White House, the exclamation of Claire Shifman from the CNN combat post on the roof of a high-rise building: "My God!" when the Americans received information about five hundred people killed in the building, the cries of Rutskoi, calling on aircraft to bomb Moscow, the arrest of the leaders of the "parliamentary rebellion" and much more will forever remain in the memory of those who saw it, as another and not the most tragic page in the bloody Russian history. What was new in this whole affair was that for the first time Russians killed Russians when a huge number of onlookers came to this tragedy, as if to some unprecedented theater show. Under the bullets and shrapnel, admiring and empathizing, stood women with strollers, elderly people walking their dogs, whole classes of schoolchildren, tourists and many other people, collectively referred to as onlookers. Stalls were trading, shops were open, the dead and wounded fell almost to applause and shouts of delight, tank shells ricocheted into the windows of residential buildings, glass fell in the US embassy, which was fired with special pleasure from both sides, ambulances howled with sirens not having time to evacuate the wounded, the dead were piled on the lawns. "THE SWORD OF THE PRESIDENT" cut everything around in Russian, from the heart.

The CNN television company directly demonstrated another shame of Russia to the whole world,

and there is no need to retell this shame in detail.

Let's talk about those "sharp swords" who made it possible for the "GREAT SWORD" to fall on Russian heads. Let us remember them by name as national heroes.

SERGEY BABURIN

He was the first to propose choosing his own power ministers, and thereby ensured the full loyalty to the president on the part of the existing power ministers, enabling Grachev, Yerin and Galushko, without hesitation, to take any measures against the Supreme Council, which at the beginning of events was in a more advantageous position than the president .

Baburin came up with the initiative of execution laws, putting the leadership of the Supreme Council in an idiotic position and making him a hostage of events, depriving him of any positive initiative.

Baburin personally compiled lists of people to be arrested and did everything possible to make it known outside the White House.

Appointed head of the State Security Department for Moscow by Barannikov's order, he came to the Lubyanka to take office, threatening employees with his execution law, thereby prompting them to do their best in the opposite direction.

"I have come not to ask for anything," Baburin announced at the Lubyanka, "but to guide you." The phrase is almost biblical with an almost evangelistic act, thanks to which the agent "Nicholas" managed to convey the necessary information to his curators.

and get the instructions you need.

For Baburin was the first to inform all the inhabitants of the White House that the Dzerzhinsky division had gone over to the side of the Supreme Soviet, which, as you know, it did not even think of doing. (In this regard, it is interesting to note that at the same time, deputy Lev Ponomarev, who called his friend Yevgeny Savostyanov, heard the same news from the head of the Moscow KGB: the Dzerzhinsky division had gone over to the side of Ruskoi-Khasbulatov). This event triggered violent riots.

Sergei Baburin, with an enlightened face, told the jubilant crowd from the balcony: "The troops refuse to serve Grachev! And it will be better for them if they sit out in the barracks. We ourselves are capable of arresting all the villains!"

Encouraging the crowd on the eve of the raid on Ostankino, Baburin yelled from the balcony: "The issue has been resolved with Ostankino. We must stop this drug game of the media within 24 hours. Victory will be ours. Military units and riot police are coming to us..."

In all of Baburin's speeches, one and the same theme comes through: the army and the OMON went over to the side of the White House, when there was nothing of the kind.

Later, Baburin distributed to the defenders of the White House a photocopy of the calculations of the "astrologer" Pavel Globa, where, based on the movement of the heavenly bodies, the categorical conclusion was made that Yeltsin would soon die a violent death, and Ruskoy and Khasbulatov would face a sharp political rise. (They had time to think in Lefortovo about astrology as an exact science).

Walking with an air of importance between the boys in military and semi-military uniforms, seeing their frightened and melancholy looks, Baburin reassured the doomed: "It won't be long, soon this nightmare will end." And he was absolutely right. Tanks and paratroopers of President Yeltsin were already surrounding the White House.

Immediately after the surrender of the White House, a rumor spread that Baburin had been captured and shot. Then the rumor changed: Baburin was brutally beaten and thrown into prison. Smart people just laughed, and they were absolutely right. The White House was still on fire when, alive and unharmed, Baburin appeared on TV screens with the same impudent smile, declaring that the rumor of his execution "was somewhat exaggerated." The same goes for arrest. Baburin flatly refused to leave the official apartment of the people's deputy, and soon showed up in the new parliament, that is, in the Duma, together with his old friend Vladimir Isakov.

He founded the Russian National Union party, from which he is going to run for president in the 1996 elections. Russia has a great future.

VICTOR ANPILOV

Putting elderly women in front of his "homeless" people, Anpilov started street riots in Moscow, broke through the chain of the fled police in the White House area, and then, on abandoned police trucks with the ignition keys left, he led "Labor Moscow" to Ostankino, having General Makashov as a military adviser. They rode through the streets of the capital with raised red banners past the armored personnel carriers of the Vityaz special detachment of the Dzerzhinsky division, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Sergei Lysyuk, standing on the side of the road. Armored personnel carriers waved their hands at passing Anpilov's vehicles, which once again confirmed the message of Baburin and Urazhtsev that the division had rebelled against the "Yeltsin dictatorship."

Lieutenant Colonel Lysyuk himself did not wave his hands, but listened to the radio conversations of the division headquarters with the units, waiting for his call sign to appear on the air. Lysyuk was "122nd". Finally, the bossy baritone, which belonged to someone who can call a lieutenant colonel "you" in a combat situation, said: "122nd! Did they drive past you?"

"That's right," replied the lieutenant colonel.

"122nd," continued the baritone, "follow them. Ride slowly. Do not under any circumstances overtake. Stand there nearby. Wait for the command. Don't do anything without a team. You understood me?"

"Understood," Lysyuk replied, and the armored personnel carriers slowly rolled along the sun-drenched streets of the capital.

Meanwhile, Anpilov and Makashov drove up to the Ostankino television studio, where Anpilov began his next rally. There is no need to quote him, because, in addition to the words "destroy", "nest of the Zionists", "capture", "on the gallows", the vocabulary of the "people's labor leader" consisted of nothing but howls.

Meanwhile, Makashov was instructing the militants how to proceed. The general has not yet cooled down from the storming of the mayor's office, where he gave a historic command: "Drive all the officials to ... to the street! Cut off all communication lines!" And then he summed up what he had done, saying to a TV correspondent who turned up: "From now on, we will have neither mayors, nor sirs, nor peers, nor hare." The general was still in high spirits when, approaching the entrance to Ostankino at the head of the Anpilov crowd, Makashov took the loudspeaker from Anpilov and announced: "I'll give you ten minutes to surrender. For those who voluntarily surrender, I guarantee that they will keep ..." The general laughed and finished: "Leave one egg!"

The general laughed contentedly, and Anpilov, as well as their entire army, bristling with machine guns and grenade launchers, laughed at his truly popular joke.

Note that at this moment Anpilov and Makashov were ahead of their troops. Term

the ultimatum presented to him was rapidly expiring, and Makashov, with the help of Anpilov, lined up his army in battle formation in such a way that it would fall under the crossfire of Lysyuk's armored personnel carriers, dozing at the other end of the square.

The general ordered that one of the trucks rammed the doors of the television center, and the second doors would be smashed with a grenade launcher.

The order was as incompetent as the order to cut off the telephones in the already occupied City Hall building. The truck did not fit through the door in size, got stuck and created an excellent barricade for the defenders.

But an order is an order. While preparing to carry it out, it turned out that Anpilov and Makashov had already left the battlefield. And just as their car raced back to the White House, a certain hero from the "Union of Officers" approached the glass doors of the television center with a grenade launcher and fired before being shot by guards. A truck crashed into other doors. In a roar, fire and smoke, glass fell down and automatic bursts crackled.

At that moment, the radio station on the armored personnel carrier of Lieutenant Colonel Lysyuk started working: "122nd! Who was shooting there? They? Here they bless themselves! Get started, 122!"

The dagger crossfire of heavy machine guns from the armored personnel carriers of the Vityaz detachment literally mowed down the entire area. Only a few managed to hide in the nearest park forest belt. Several bursts of armored personnel carriers also fired at the windows of the television center, so that the empty eye sockets of the windows became silent witnesses of the fierce battle ...

Anpilov, at that time, was already speaking again from the balcony of the White House, urging the crowd to fight the "dictatorship" to the last drop of blood.

Of course, not theirs, but theirs.

When the first detachments of special forces broke into the White House, a terrible picture appeared before their eyes. The entire first floor and flights of stairs of one of the side wings of the building were crammed with corpses lying side by side.

These were Viktor Anpilov's "homeless" shot at point-blank range with machine guns. They crowded here, fleeing from the fire of tanks and armored personnel carriers outside. Tank shells did not fly here. It is impossible to suspect paratroopers from the 106th Airborne Division or the 218th Battalion who broke into the building. They simply did not have time to carry out such an action, since all their actions were subject to the logic of the battle.

The one who lured these unfortunates here, he, of course, destroyed them. Surely seeing that the case was completely lost, a new vile provocation was planned to hang a mountain of corpses on Yeltsin on the one hand, to appropriate the money owed to these people on the other hand, to avoid unnecessary showdowns that were inevitable after the defeat, and at the same time to reduce the number of declassified elements by streets of the capital.

For three days, completely isolating the White House from the outside world, the authorities evacuated the corpses of the unfortunate tramps from there, who "pecked" at Anpilov's thunderous slogans, and buried them in remote cemeteries. The homeless had no relatives and no one was looking for them.

Of course, Anpilov was not among them. Without even getting a scratch, he disappeared after the surrender of the White House (even before the first shot) and tried to hide in one of the KGB secret places in the Tula region. Issued by one of his accomplices to the local police, who were not privy to the details of Anpilov's high mission, he was arrested and placed in Lefortovo for his own safety. On February 26, 1994, without trial or investigation, he was granted an amnesty and Anpilov was released with full readiness to again substitute under the trunks

machine guns to any crowd smart enough to follow him.

And if we remember that back on September 21, it was Anpilov who hysterically demanded to immediately "distribute weapons to the people", then the terrible and bloody role of this person will become clear even to those who do not want to understand anything. So let him at least save his own head.

VITALY URAZHTSEV

Having received permission to hold a rally on October 2, Urazhtsev, instead of holding it, directed the crowd to the police cordon, which quickly dispersed. After that, the crowd headed by him went to the White House, breaking through the liquid cordon, and thus "unblocked" the building, creating the preconditions for the capture of the mayor's office and a march on Ostankino.

At a rally held on this occasion, Urazhtsev's assistant Bratishchev shouted to the people, pointing to the retired colonel: "You see a national hero in front of you. He was the first to turn the masses from the Garden Ring and sent them not to a rally, but directly to storm the cordon of the White House!

Correspondents rushed to the new national hero. Urazhtsev already saw himself as a major political figure, spoke condescendingly, as befits a real winner. Modestly admitting: "Yes, it was I who led the masses to break through the blockade," he stressed that the masses always need a leader, clearly meaning himself.

"Now it is important to preserve the rule of law," Urazhtsev continued, when the glass from the mayor's office was already falling to the roar of automatic bursts. "Let's do without lynching," he promised, watching his people literally lynch the captured policemen and beat the city hall workers. "It is important to preserve the rule of law," Urazhtsev continued, repeating his thought. - No reprisals against the vanquished. Let's act "in a noble way" with Yeltsin and his generals when we arrest them. We must not allow Shakhrai and Gaidars to take advantage of the fruits of our victory again. We must better than in August 1991 dispose of the human material that we possess. The enemy is cunning and yet dangerous!"

After the completion of the bloody events inspired by him, Urazhtsev - alive and unharmed - disappeared. A search was ordered. Urazhtsev announced through newspapers that he had gone underground "to organize a popular revolutionary uprising." The underground, where Urazhtsev was hiding, was located in his own apartment, from where, in a white shirt and tie, the "underground worker" gave numerous television interviews that were broadcast on state television channels. He was not ashamed to arrange such a clowning all over the country

On January 21, 1994, Urazhtsev unexpectedly left the "underground" and appeared at a meeting of the State Duma, announcing that "the warrant for his arrest was canceled," and he was going to continue to engage in "revolutionary activities."

ILYA KONSTANTINOV

"The enemy has penetrated into the very heart of Russia," Konstantinov yelled from the balcony of the White House, when Anpilov and Urazhtsev broke through the "blockade". With a firm step, we will sweep away everything in our path. Our cause is just - we will win! And he gave the command to seize the mayor's office.

One of Alexander Barkashov's assistants recalls: "Before the city hall was stormed, there was exemplary order. And then the chaos began. We, the fighters of the "Russian National Unity", no longer belonged to ourselves. Konstantinov and Makashov began to command us. The general and the "recolored Jewess" knew well what they were doing - they took away from Rutskoy and Khasbulatov the last chance to win.

When the crowd incited by Konstantinov, firing chaotically from machine guns, rushed to storm the city hall building, General Barannikov, pale as death, jumped out of the office. Looking at what was happening from the balcony, the Minister of Security croaked: "This is a disaster!"

In vain, General Achalov was tearing himself up, shouting through the loudspeaker: "The Minister of Defense ordered no one to shoot under any circumstances! Everyone stay where you are! This is a provocation! Take up defense according to combat calculations!"

A smiling Baburin approached the general and said with patronizing arrogance: "Now it's up to you, the people have come to your aid."

And the former Christian Democrat Konstantinov has already hoisted a red flag with a hammer and sickle on the city hall so that no one has any doubts on whose behalf the revolution is being made.

Konstantinov himself, without receiving a scratch, disappeared. It was rumored that he took refuge in the Iraqi embassy, and even that he fled to Serbia through Tiraspol. In fact, Konstantinov did not leave Moscow anywhere and, like Urazhtsev, stayed at home. He was identified by passers-by when he was walking his dog on the Garden Ring, and out of harm's way sent to Lefortovo.

While in prison, he wrote poems and published them in the Prokhanov newspaper Zavtra, which also pretended to be underground.

On February 25, 1994, Konstantinov was granted an amnesty, and in his first speeches he announced that he was and would remain co-chairman of the National Salvation Front. In other words, Konstantinov is again ready to fulfill "any order of the Motherland."

ALEXANDER BARKASHOV

Barkashov's group, to which later both sides tried to write off anything and make her guilty of everything that happened, in fact played an important, but decorative and visual role. Barkashov's people constantly marched in front of the cameras, lined up, rebuilt with the same raising of hands in the Nazi salute. They were constantly shown on television, and in such a way that not faces fell into the lens, but swastikas, both on the sleeves and on the huge banner.

The goal has been achieved. It is possible that the Jews were very frightened by such a demonstration, but the Russians have not yet forgotten how the swastika crushed 30 million of their compatriots with its spider legs-guillotines. Barkashov's parades not only alienated many people from the White House who would otherwise have come to its defense, but, most importantly, alienated many generals who were already ready to order the troops entrusted to them to rush to the aid of the rebellious parliament. For the eyes of former Soviet generals, the sight of a swastika is as unbearable as the sight of a cross is for the devil. A Soviet general will not lead his people to fight for any cause, even the most noble one, if a banner with a swastika flutters over this cause. Everyone understood this, and I would not be at all surprised if Barkashov also understood this. And here the point is not at all in beliefs, but in the magical power of symbolism.

Apparently, with some sixth sense of an adventurer, Barkashov understood that he was being drawn into the case in order to set him up, using precisely the symbols of his group and the associations of the population associated with it. In the whirlpool of bloody events promoted by provocateurs, it is difficult to follow the actions of individuals, but the actions of groups with some error can be traced quite accurately.

In addition to the task of "showing the flag", to put it in naval language, all the other actions of the Barkashov detachment look somewhat strange. Strange, if you look at their actions in terms of what was expected of them. Presence in a group

a fairly large number of KGB and MVD officers, who modestly call themselves "former", was, apparently, the main reason that the Barkashovites turned out to be practically the only unit near the White House and in it that did not succumb to spontaneous chaos, but despite it continues to clearly fulfill the task set before them task.

The Barkashovites prevented the looting of the City Hall building and the Mir Hotel. Although they asked, according to the testimony of frightened women from the hotel staff, the crown fascist question: "Are there any Jews here?" And they even beat some Armenian, mistaking him for a Jew. Nevertheless, they did not let the angry, drunken mob go to the premises of the banking syndicate "Most", half of the capital of which belongs, directly or indirectly, to Jewish bankers. They blocked all floors of a huge building, where various commercial offices were located, a good part of which are directly connected with Israel.

In the White House itself, the Barkashovites guarded the special premises, which filled the rooms of several floors overlooking the courtyard of a huge building. When during the battle a group of orderlies with a stretcher entered there, they were escorted out of there with the words: "There are no wounded here and there won't be!"

The Barkashovites were in the building until the last moment and left by underground passages, the maps of which, as it turned out later, neither the employees of the Ministry of Security, nor the employees of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and, especially, the Ministry of Defense, who, to the great surprise of everyone world, there was not even a map of Moscow.

Thus, being a joint brainchild of the KGB and the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the Barkashov detachment actually performed the functions of a security unit seeking to minimize material damage, as well as protect and, if necessary, destroy huge deposits of secret documents that were stuffed with several floors of the White House.

Were there any other tasks for the Barkashovites? Apparently yes. For example, in the office of Sergei Baburin, whole deposits of armbands with a swastika were found. It is not known who they intended to wear them on, but it is clear that they would have been put on people who were not members of the Barkashov group, and their actions would have been attributed to him.

After the assault on the White House was completed, Barkashov naturally disappeared. First, a rumor spread that he was killed, then that he was seriously wounded. Then a rumor was spread that Barkashov and his "comrades-in-arms" had been shot at the Asmaral stadium. In parallel, there was a rumor that he fled to Serbia, took refuge in the Iraqi embassy, that he was seen leaving the Libyan embassy. Cynics assured that he had taken refuge in the Israeli embassy, and would soon fly back to his native kibbutz, from where he was sent to Russia. Meanwhile, video cassettes began to circulate around Moscow with Barkashov's statement that he was alive and well, temporarily underground and ready for new battles. Prokhanov's "underground" newspaper printed broad-sheet interviews with Barkashov, where he somewhat naively tried to explain what he actually did at the White House in the company of Rutskoy and Khasbulatov.

In the meantime, the press, as expected, hung on Barkashov, as they say, all the dogs, making him almost the only culprit of the bloodshed in Moscow.

He stormed the Ostankino, he seized the mayor's office, he set fire to the White House. Some media even seriously claimed that the entire political crisis arose because of Barkashov, who wanted to use it to seize power in the country. I dare say that even if all this doomed to failure event, called the "October putsch", by some miracle was crowned with success, then Barkashov would be eliminated within a week as completely unnecessary. Of all the petty leaders who took part in the events, it was Barkashov who was the least independent and,

give him credit, the most disciplined.

In fact, like all of the above "heroes" of the turbulent October events, Barkashov did not leave Moscow anywhere. While they were looking for him in Iraq, Libya, Israel and Germany, he evacuated the premises occupied by his headquarters in the building of the Sverdlovsk District Council of the capital. Representatives of law enforcement agencies appeared there only on October 16 and, without even making a search, sealed the empty premises. Everything disappeared, including the two-meter standard with a swastika, against which Barkashov so loved to be photographed. The chairman of the district council, Semyonov, also disappeared, leaving a note "Do not look. I'll call myself." Commenting on this event, the well-informed newspaper Izvestia (No 198/93) noted:

"The competent authorities have yet to figure out how an openly pro-fascist organization could operate for a long time in the center of the capital. And quite legally: in the summer, the RNU was registered with the Moscow Department of the Ministry of Justice of the Russian Federation ... It seems that there was a powerful pro-fascist lobby in the power structures. The lists of militants from the RNE unit who "protected" the White House include several dozen officers (some, however, former ones) from the Ministry of Internal Affairs, security agencies, and even army intelligence.

Perhaps this explains the strange passivity of the law enforcement agencies, who did not bother to visit the fascist headquarters in two weeks. And also by the fact that Barkashov was allowed to freely take out his documents, which could shed light on piquant relations with the authorities. According to information from a reliable source, the Moscow headquarters of the RNE moved to the area of the Petrovsko-Razumovskoye station. And most of the militants relocated to Krasnoyarsk."

The last statement of the authoritative newspaper was a clear mistake. No one has "relocated" anywhere. Everyone, as they were, remained in Moscow, having changed clothes only in a "civilian dress".

Barkashov himself turned out to have a new soulmate named Kogan - one of the failed leaders of the Russian people back in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and now who has opened some fake social research agency on Profsoyuznaya Street, in whose premises Sergei Baburin began his new election campaign. Visited the institution and Barkashov. Apparently, contrary to the advice of his wise grandfather, he did not manage to avoid direct contact with a Jew.

The end of this story was completely unexpected.

On Christmas Eve, December 22, 1993, Barkashov walked along a quiet road in one of the Moscow suburbs. It was 4 am. Barkashov walked alone, without bodyguards. At that moment, he was shot at from a passing car. Barkashov fell into the snow with a crushed thigh. 10 minutes later another car (although no more than five cars drive on this road in a year) picked up Barkashov and took him to a mysterious nomenklatura clinic, where ordinary people are not even allowed into the emergency room. There he was allegedly identified and sent to the hospital of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

The journalists who rushed there were told that they had no Barkashov. He was not in the nearby KGB hospital either. While journalists were looking for Barkashov, the Ministry of Internal Affairs officially confirmed the fact of Barkashov's detention and his gunshot wound. These facts were also confirmed by Larisa Dementyeva, Barkashov's lawyer, who added that her client's life was in danger and that he had been charged with illegal possession of weapons and organizing riots.

This gave rise to a new wave of rumors and questions. What did Barkashov do and where was he heading at 4 am on this back road? Why was he not in a car and unguarded? Who was

in the first car, from which he was shot, and in the second, which took Barkashov to the hospital?

The first rumor was launched that Barkashov decided to disband his guard, and as a first step he stole \$ 2 million from the party fund. Then, that Barkashov and his people were involved in the murder of Polyanichko. It makes no sense to list all the rumors, but it is not at all excluded that Barkashov was on our list the only decent person whose prejudices and administrative abilities were simply taken advantage of. In any case, he was the only victim of all those listed.

GENNADY ZYUGANOV

Acting in the best traditions of his party, Comrade Zyuganov engaged in incitement, both loudly, from the balcony of the White House, and privately, in and around the meeting room.

As soon as it smelled of fried food, Zyuganov left the White House in English without saying goodbye. After the events, his Communist Party was once again banned. On this occasion, Comrade Zyuganov raised a screech, accusing the authorities of trampling on democracy and freedom, of destroying the legal opposition and other mortal sins.

The naive democratic press noted indignantly: "The criminals call themselves the opposition and wish to participate in the elections on an equal footing ... The mournful list of victims of the communist fascist rebellion has not yet been drawn, not all of its organizers have yet been arrested, the specter of civil war still hovers over Russia, and the leaders parties that sow hatred, malice and violence are already rushing to the polls. Outraged by the "trampling of their rights." They want to show the society again their programs, the bloody embodiment of which we observed on the night of October 3-4."

Comrade Zyuganov was delicately not named, but the comment above was printed in response to Zyuganov's article "Communists have the right to a seat in parliament."

The democratic press, blazing with sacred anger, clearly did not understand the processes taking place in the country, trying to stop comrade Zyuganov with such expressions. While his outrage was perfectly sincere. True, he did not march like Barkashov, did not attack the headquarters of the CIS, like Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, did not ram the police chains in masses, like Urazhtsev and Anpilov, did not storm the city hall, like Konstantinov, did not apply for the post of Minister of Security, like Baburin, but his the merits, perhaps not so impressive looking, are nevertheless enormous, and require recognition.

This is exactly what Zyuganov reminded Minister of Justice Kalmykov. The touched minister personally canceled the presidential decree banning the Communist Party, and Comrade Zyuganov, to everyone's amazement, regained his legal status, once again confirming his unsinkability. As a result, Zyuganov and his friend Ivan Rybkin, who was the leader of the Communists of Russia faction in the Supreme Soviet and who had put a lot of effort into giving the president a reason to disperse this Supreme Soviet, were elected to the Duma. Moreover, Rybkin became its chairman, and Comrade Zyuganov became the leader of the communist faction.

Once again in his native nomenklatura, Comrade Zyuganov immediately began to put into practice the sacred ideas of communism, raising for discussion in the Duma, in his opinion, the most important question: granting deputies privileges associated with their high position. Namely: ministerial salaries (750 thousand rubles with constant indexation), a car with a driver for round-the-clock use, turntables, an annual allowance of \$ 3,000, diplomatic passports,

free travel and flights to any part of the world, special clinics, special summer cottages and much more, without which a real communist cannot imagine his existence.

The Zyuganov faction turned out to be

the only one in the Duma that voted for these privileges

unanimously. All 45 Communist deputies voted in favor. Even among the liberals-Zhirinovites, three were against it, as well as among the "agrarians" - three. And the communists were all in favor, once again confirming that they are the legitimate vanguard of the working class.

These are precisely those "immortal ideas" for which Comrade Zyuganov is ready to fight all his life to the last drop of our blood.

The sharpening swords did a good job. Moreover, they were, as it were, small and not very noticeable people. Consumables of big politics.

And those who imagined themselves to be major statesmen, which, first of all, implies the ability to correctly imagine and analyze the situation, turned out to be complete nonentities who allowed themselves to be beaten with a thimble. The Sharpening Swords not only caused chaos, but also misinformed their beloved leadership.

We have already talked about the role of Baburin, who at the last stage of events became the chairman of the committee for supervising the power ministers, supplying them with information that speaks of an indispensable victory and encourages them to take further action on October 2, when all the traps and traps were already set, ready to be slammed shut from one careless movement (which happened). It is interesting to see how people who had the courage to claim leadership of the state imagined the situation. On the evening of October 2, "President" Rutskoi gave another interview to correspondents. To the question: "How will events develop in connection with the ultimatum presented by the president?"

- Rutskoi, in his militant manner, replied:

- If a person is outside the law, what kind of ultimatum can he put?

"Still, there is power behind power," suggested the Moskovskie Novosti correspondent.

"Let them just try to stick their heads in here," Rutskoi growled in response. "They all lie down here. We will defend the Constitution to the last bullet..."

- Is it possible to hope, - the journalist asked, - that you and Yeltsin will find a common language?

"It's out of the question," Rutskoi said sharply. This man has lost his conscience, honor and dignity. I will never agree that such bastards led me ... If someone sticks his head here, I will chop so much that they never dreamed of.

The whole world heard Rutskoi's incendiary appeals to everyone "who can bear arms, go to Ostankino and be ready to capture the Kremlin."

Then Rutskoi fell into hysterics, forgetting about the "last cartridge", squealed, demanding international guarantees for his personal safety, cursed and surrendered. He walked, calmly stepping over the corpses of young people, almost boys, who died because they did not see under the magnificent, "a la Chapaev", mustaches, behind the cheap bravado about "officer honor" and "the last cartridge", a cowardly and stupid nonentity, a professional traitor who betrayed their young lives as well, an evil maniac who tried to call in aircraft for a carpet bombing of Moscow.

Sent to Lefortovo for five months, Rutskoi was released under an amnesty. And what did you think? He appeared (the only one) in the wild in full general uniform (even Achalov, Makashov and Dunaev were in civilian clothes) with the star of the Hero of the Soviet Union, and immediately announced that he wanted to run for president in the 1996 elections.

It is not difficult to predict what will happen if Rutskoi becomes president.

Outplayed by much more experienced "thimble-gatherers", he will lead the country into another deadly dead end, call on everyone to fight to the last bullet, bomb our cities a little for lack of loyalty, then demand international guarantees for his personal safety and surrender. Vote, Russian people!

Even the wise Khasbulatov loudly proclaimed from the balcony of the White House on October 2: "It's time to put an end to the fascist and dictator Yeltsin. Now, under the leadership of the acting president (Rutskoy), an assault on the Kremlin is being prepared. The Kremlin must be taken today!"

A day will pass, and Khasbulatov will be arrested, and together with the others sent to Lefortovo. In five months he will be released without trial or investigation.

White House Interior Minister General Dunaev, commenting on the words of Interior Minister Erin that the entire staff of the Ministry of Internal Affairs supports Yeltsin, said: "I don't know where Yerin got the information about the general support of Yeltsin by the Interior Ministry employees. I phoned all the heads of the main departments of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and each of them said: "Andrei Fedorovich, I am for you ... but don't name me yet."

Dunaev did not even know that on the eve of all the chiefs of the main departments of the Ministry of Internal Affairs were promoted to the next rank, and Minister Erin became an army general. He has yet to become a Hero of Russia, and Dunaev has yet to go to Lefortovo (however, not for long).

The Minister of State Security Barannikov, as befits a man of his position, said: "We are very closely watching who reacts to Yeltsin's anti-constitutional decree, and I dare to assure you that the people who carry it out will be held accountable" (according to the execution law of Sergei Baburin).

- All?! the correspondent was horrified.

Barannikov explained that he mainly meant journalists, "who lie endlessly, providing information unilaterally."

When asked why he met with Stepashin and Chernomyrdin, where he swore allegiance to Yeltsin, Barannikov sharply replied: "It was another lie. I did not swear anything to anyone ... This is a vile fraud. Barannikov was the first to be released from Lefortovo when his blood pressure rose. And then they were amnestied along with the rest.

They also released Lieutenant Colonel Terekhov, who decided not to engage in politics anymore, but to continue scientific research in the field of state law. Thank God that he is not going to run for president yet.

In the White House, Colonel Koloskov, who arrived on September 28 to defend the White House along with the Dniester battalion, was detained and immediately released, along with a personalized pistol. The battalion itself, as it flew to Moscow, flew away so calmly, as if it had arrived on a tourist excursion. True, he lost a couple of people in a shootout.

Instead of an epilogue

"A raven will not peck out a crow's eye!" - this old rule, applied almost without exception in the post-Stalinist hardware disassembly, has triumphed this time as well. In the name of the adoption of the new Constitution and national reconciliation, all participants in the October events were granted an amnesty. At the same time, she was granted to all participants in the August coup.

The question is, who will answer for the hundreds of dead, wounded and maimed, for the huge material damage? For moral damage, when our country has once again been exposed to the amusement of the whole world? For such fun that even US President Clinton did not interrupt his vacation trip to Sacramento and only chuckled while reading reports from Moscow. (Unlike President Bush, who in August 1991 did not sleep at night, waiting for information from Moscow).

Who will answer? Yes, no one.

Who was responsible for the millions and millions of dead, over whose corpses Comrade Zyuganov's teachers walked? No one answered. And about such trifles as some one and a half thousand killed and maimed, it's a shame to talk about. For our leaders have a simple psychology: we are all born into the world only to, when ordered, to die for them.

After the amnesty in a country that has already buzzed the ears of the whole world that it has become a state of law, a unique legal situation has developed: there is a whole mountain of corpses, but no one is to blame.

I pity the boys who love to wear belts and "camouflage" so much, whose youthful prowess and heightened sense of justice are so fond of being exploited by various evil and ambitious adventurers and cunning provocateurs, throwing them to their deaths and then hiding behind their bloody corpses, managing to do something else. to take a bite out of the political pie soaked in foreign blood. I repeat, I am equally sorry for these boys who tried to take Ostankino and defended the White House, as well as those who just as valiantly fought them off and died storming the White House.

Both those who used their prowess and young lives to climb a new step of power and those who were afraid to slip off an already occupied step wiped their feet on their corpses with equal ease.

I feel sorry for our country, where even such people as Rutskoi, Baburin or Zyuganov, not to mention Zhirinovsky, can be candidates for the presidency. Because there is a special conversation about him.

New presidential elections are just around the corner, and the alignment of contenders is already clear. This is Rutskoi, and what can be expected from him has already been described in detail. This is Baburin, who, while still a deputy, dreams of mass terror. This is Zhirinovsky with his "Last Throw to the South" and "The Last Train to the Tundra". And this means that we are waiting for new hardware showdowns for the redistribution of property and money of the late CPSU. Of course, one could end this book with some spectacular phrase like "The White House burned all night. A red-brown glow rose over Moscow and all of Russia. But this is nonsense.

The October events in Moscow opened the way to a new era, unprecedented even in the crippled history of our Motherland. This is the era of POLITICAL CLOWNING. Clowns have become politicians and politicians have become clowns.

But CLOWNING is a special genre, which, as is well known, has other functions besides purely entertaining. When clowns squeal, howl, swear and fight on the political proscenium, diverting the attention of society to themselves, in the depths

darkened scene, either a change of scenery or a change of actors takes place

Or both

Be careful! Don't let the next squad of deadly stunts take you by surprise.

St. Petersburg, December 1993 - March 1994

Notes

1

For some reason, everyone completely forgot that the arrest of scientists occurred after the publication of an article in the American newspaper Baltimore Sun a month after the release of Moscow News. Apparently, the connection between the article in the Baltimore Sun and the names of scientists could not be proved, and the newspaper Moskovskiye Novosti had practically no secret data.

2

Three 8th grade schoolchildren from Kaliningrad, Moscow Region, whose names are known to the author, came to the White House and received vending machines with student tickets. Only the houses were disarmed, almost causing great trouble.

3

For more on this, see my book The Gold of the Party.

4

Many people saw the meeting on the ramp of the White House between Savostyanov and Terekhov, so Savostyanov himself was forced to somehow explain this. Speaking later at a press conference, the head of the MGB of the capital said that he had taken from Terekhov the "word of an officer" that neither he nor his people would arrange any provocations in the city. He went to Barannikov allegedly to warn about the consequences of the illegal distribution of weapons. What they briefly talked about in the office is unknown, but the next day Barannikov ran hysterical

to General Stepashin, assuring him of his loyalty to President Yeltsin. Barannikov, according to Stepashin, assured him that he had come to the White House solely to prevent weapons from falling into "criminal hands." It is not known how Stepashin encouraged Barannikov, but after a conversation with him, Barannikov returned to the White House to the position of Minister of Security granted by Rutskoi and remained there until the very end, that is, until he was sent to Lefortovo.

5

It was at this time that the mayor of St. Petersburg Sobchak drove Admiral Shcherbakov from the post of his vice-mayor. The enraged admiral held a press conference, where, along with threats against Sobchak, he said that the headquarters of the CIS Joint Forces was just a hotel where he repeatedly stayed, and assured everyone present with the word of an officer that "an attempt to seize the building is pure provocation." Nobody argues. Only provocations are always satisfied with provocateurs.

6

Later, Terekhov changed his testimony and admitted that "this was done in order to intensify the actions of the new Minister of Defense, General Achalov," who behaved too passive.